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No · 14

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

A MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY H · L · MENCKEN
& GEORGE JEAN NATHAN



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The AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME IV

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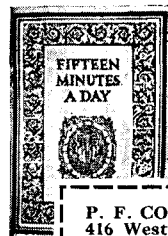
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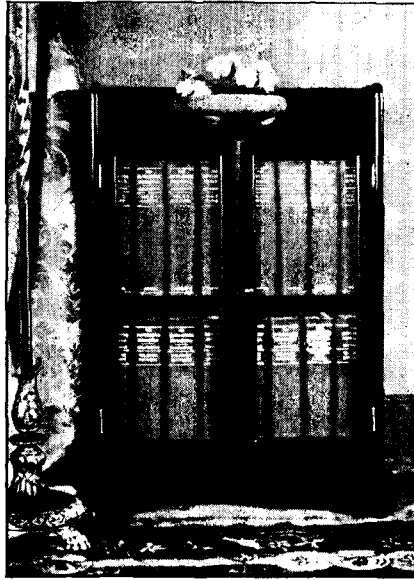
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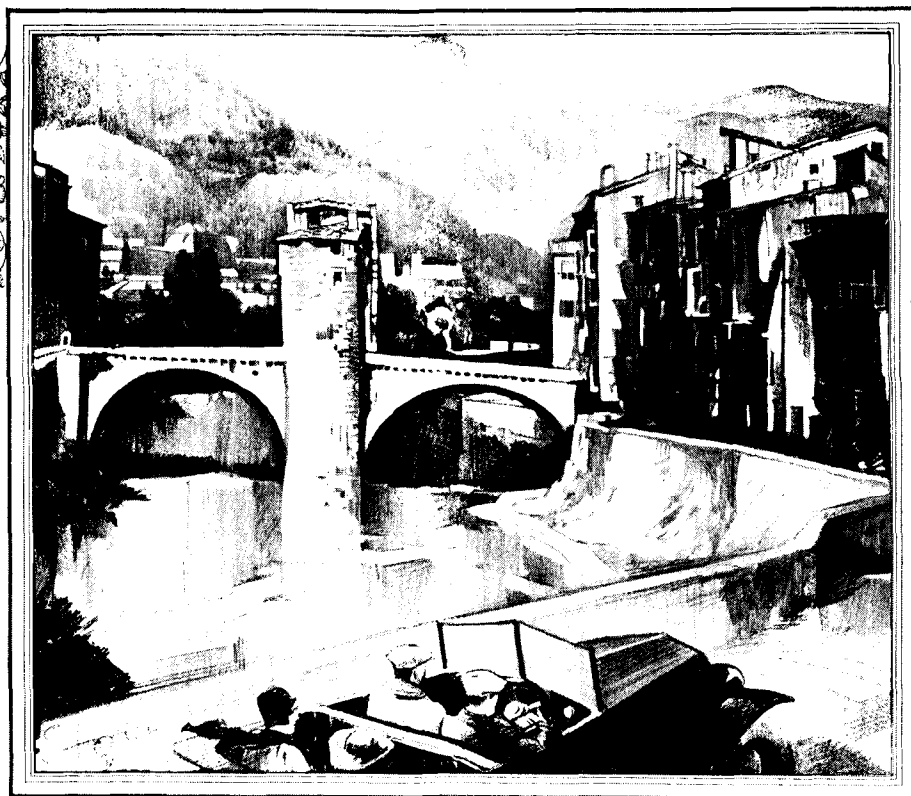
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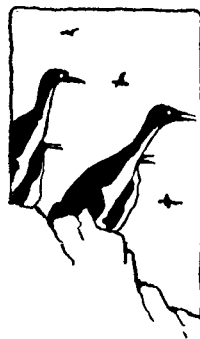
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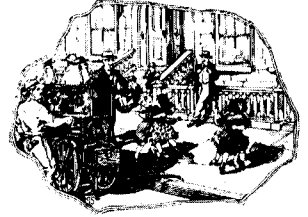
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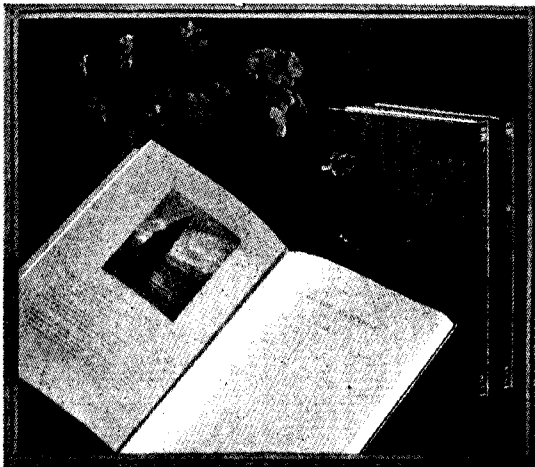
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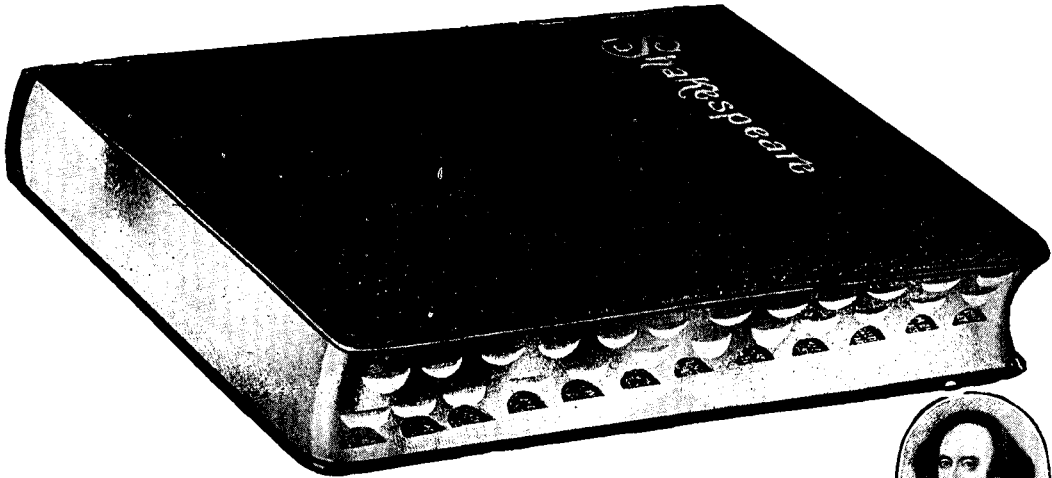
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The American MERCURY

February 1925

UP FROM METHODISM

BY HERBERT ASBURY

ON my father's side I am, according to family belief, related to Cotton Mather; on my mother's side to Roger Williams. My great-great-uncle was Francis Asbury, the first Bishop of the Methodist Church in America. My great-grandfather was the Rev. Daniel Asbury of Virginia, an early pillar of Methodism and one of the great organizers of the church in the South. My grandfather was the Rev. William Asbury, who, for some reason that I have never known, quit raising souls to heaven and moved over into Mississippi, where he had equally poor success raising coons and cotton. Several of his sons were Methodist preachers, and my father, too, would have assumed the cloth had not the Civil War come along. Later he became a surveyor, and although the exigencies of local politics caused him to be superintendent of our Sunday-school for many years, I remember him better as the author of many beautiful cuss words. In catch-as-catch-can cussing he had great gifts; I first suspected, indeed, that he might not be as religious as reported when I whacked him across the shins with a broomstick as he sat in the yard one day, nursing his rheumatism.

My mother's people were devout Baptists, believing that in immersion alone was true salvation. Many of them lived in or near my home town of Farmington,

Missouri, in the heart of the mid-western Bible Belt, so that I was constantly under their influence. Not only, therefore, was my whole ancestral background religious, but in my youth I lived in an atmosphere heavy with religious feeling. In our home we had grace before meat, and when the preacher came to dinner he delivered long-winded prayers on the universal theme of "gimme." Every Wednesday night we attended prayer-meeting, and on Sundays we went to Sunday-school and twice to church. Once a week the Ladies' Aid Society met at our house to sew on shirts for the heathen and rip home-town reputations to pieces. This was always an excessively sanctimonious gathering, opened and closed with prayer. Every time a member of our church called on another member there were Bible readings and prayers.

I was fallow ground for these seeds of piety, for I was a highly emotional and excitable boy. I appeared, indeed, to be destined for the church and so I was always waiting for the call to preach. That in every generation at least one Asbury must be a Methodist preacher I accepted as a basic fact of life, and wherever I went I encountered the assumption that I was to carry on the family tradition. Whenever I talked to a stranger he invariably said:

"Well! Well! So your name is Asbury? Kin to the Bishop?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well! Well! I suppose you'll be a preacher, too?"

"Yes, sir. I guess so."

That I should become a preacher was thus dinned into my ears almost constantly, but fortunately I stuttered, and so nothing definite followed. By the time I had conquered this affliction the devil had me. That is to say, I was smoking, dancing, drinking, playing cards, swearing and cocking an appreciative and appraising eye at the girls. It was then too late. Indeed, many people in that Missouri town considered it too late for anything, so far as I was concerned; they consigned me body and soul to the sizzling pits of hell. But all this came relatively late. Religion and the church dominated the whole of my early youth. If there is anything in religious inheritance, or in the influence of a religious environment, then I should be, if not an actual pastor, at least one of the most devout of the faithful.

But I am neither. Instead of carrying on the work of my forefathers, I find myself full of contempt for the church, and disgust for the forms of religion. To me such things are silly; I cannot understand how grown people can believe in them. I do not think that I am an atheist, because for all I know there may be a God, but to me the God worshipped by my forefathers is a preposterous, cruel creation conceived by a people who felt the need of chastisement. He is a celestial traffic cop, hounded by whimpering weaklings who beseech Him to tell them that they are on the right road, and yet keep trying to tell Him which way the traffic should go.

I abandoned the traditional faith of the Asburys and, in the eyes of Methodists at least, disgraced my name, because when I was a boy religion was poured down my throat in doses that strangled me and made me sick of soul. There was simply too much of it. God was fed to me morning, noon and night, and He did not taste good. I thought of Him as I did of castor oil. He and His religion were personified by

the dour-faced men and women who went sliding about, rubbing their hands, sighing dolefully, calling each other Brother and Sister, poking their messy, prying fingers into every bit of fun that anybody tried to have, and trying to smear dirt over everything that was amusing.

Long before I had got enough of the church and of religion I had begun to wonder why these people talked so familiarly about a God that they were supposed to worship; I had begun to wonder how the preachers, who wore pantaloons and who seemed in all respects like ordinary men, knew so exactly what He wanted and what He did not want. They professed to know His innermost thoughts; they were able to interpret every statement credited to Him. I wondered, and I am still wondering, how they knew so well that God considered it a sin to dance or play cards, but not to raise the price of beans.

II

I had to call the preacher Brother, and stand meekly while he patted me on the head, asked me fool questions and told me how much God loved little boys and girls. But he made it quite clear, out of his profound knowledge of the wishes of the Almighty, that God did not want the little boys and girls to have a good time. Quite the contrary. It seemed that God wanted them to spend most of their time praying to Him to "gimme this and gimme that," and the rest of it to being little gentlemen and little ladies, solemn and subdued. God told the preacher, who relayed the message on to me very impressively, that it was a sin to play marbles on Sunday, or to play for keeps at any time; that it was a sin to roll hoops on the sidewalk or to rattle a stick against the picket fence in front of the parsonage. Everything that I wanted to do, everything that seemed to hold out promise of fun or excitement, was a sin.

The personalities of the preachers of my home town, impressed as they were upon

my growing mind, probably will remain with me always, but I am thankful that for the most part their names now elude me. I remember clearly, however, Brother Jenkins and Brother Fontaine, pastors of our Southern Methodist church; Brother Nations of the so-called Christian church, and Brother Hickok of the Presbyterian church, and—clearest of all—Brother Lincoln McConnell, an itinerant evangelist who “converted” me—let the quotes stand—with the aid of half a dozen strong-armed and strong-lunged Brothers and Sisters who dragged me down the aisle of the church to the mourners’ bench, where I was surrounded and overwhelmed by “workers for the Lord”; at least that was what they called themselves.

Brother Jenkins I recall as a meek, thin little man with a sad smile and a classical appetite for fried chicken. At the time I was very much in awe of him. I thought him saintly, whereas he was probably only under-nourished. Brother Fontaine officiated at the wedding of my sister. He was an excessively sanctimonious person; so was his wife. We have never forgiven her for parading up front immediately after the ceremony, waving her hands back and forth before my sister’s face and shouting, “Praise the Lord, Sister! Praise the Lord!” We considered it a reflection on the family and uncalled for to offer thanks that my sister had at last acquired a husband, for she was, in fact, neither old nor homely, and she had had and rejected a great many good matrimonial opportunities.

I had an intense dislike for Brother Fontaine and his ways, and time has not softened my impression of him. Both he and Brother Jenkins—in fact, it was a church custom with us—stood at the door at the end of every service and shook hands with their customers, making such remarks as “Praise the Lord, Sister! Get right with Jesus, Brother!” My younger brother consigned Brother Fontaine to even lower depths than I did. They went fishing together once, and Fred appeared at the parsonage with lunch, fishing tackle and car

fare. They got on a trolley car to go to DeLassus, to fish the St. Francis river, and Fred paid his fare.

“You must pay my fare, too, Fred,” said Brother Fontaine. “I am the minister.”

So Fred paid. Then it developed that Brother Fontaine had brought neither lunch nor fishing tackle; he had brought only himself, and being a man of God, that was sufficient. So he used Fred’s tackle and ate Fred’s lunch, and when there was not enough he sent Fred a mile and a half to buy him a bottle of milk, which Fred also paid for. Throughout the whole day he alternately prayed and fished, but he caught no fish. He did, however, tell Fred about the parable of the loaves and fishes, and once, when Fred was certain he had a bite, Brother Fontaine told him to quit fishing while he read the Sermon on the Mount. Everything he saw reminded him of something in the Bible. When Fred came home that night he ate heavily of supper and then dared parental wrath by saying:

“No more of these damned preachers for me!”

Brother Nations vies with Homer Rodeheaver, whose trombone is responsible for many of the saved souls that are credited to the Rev. Billy Sunday, for the distinction, if there is any, of being Farmington’s most illustrious gift to religion. It is true that he eventually resigned from the ministry and became probate judge and principal of the high-school, but he remained a singularly devout and godly man. I presume he still is, as he is the same Gilbert O. Nations who ran for President last November as the candidate of what he called the American Party, on a pro-Ku Klux and anti-everything else platform.

Once, when he was principal of the Farmington high-school, Brother Nations whaled me because another boy and I had thrown snowballs at Jake Schaeffer, the town truckman. I felt that the licking was coming to me and I bore no malice; I had expected it if I got caught. But after it was over Brother Nations told me that throwing snowballs at Jake Schaeffer was a sin

against God; that Christ had reference to it when He said, "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone." As young and as gullible as I was, that seemed very silly. I could understand that from Jake Schaeffer's viewpoint I had sinned grievously; I was willing to admit that and to repent. But what did God care if two boys smacked snowballs against a soft part of Jake's person? It seemed to me that if God had been really interested in the matter He would have advised Jake not to stoop over when two boys were abroad with snowballs. Thus He might have prevented a sin. But Brother Nations appeared to believe that He had permitted me to sin in order that I might taste the joys of castigatory rebuke.

Brother Hickok was the only preacher of those days to whom I gave the slightest measure of respect. I had a genuine admiration for him, but it was not because he was a preacher or because he pretended to any inside knowledge of the customs of heaven or the thoughts and wishes of God; it was simply because he chewed tobacco and played lawn tennis, and because I suspected, every time I saw him wallop a tennis ball or bite a chunk off a slab of plug cut, that he was in reality Wild Bill Hickok in disguise. He was the only preacher I knew who did not proclaim incessantly that he was a man of God and therefore entitled to the largest piece of pie, and he was the only one who did not seem to be impressed by the fact that I was related to Bishop Asbury. He didn't seem to give a damn about the Bishop; his only ambition, so far as I was concerned, was to beat me at tennis. From all the others I gained the impression that the right reverend deceased, seated at God's right hand between Jesus Christ and St. Peter, perhaps crowding the latter a bit, had nothing to do but receive messages from the Almighty touching on my conduct, and relay them to me by whatever preacher I happened to meet.

But I did not definitely abandon the church and align myself openly on the side

of the non-believers until after I was "converted." I was only about fifteen years old then, but I began on that night to hate the church and its religion and all its Brothers and Sisters, especially its Brothers and Sisters. I hated them like poison; I still do. They gave me a pain in the neck. I felt that I had been betrayed—that the spirit of God was not actually working within me, although I was told that it was, and dared to deny it. I was not "right with God." I felt that the Brothers and Sisters and the evangelist had taken an unfair advantage of my emotions. There was a band at the revival, and under the influence of music I will do anything. It compelled me to do something that I did not want to do; it humiliated me in my own eyes, and nothing that has ever happened to me since has made me so miserable and ashamed.

III

Never since that night have I gone into any church to worship. I have gone, frequently, but my visits have either been out of curiosity or on newspaper assignment. I went to see and hear the Rev. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick because I wanted to see for myself if he was worth all the fuss that has been kicked up about him, and I went to see the Rev. Percy Stickney Grant and the Rev. John Haynes Holmes because they are geniuses for publicity; they can get their names in the papers any time they want to. I even went—once—to hear the Rev. John Roach Straton, and occasionally I have gone to Catholic churches to see the parades, hear the music and smell the incense. But in none of these, for me, is there a sign of God. I see only a group of sanctimonious, self-seeking little Jack Horners poking their fingers into everybody else's pie. If they really have a God, His name is Blah.

My own church, of course, was the Southern Methodist, but the revival at which I was "converted" was a union gathering in the Northern Methodist edifice, which we called the Rock Church be-

cause it was constructed of granite blocks. All of the Protestant congregations of the town chipped in to pay the \$600 demanded by Brother McConnell, the imported devil-chaser who was to put Farmington on the right side of the heavenly ledger. He was not, however, expected to have any luck with the Catholics, the Lutherans and the other benighted heathen in the lower part of town. These people apparently had their own God, quite different from ours, and both socially and spiritually they were on the other side of the railroad tracks. They were not in our set, and when occasionally one of them came to our parties it was a matter of very great concern. Things may be different now, but when I was a boy there was grave doubt that anyone who lived south of the Post Office would ever go to heaven, although the broad-minded among us admitted that there might be some sort of second-class paradise for the best of them.

I do not think that I shall ever forget Brother Lincoln McConnell, although I probably should not recognize him if I saw him today. I hope not. But for sixteen long years and more I have cherished a compelling desire to stand him in a corner, minus his band and singers and his other aids to emotion, and then bind and gag him. After that I want to talk to him for hours and hours, embellishing my remarks with such florid words as I have acquired in my various military and journalistic enterprises. He was responsible for the most miserable time of my life. But it was he, too, who definitely kept me from being a preacher, and so, perhaps, I should thank him. If he had let me alone I might at this moment be calling some other preacher Brother; certainly I should not be writing these lines.

Brother McConnell, who is now an eminent Chautauqua lecturer, was an extremely agile man. Throughout his service, and particularly after the collection had been taken up, he bounded back and forth about the pulpit, chasing the devil hither and yon, shaking his hair from his eyes,

sweating at every pore, and roaring charges about dens of evil that I, for one, was never able to find in Farmington, although I headed several exploring parties. He dealt largely in that sort of goods; to him, and to most of the other preachers that I recall, morality and goodness were nothing but chastity, and they never let an opportunity pass to insinuate that the finest men in our town whiled away their idle hours with scarlet women.

The church was crowded. I sat about the middle of the centre section with my elder brother, a phlegmatic boy who was also converted but who would never talk much about it, while across the aisle were my sister and my younger brother. Every few moments the evangelist would stop shouting and sink back into his chair, gasping, wiping his brow and breaking into sobs as he bowed his head in a prayer that came in a mumble from his lips. The instant he sat down his band-leader popped up like a trained seal, and from the band and the augmented choir poured the doleful measures of a hymn. The emotional appeal was terrific; after the first hymn or two the audience joined, bellowing the words with fanatical fervor. Murmurs began to arise as the evangelist alternately talked and prayed; all over the church were sighs of ecstatic agony, and after a while people began jumping to their feet and shouting, "Glory to God! Glory! Glory Hallelujah!" Then there was testimony. Old skinflints who had devoted their lives to cheating their neighbors, old women whose gossiping and backbiting were the talk of the town, hopped into the aisles and told how, at some previous meeting, God had entered their hearts and made them pure and holy. Tears streamed down their faces, and many who had only that day weighed their thumbs with the sugar groaned loudly in sympathetic torment, and shouted "Amen, Brother! Amen!"

By this time Brother McConnell's collar hung limp about his neck, but his passion for the Lord was undimmed. He stopped the testimony when it appeared that every-

body in the church wanted to say something; there was another hymn and he began calling for converts. He shouted that we were all wicked sinners and must come to Jesus.

"All who want to go to heaven stand up!" he shouted.

Naturally, everybody stood up. He told them to sit down; they obeyed.

"All Christians stand up!"

Everybody stood up except my sister, and as I think things over after the lapse of years I know that that was what first caused me to suspect that she was, and is, a remarkably intelligent woman. She said afterward that she resented Brother McConnell's attitude, and thought he was an old windbag. She had, better than anyone else there, control over her emotions; she could not be stampeded. But for several years thereafter she was the target of a great deal of missionary activity, all of it unsuccessful. They could not faze her even when they pointed her out as "that Asbury girl who wouldn't say she was a Christian."

Half the men and women in the church were sobbing while the band played, the choir sang and the evangelist swayed back and forth in the pulpit and pleaded with them to get right with God and confess their sins. Over those who seemed to be the most upset emotionally, and therefore ripest for glory, hung Brothers and Sisters who snivelled down their necks, exhorting them to march down the aisle to the mourners' bench and see God. These Brothers and Sisters had been converted many years before and were O. K. with God.

IV

I was fair game for them. There was hardly anybody there who did not know how emotional and excitable I was, and how music affected me. Why, I even used to be thrilled over the way I myself played the violin! So as many Brothers and Sisters as could get near me pleaded and begged and cajoled; some of them even threatened. They painted horrible pictures of hell; they

told me that unless I went down the aisle I would sizzle and burn and scorch forevermore. I was crying by that time; I was horribly afraid of hell. Yet something kept telling me that I should not do any such thing; that it was all a mockery and a fraud. I know now, and I knew soon after that night, that the music was what was the matter with me, not the religion. Slow music; that doleful wailing of hymns. I couldn't withstand it. I never could. In the army I used to go to funerals because I got a terrific kick out of the funeral march!

They dragged and pulled at me until I was in the aisle, and then they got behind and urged me forward. Others were going down, too, and as they got to the bench Brother McConnell reached forward and grabbed their hands. For each one he shouted "Praise the Lord! Another sinner come to God!" and then he gave the convert an expert shove which landed him into the hands of a Brother who knelt with him and prayed. I tried to hang back, but the band began playing again. It played "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and I couldn't stand it. I was being torn to pieces emotionally, and I staggered and stumbled down the aisle, sobbing, hardly able to stand. They thought it was religion; the Sisters who were shoving me shouted that God had me. But it was not God; it was the music. Behind me came my brother, sedately, as he always did things. He went calmly to join the godly. I have always suspected that he went merely to take care of me; he always did that.

Brother McConnell grabbed my hand and shook it when I reached the mourners' bench, and I was shoved into a seat. Immediately a Brother plopped down beside me, an old man whom I had known all my life. He put his arm around my shoulders and began to pray, crying down my neck and shouting that another soul had been saved. All the time I was wishing to God that the band would quit playing. At last Brother McConnell had his benches full. He decided to call it a day and save whatever sinners remained for another night.

So cards were passed around, which we were to sign. Then the evangelist said for all who had been baptized to sit down. My brother and I sat down.

By this time the music had stopped, and most of the shouting had ceased. Only here and there was someone writhing and moaning. With no music to upset me I began to think, and the more I thought the angrier I got. I boiled with fury; I wanted to smash the Brothers and Sisters in their smug faces. But I was a boy and I was afraid. It was at this point that my younger brother tapped me on the shoulder.

"Hey!" he said, "Mary said to stand up; you haven't been baptized!"

"You tell her," I said, "to go to hell!"

Luckily none of the Brothers and Sisters heard me, so I escaped special prayers. I signed my card, and soon afterward was

released. My sister and my two brothers went on home, but I sneaked away and got drunk on squirrel whiskey that a Negro cart-driver bought for me in a saloon. About three in the morning I staggered home and up the stairs to the room that I occupied with my brother. I awakened him, trying to undress, and he asked:

"What's the matter with you?"

"Hell's fire, Emmett!" I replied, "I got religion!"

I went to the preacher's the next day to be baptized, because I had to go, and later I joined the church, but I joined with my tongue in my cheek. When I admitted publicly that I had been converted and was a good and faithful servant of the Methodist God, I said to myself "over the left." That was our way, at the time, of saying, "like hell I am!"

THE MONROE DOCTRINE

BY CHARLES C. THACH

THE Monroe Doctrine ranks among the foremost of the fetishes of these fetish-worshipping United States. Senators, by their own admission, are ready to shed their life blood for its defence. Representatives, though not of the elect whose privilege it is to serve the shrine of Foreign Policy, make Fourth of July orations upon it. American Legion posts and Chambers of Commerce take it under their protection lest it be assailed by the slimy touch of the abominable Red. Presidents and candidates for President stand upon it as upon the rock of their salvation. And, from the grades to the graduate schools, searchers after knowledge listen with bated breath to its exposition by school marms and *Doctores Philosophiae*. Yet probably not one of these passionate partisans, whether pedagogue or politician, Rotarian or legionnaire, could tell you, on penalty of hanging, what the Monroe Doctrine really is.

For once, the reason is not the obvious one, to wit, the ignorance of the expositors. In the first place, the original message in which the doctrine is set forth is not a signal success from the point of view either of logic or of style. Far from measuring up to the high standards of clarity set by the public pronouncements of, say, the late Mr. Harding, it reveals unmistakably that its author suffered a bit from verbal Summer complaint and ideational dizzy spells. Commentators, with the best will to accuracy in the world, can only differ as to the details of its significance.

But the major blame cannot, in justice, be visited on the somewhat muddled head of Mr. Monroe. Though he furnished the

most necessary requisite of a documentary fetish, a considerable degree of vagueness, it has been his most recent successors who have so pulled and hauled the original language of his doctrine as to cause it to lose all meaning, or, what comes to nearly the same thing, to mean anything. Being involved in no matter how humble a piece of oil grabbing, they have rolled their eyes heavenward and proclaimed that they were only applying his principle in all its pristine purity. To them the doctrine has become a diplomatic top bureau drawer, into which anything may be put and from which, after due pawing, anything may be produced.

But, after all, the original message did mean something. It was intended to meet a definite political crisis, to set forth the position of the nation in respect to certain European policies that concerned us deeply. Seen in its proper historical setting, it is neither cryptic nor divine.

II

The European situation that in 1823 occasioned the enunciation of the original Monroe Doctrine seems distressingly familiar to the individual who, in 1924, is enjoying the benefits of the peace that passeth understanding. In 1815, as in 1919, the strongest European military Power had been finally pulled down, after a long and bitter struggle, by the rest of Europe. As in 1919, the winners had met to divide the loot. As at Paris, so at Vienna, the big Powers had made the decisions, while the small fry stood, hat in hand, in the ante-chambers, wondering what was up. To be

sure, 1815 had its advantages over 1919. France, for example, received decent treatment, even after Waterloo. Also, the Powers, having gotten all that their conflicting appetites would permit each to obtain, had for the rest wisely preferred to put Europe in general back where it had been in 1789 rather than risk the evident dangers of attempting to remodel it. But, after 1815, as after 1919, the chief desire of the victors was to rest and digest their spoils. In the one case as in the other, the most convenient bush behind which to hide proved to be a League of Nations.

This League, the so-called Holy Alliance, was the brain-child of Alexander I, Czar of Russia. It took the form, in the first place, of the famous Treaty of the Holy Alliance, a stupendous piece of politico-religious buncombe which bound the contracting parties—ultimately all of Europe except Great Britain, the Sultan and the Pope—to be good Christians and love one another. Evidently, such a covenant might mean anything or nothing. Great Britain maintained that it meant nothing. But Alexander, from the first, believed and argued that it had created a real league, and one which empowered the chief Powers to manage Europe in the name of God and for the protection of their loot and the established order. The real arbiter of European affairs, Prince Metternich of Austria, for a time rather tended to side with Great Britain, and, since he made up not only his own mind, but that of the King of Prussia as well, this fact was decisive. But events soon came that brought him around to Alexander's point of view, whereupon the League became a reality. Those events consisted of a series of Bolshevik scares.

The Bolsheviks of the late Eighteenth and early Nineteenth Centuries were of course the Jacobins—that is, those who believed in the doctrines, any of the doctrines, of the French Revolution. Jacobinism was no new thing. Good American conservatives, for example, had, as early as 1793, begun to shiver in their shoes over

French radicalism and American radicals. Then, in true American fashion, they had proceeded to warm themselves by denouncing all foreigners, save the English, by passing laws for their deportation, and by imprisoning all native critics of the government. But with Napoleon at St. Helena, Louis XVIII on the French throne, France under surveillance and, in general, the old order pretty well reëstablished, conservatives the world over began to breathe easier. They had, they believed, killed the snake, not scotched it.

The opposite was the case. The serpent began to wriggle first in Germany, more particularly in the German universities. *Burschenschaften*, radical professors, a student bonfire in which emblems of the old régime were consumed, and finally an assassination by a weak-minded young fanatic comprised the first Bolshevik uprising. Metternich, who, like our own Charles the Baptist, could sniff a Red across an intervening field of Bermuda onions and regarded the highest conceivable statesmanship as consisting in sealing up his country against the contamination of all new ideas, made short shrift of the young intelligentsia. The famous Carlsbad decrees were, at his instigation, issued. The universities were placed under the supervision of officials whose duties were to prevent the teaching of "dangerous" doctrines and to watch the students lest, by any chance, they should be so revolutionary as to try to think. The press was successfully muzzled. The world seemed safe once more.

But this was but the prologue to horrors coming on. Revolutions broke out in Spain, in the Kingdom of Naples, and in Piedmont. Metternich, thoroughly alarmed, for the first time, threw the full weight of his influence behind Alexander's league, which now really began to function. Successive congresses of the Powers met at Troppau, at Laibach and at Verona. The business of saving Europe was formally undertaken. Austria was commissioned to set things right in Italy, and

France in Spain. Troops crossed the Alps and the Pyrenees, put down the revolutionists, abolished constitutions, and restored wobbling monarchs to their thrones.

The years 1820-23 saw, in short, the triumph of the league idea—the idea that Europe was under the supervision of the great Powers, that those Powers had the right to intervene in the internal affairs of any State that threatened to become “revolutionary.” The new principle was thus set forth in the preliminary protocol of the Troppau Congress:

States which have undergone a change of government due to revolution cease to be members of the European Alliance, and remain excluded from it until their situation gives guarantees for legal order and stability. If, owing to such alterations, immediate danger threatens other States, the Powers bind themselves by peaceful means, or if need be by arms, to bring back the guilty State into the bosom of the Great Alliance.

III

Had the Holy Alliance stopped at this point there would have been no Monroe Doctrine. European Powers were quite free, thought the Fathers, to bedevil one another in whatever fashion seemed good in their own eyes. It was none of our business. But the next stage of the development of the Alliance's policy began to concern the Americas directly. It was proposed to apply the new European doctrine to the former Spanish colonies in South and Central America, which had taken advantage of the disturbed condition of the Continent and the dire plight of Spain during the Napoleonic period to revolt and establish their independence. They, too, were revolutionists. They, too, had subverted legitimate authority. They, too, consequently, should be restored to the bosom of the Great Alliance.

At this juncture it became necessary for the Monroe administration to act, for the chief, though not sole reason, that it was approached by Great Britain with a proposition for joint action. There were many reasons for anxiety on the part of the Mother Country. She feared Russia and

Russian influence in the Holy League. She had, moreover, nothing to gain by guaranteeing the continental *status quo*, since she received in return no guarantee of her imperial possessions. In general, then, she had as many reasons for disliking Alexander's league as she has for liking the 1919 model. Further, a rehabilitated France with an army in the middle of Spain seemed ominous. Might not France want pay for her act of Service in restoring Spain to the Great Alliance? And might not that pay take the form of Cuba? And, in any event, was not the proposed restoration of the Spanish colonies an undesirable thing? As free and independent States their commerce was largely in English hands. If they were restored as colonies it would be a Spanish monopoly again.

The situation was all the more delicate by reason of the fact that Great Britain, by practically withdrawing from the Holy League—she had been represented at its last meetings only by an unofficial observer—had deprived herself of all important continental support. Her traditional policy of balancing the lesser States against the strongest continental Power manifestly would not work any more. Under these circumstances, her only recourse was to turn to the United States for assistance. There seemed no other available monkey for the chestnuts, which were unmistakably in the fire.

Nor was this all. Canning suspected, and with complete justice, that the United States itself harbored designs on Cuba. Here was an opportunity to kill two birds with one diplomatic stone. If the United States could be lined up against the proposed intervention of the Holy Alliance, and at the same time persuaded not to take any territory from Spain, British interests would be nicely protected.

So reasoned Mr. Canning, and he accordingly approached the American minister, Richard Rush, with a proposition for a joint declaration of policy by the two nations to the effect that recovery of the colonies by Spain was deemed hopeless,

that recognition of their independence was a matter of time and circumstances, that amicable settlement of the dispute over them would not be hindered, that neither nation aimed at taking possession of any of them, and that neither "could see the transfer of any one of them to any other Power with indifference."

The negotiations that ensued between Canning and Rush came to naught. The question of recognizing the independence of the colonies provided an insurmountable obstacle. The United States had taken this step in 1822, but Canning, for his own reasons, was still unwilling to go so far. Rush correctly maintained that, under the circumstances, the two nations simply could not take joint action. Canning refused to give way, and then, to Rush's surprise, suddenly dropped the negotiations without warning or explanation. Despite Rush's mystification, the cause is now clear. France had finally given England the desired assurance that she was not seeking territorial aggrandizement. The chestnuts being out of the fire, Cousin Monkey was no longer needed.

But Canning had started something. When Rush's accounts of the initial correspondence reached Washington, the worthy Mr. Monroe was much disturbed. Forthwith he forwarded copies of the despatches to the demi-gods of his party, Jefferson and Madison, and asked for their advice. Jefferson, canny diplomat that he was, replied that Great Britain was the power that could do us the most harm and that here was an opportunity to get her friendship and her support for our policy "of ousting from our land all foreign nations," and her coöperation in making "our hemisphere that of freedom." Consequently, he advocated accepting the British offer. Madison went even further, advising an extension to the nations of Europe.

In the meanwhile, the Secretary of State, John Quincy Adams, had returned to Washington from a Summer visit to Massachusetts. On his arrival he was confronted, not only with the necessity of for-

mulating a policy with respect to the British proposals, but also of answering two remarkable communications from the Russian minister, Baron de Tuyl. The first of these was to the effect that the Russian government had been informed that the new State of Colombia had appointed a minister to the Russian court and that, *fidèle aux principes politiques qu'elle suit de concert avec ses allies*, his Imperial Majesty had no intention of dealing with revolutionists. The second was, in the words of Adams, "an exposition of principles relating to the affairs of Spain and Portugal in a tone of passionate exultation at the counter-revolution in Portugal and the impending success of the French army in Spain; an *Io Triumphe* over the fallen cause of revolution with sturdy promises to keep it down."

Adams immediately set to work on his replies to Rush and de Tuyl. The two matters, as he saw, were but different aspects of the same thing. The only right to existence that the United States possessed was the right of revolution. Russia, in two impudent communications, had directly challenged that right. The Alliance was threatening to extend its principle of intervention to put down revolution to the Americas, though Adams, for one, had little fear that anything practical would come of the threats. Great Britain's invitation for joint action, with its badly concealed purpose of keeping the United States out of Cuba, would not do. And, in any event, Adams, sturdily though intelligently 100 per cent American, had no desire "to come in as a cockboat in the wake of a British man-of-war." What was needed was a counterblast to the pronouncements of the Holy League, one which would set forth the contrary principles of international relations that the United States sponsored, and so serve warning that the Americas would organize their relations to each other and the rest of the world on the basis of the latter, not the former.

The fundamental principle on which he took his stand was a simple one:

Considering the South Americans as independent nations, they themselves have the *right* to dispose of their condition. *We* have no right to dispose of them either alone or in conjunction with other nations. Neither have any other nations the right of disposing of them without their consent.

He would, he said, bring the whole business "to a test of right and wrong." The foundation stone of the American constitutional system was, he believed, republicanism. "The principles of this form of policy are: 1, that the institution of government, to be lawful, must be pacific—that is, founded upon the consent and by the agreement of those who are governed; and 2, that each nation is exclusively the judge of the government best suited to itself, and that no other nation can justly interfere by force to impose a different government upon it."

It is easy to criticize this doctrine of Adams. It was the half practical, half doctrinaire product of a mind that was still in large measure dominated by all the grand and glorious generalizations of the Eighteenth Century *philosophes*. It assumed many things concerning the Latin Americans that were not true. But that is beside the point. The main thing is that this doctrine was the essential part of the Monroe Doctrine. Adams, indeed, had his way, though Monroe censored his communications to Tuyl and Rush. Jefferson's recommendation of a joint declaration was not followed. Madison's suggestion of a world doctrine rather than a purely American one was ignored. And, despite Monroe's verbosity, the final message said in different words what Adams had already declared in his draft notes: If Latin-America chooses to become independent of Spain, wins and maintains that independence, and sets up governments of its own, sound international law requires that it be permitted to do so without interference by outside Powers. The United States, naturally interested in American affairs as distinct from European affairs, consequently declares to the Holy Allies "that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this

hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety." It is, in short, the doctrine of the right of a people to govern or misgovern itself as it pleases. So far as the Americas were concerned, we would see to it that the other American nations had their chance without European interference.

The remaining portion of the message which is considered to be a part of the doctrine, namely, that part which declares the Americas to be closed to future colonization, rests on the same foundation. "The American continents," it sets forth, "by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintained, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European Powers." Such colonization would violate, not our rights, but the rights of these States which we had recognized as independent—and our geographical position gave us a special interest in upholding their rights. The United States thus stood committed to two great principles in international relations: independence and non-intervention. Supervision of the affairs of the American States by a League of great Powers was not to be. The hour of the Holy League had struck. As Canning put it, "Things are getting back to a wholesome state again. Every nation for itself and God for us all.—The time for Arcopagus and the like of that is gone by."

IV

Such *was* the Monroe Doctrine, a statement of the right of the Latin-American peoples to work out their own salvation free from outside interference, and of the interest that the United States had in the preservation of this right from European interference. For some seventy-five years it stood the wear and tear of actual operation remarkably well. Polk, to be sure, added a new provision, and one which was scarcely a logical deduction from the original principle, namely, that a Latin-American State could not even voluntarily alienate territory to a European Power.

The annexation of Texas, despite claims to the contrary, was no violation either of the letter or the spirit of the doctrine, which, indeed, had contemplated just such a voluntary accession to the Union, not only of Texas, but also of Cuba. Even the forcible annexation of California and New Mexico was not so black as it has been painted, for Mexico did her fair share in making the war inevitable and the territory in question was practically masterless long before it began.

The growth of American interest in a trans-isthmian canal, however, led to the enunciation of a doctrine which was certainly not in accord with the original principle that Latin-America could do with its own as seemed best to itself. This doctrine, the so-called doctrine of "paramount interest," was to the effect that the United States claimed the exclusive right to protect and guarantee any canal built across Central America. This, obviously, was a clear denial of the right of the States possessing canal routes to enter into what agreements they chose concerning their territory. But, in any event, the new doctrine scarcely came to any practical importance during the period prior to 1898.

On the other hand, the two chief applications of it in those years were in complete accord with the spirit of the original message. When Seward finally brought about the downfall of the Maximilian government in Mexico during the sixties by forcing Napoleon III to withdraw his troops he was undoubtedly protecting the Mexicans from a rule which had been forced on them by a European Power and was maintained only by its troops. Similarly, when Grover Cleveland forced Great Britain to arbitrate her dispute with Venezuela, he was, he thought, preventing a European Power from acquiring, by virtue of her superior might, the territory of a defenceless neighbor.

But Cleveland was the last of the old order. McKinley, Roosevelt, Taft, Knox, Wilson, Hughes, differing *toto caelo* from each other in other respects, have been as

one in transforming the Monroe Doctrine from one of national independence and non-intervention into one of American suzerainty and intervention. It has been a singularly hypocritical and unedifying performance. All have given lip service to the doctrine, have proclaimed it the ark of the covenant of our foreign policy. All have heaped Latin-America with fine phrases about independence, equality and sovereignty. And all have busied themselves in denying, so far as their acts went, all three, until finally the nation today stands committed to a policy which seeks to determine the very form and personnel of the Latin-American governments, and which denies that right of revolution which, as it happens, is the basic principle of the very doctrine which we have always professed to revere and apply.

It began with the Spanish War. Our purpose, we declared at the outset, was not to "exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction or control" over Cuba, but "to leave the government and control of the island to its people." But, with the war over, we established a protectorate, despite Cuba's opposition. We annexed Porto Rico, whose right to determine her own affairs amounted to nothing in the face of the desire of the United States to keep her. The basic assumption of the original doctrine, that the Latin-Americas had both the right and the capacity to work out their own future, went overboard once and forever.

If Mr. Roosevelt did not intervene in the Panama "revolution," then intervention has lost all meaning. A rebellion of a portion of Colombia, if not actively fomented by American agents, was certainly assured of success by American troops, American recognition, and a guarantee treaty. Santo Domingo came next, and with it a "modification," an "extension" of the Monroe Doctrine that completely reversed its original significance. This modification took the form of the "doctrine of preventive intervention," by virtue of which the United States has claimed and exercised the right to intervene in the affairs of any

Latin-American State whenever, *in its opinion*, a state of affairs threatens to arise which may produce European intervention, which, in turn, may produce occupation of territory, which *may* ultimately produce annexation. If this is a doctrine of non-intervention, of national independence, then, of course, black is white.

Followed Mr. Taft and Mr. Knox. The region of Central America was their especial preserve. "The United States," said Mr. Taft, "has been glad to encourage and support American bankers who were willing to lend a helping hand to the financial rehabilitation of such countries, because the financial rehabilitation and the protection of their customs-houses from being the prey of would-be dictators would remove at one stroke the menace of foreign creditors and the menace of revolutionary disorder." American bankers, those notorious extenders of the helping hand, were no longer, it would seem, "foreign" to Central America. And the "sacred right of revolution" had become mere "revolutionary disorder."

Nor did the great crusade for the rights of small nations produce a change so far as the small nations of America were concerned. The Great Crusader himself informed the Pan-American Scientific Congress that the Monroe Doctrine had set up a partial protectorate over Latin-America and that it contained no pledge concerning the method in which we would exercise the powers that flowed from it. Nicaragua was bribed into a treaty that made her, to considerable degree, our ward, thus partially consummating an abortive plan fathered by Mr. Taft, which looked toward the creation of a complete protectorate. Santo Domingo and Haiti found that their world was much safer for deserving Democrats than for democracy, which, for purposes relating to this hemisphere, was interpreted to be synonymous with government by the marines. Mexico, too, discovered that her government had, for the future, to conform to the ideals of governmental morality entertained by the admin-

istration then in power in the United States. Huerta, not so conforming, got no recognition, and hence no credit and no arms. Without these, his existence was, of course, impossible and power passed from him to successors who had our approval.

And what of the Hon. Charles Evans Hughes? As might have been expected from so distinguished a former ornament of the Supreme Bench, he jettisoned morality and took legality aboard. No Latin-American government, the edict went forth, would be recognized if it was of revolutionary origin, or if its ideas concerning private property and the right of the State in relation thereto did not conform with those of the United States. More than that, revolutionists could get no arms here, but established governments might. Legitimacy, as a hundred years ago, became the order of the day.

V

"States which have undergone a change of Government due to revolution cease to be members of the European alliance and remain excluded from it until their situation gives guarantees for legal order and stability." So declared the Holy Allies a hundred years ago, and so, in substance, *mutatis mutandis*, declares Mr. Hughes today. A hundred years ago John Quincy Adams wrote: "Considering the South Americans as independent nations, they themselves have the *right* to dispose of their condition. *We* have no right to dispose of them." On the basis of that principle the Monroe Doctrine was enunciated.

It is an odd situation. The doctrine against which the Monroe Doctrine was aimed has become the Monroe Doctrine. Who would be so much a traitor as to deny the great truth enunciated by Mr. Root that the doctrine "has grown continually a more vital and insistent rule of conduct for each succeeding generation of Americans?" Abandon it? Only one bribed by Russian gold would suggest such an act. Verily, a fetish is a strange thing!

ABOVE PARADISE

BY JAMES BRANCH CABELL

It began when Palnatoki rode forth and made his brag. "I am the champion of the Ænseis. In the Northland there is nobody mightier than I; and if a mightier person live elsewhere, it is not yet proven. Who is there in this place will try a fall with me?"

Behind him the pagan army waited, innumerable, and terrible, and deplorably ill-mannered. These shouted now: "We cry a holmgang. Who will fight with Red Palnatoki, that is overlord of the Swan's bath, and that slew the giants in Noenhir?"

Then from the opposed ranks came clanking and shining in full armor the most notably religious of the Christian lords, Donander of Évre. And he said: "I, howsoever unworthy, messire, am the person who will withstand you. I also have fought before this morning. Under Count Manuel's banner of the Silver Stallion I have done what I might. That much I will again do here today, and upon every day between this day and the holy Morrow of Judgment."

After that the Christian army shouted: "There is none mightier than Donander! Also, he is very gratifyingly modest."

But Palnatoki cried out scornfully: "Your utmost will not avail this morning. Behind me musters all the might of the Ænseis, that are the most high of gods above Lærath, and their strength shall be shown here through me."

"Behind the endeavors of every loyal son of the Church," Donander said, "are the blessed saints and the bright archangels."

"Indeed, Donander, that may very well be the truth," replied Red Palnatoki. "The

old gods and the gods of Rome have met to-day; and we are their swords."

"Your gods confess their weakness, Messire Palnatoki, by picking the better weapon," Donander answered him, courteously.

With these amenities discharged, they fought. Nowhere upon earth could have been found a pair of more stalwart warriors: each had no equal anywhere existent between seas and mountains save in his adversary: so neatly were they matched indeed that, after a half-hour of incredible battling, it was natural enough they should kill each other simultaneously. And then the unfortunate error occurred, just as each naked soul escaped from the dying body.

For now from the North came Kjalar, who guides the souls of pagan heroes to eternal delights in the Hall of the Chosen: and from the zenith sped, like a shining plummet, Ithuriel to fetch the soul of the brave champion of Christendom to the felicities of the golden city walled about with jasper of the Lord God of Sabaoth. Both emissaries had been attending the combat until the arrival of their part therein; both, as seasoned virtuosi of warfare, had been delighted by this uncommonly fine fight: and in their pleased excitement they somehow made the error of retrieving each the other's appointed prey. It happened thus that the soul of Donander of Évre fared northward, asleep in the palm of Kjalar's hand, while Ithuriel conveyed the soul of Red Palnatoki to the heaven of Jahveh.

Ithuriel's blunder, it is gratifying to record, did not in the outcome really matter.

For Christendom just then was at heated odds over points of theology not very clearly understood in Jahveh's heaven, where in consequence no pronouncements were hazarded upon the merits of the debate; and the daily invoices of Christian champions and martyrs of all sects were being admitted to blessedness without particular inspection, as fast as they murdered one another. Moreover, Red Palnatoki was, by the articles of his stern Nordic creed, a fatalist. When he discovered what had happened, and the strange salvation which had been put upon him, his religion therefore assured him that this too had been predestined by the wayward Norns, and he piously made no complaining. The eternal life he had inherited, with no fighting in it and no stronger drink than milk, was not up to human expectation, but the tall sea-rover had long ago found out that few things are. So, without any sulking under his halo, he bent resolutely to his first harp lesson, and in place of protests civilly voiced alleluias. In Jahveh's heaven, therefore, all went agreeably, and as smoothly as Red Palnatoki at just this point goes out of this story.

II

And when Donander of Évre awoke in the Northern paradise, he also was content enough. It was a strange and not what you could call a cosy place, this gold-roofed hall with its five hundred and forty mile-wide doors: and the monsters, in the likeness of a stag and of a she-goat, which straddled above the building perpetually feeding upon the lower leaves of the great tree called Lærath, seemed to Donander preëminently outlandish creatures, animals under whose bellies no really considerate person would have erected a residence. Yet, like Palnatoki, Donander of Évre was an old campaigner, who could be tolerably comfortable anywhere. Nor was to discover himself among pagans a novel experience, for in his mortal life the knight had ridden at adventure in most corners of

the world, and rather more than half of his particular intimates had been infidels.

"Excepting always their unfortunate religious heresies," he was used to concede, "I have no fault to pick with heathen persons, whom in the daily and nocturnal affairs of life I have found quite as friendly and companionable as properly baptized ladies."

In fine, he got on well enough with the flaxen-haired spirits of these Northern kings and skalds and jarls and vikingar. They stared, and some guffawed, when he fitted out a little shrine, in which Donander prayed decorously, every day, at the correct hours, for the welfare of Donander's soul upon the holy Morrow of Judgment. Yet, after all, these boreal ghosts conceded, in paradise if anywhere a man should be permitted utterly to follow his own tastes, even in heresy. And when they talked their really pathetic nonsense about being the guests of Sidvrrar the Weaver and Constrainer, and about living forever through his bounty thus happily in the Hall of the Chosen, it was Donander's turn to shrug. Even had there been no other discrepancies, everybody knew that heaven had, not five hundred and forty golden gates, but only twelve entrances, each carved from a single pearl and engraved with the name of a tribe of Israel.

"Besides," Donander asked, "who is this Weaver and Constrainer? Certainly, I never heard of him before."

"He is the King and Father of the Ænseis," they told him. "He is overlord of that unimaginable folk who dwell in Ydalir; and who do not kill their deformed and weakling children, as we were used to do, but instead cast from the ivory ramparts of Ydalir all such degenerate offspring, to be the gods of races who are not blond and Nordic."

Donander, as a loyal son of the Church, could only shake his head over such nonsense, and the innumerable other errors by which these heathen were being misled to everlasting ruin. Aloud, Donander repeated his final verdict as to the pretensions of

this Sidvrrar, by saying again, "I never heard of him."

Nevertheless, Donander went without real discontent among the pleasures of paradise, and he joined in all the local sports. In common with the other dead, he ate the flesh of the inexhaustible boar, and with them he drank of the strong mead which sustained them in perpetual tipsiness. And he sedately rode out with the others every morning into the meadows where these blessed pagan lords fought joyously among themselves until midday. At noon a peal of thunder would sound, the slain and wounded warriors were of a sudden revived and wholly cured of their hurts, and reunited to whatsoever arms and heads and legs the contestants had lost in their gaming; and the company would return fraternally to the gold-roofed hall, where they ate and drank and made their brags until they slept.

"Yet perhaps our banquets might, mes-sieurs," Donander had suggested, after a century or so of these rough-and-ready pleasures, "be not unadvantageously seasoned with the delights of feminine companionship, if only for dessert?"

"But it is one of our appointed blessings to have done with women and their silly ways," cried out the vikingar, "now that we have entered paradise."

And Donander, who had always been notable for his affectionate nature, and who had served vigorously so many ladies *par amours*, seemed grieved to hear a saying so unchivalrous. Still, he said nothing.

Thus much time passed; and the worlds were changed: but in the eyes of Donander of Évre, as in the eyes of all who feasted in the Hall of the Chosen, there was no knowledge nor any fear of time, because these blessed dead lived now in perpetual tipsiness. And, as befitted a loyal son of the Church, Donander awaited without any complaining, in the surroundings which Heaven out of Heaven's wisdom had selected for him, the holy Morrow of Judgment.

Then from the highest part of this para-

side, and from the unimaginable dew-vaies of Ydalir which rise above the topmost branches of the tree called Lærath, descended radiant Vanadis, the lady of Regin-lief, dear to the gods. She had disposed of five inefficient husbands, in impetuous mythological manners, but still a loneliness and a desire were upon her, and with the eternal optimism of widowhood she came to look for a sixth husband among these great-thewed heroes who jeered at women and their wiles. But Donander of Évre was the person who for two reasons found instant favor in her eyes when she came upon Donander refreshing himself after the pleasant fatigues of that morning's combat, and about his daily bath in the shining waters of the river Gipul. So do the dead call that stream which flows from the antlers of the monstrous stag who stands eternally nibbling and munching above the Hall of the Chosen.

"Here is an eminently suitable person," Vanadis reflected. Aloud, she said, "Hail, friend! and do you go seeking work or shunning work?"

Stalwart Donander climbed out of the clear stream of Gipul. He came, smilingly and with a great exaltation, toward the first woman whom he had seen in seven hundred years. He said, "What is your meaning, madame?"

Vanadis, with god-like candor, made plain her meaning. And since Donander's nature was affectionate, he assented readily enough to the proposals of this somewhat ardent but remarkably handsome young woman, who went abroad thus unconventionally in a car drawn by two cats, and who, in her heathenish and figurative way, described herself as a goddess. He stipulated only that, so soon as he was dressed, they be respectably united according to whatever might be the marriage laws of her country and diocese.

The Ænscis were not used in such matters to stand upon ceremony. Nevertheless, they conferred together,—Aduna and Ord and Hleifner and Rönn and Giermivul, and the other radiant sons of Sidvrrar. It was

they who good-humoredly devised a ceremony, with candles and promises and music and a gold ring, and all the other features which seemed expected by the husband whom their dear Vanadis had fetched up from the Hall of the Chosen. But her sisters took no part in the ceremony, upon the ground that they considered such public preliminaries to be unheard of and brazen. Thus was Donander made free of Ydalir, the heaven that is above Lærath; and after his seven hundred years of celibacy, he and his bride lived together in her celestial palace lovingly enough.

III

Now, the one change that Donander made an explicit point of was to fit out in this palace of Reginliof a chapel. There he worshipped daily at the correct hours, so near as one could estimate them in an endless day; and there he prayed for the welfare of Donander's soul upon the holy Morrow of Judgment.

"But, really, my heart," his Vanadis would say, ineffectually, "you have been dead for so long now! and, just looking at it sensibly, it does seem such a waste of eternity!"

"Have done, my darling, with your heathen nonsense!" Donander would reply. "Do I not know that in heaven there is no marrying or giving in marriage? How then can heaven be this place in which two live so friendlily and happily?"

Meanwhile to the pagan priests wherever the Ænseis were adored had been revealed the sixth and wholly successful marriage of Vanadis: her spouse had been duly deified: and new temples had been builded in honor of the bright lady of Reginliof and of the Man-God, Donander Veratyr, her tireless savior from vain desire and bodily affliction. And time went stealthily as a stream flowing about and over the worlds, and changing them, and wearing all away. But to Donander it was as if he yet lived in the thrice-lucky afternoon on which he married his Vanadis.

For, since whatever any of the Ænseis desires must happen instantly, thus Ydalir knows but one endless day; and immeasurably beneath its radiance, very much as sullen and rain-swollen waters go under a bridge upon which young lovers have met in the sunlight of April, so passes wholly unnoted by any in Ydalir the flowing and all the jumbled wreckage of time.

But it befell, too, after a great many of those æons which the gods ignore and men cannot imagine, that Donander saw one of the half-grown Ænseis about a droll looking sport. Donander asked questions, and he learned this was a game at which the younger Ænseis had long used to play, but which had become among them rather old-fashioned.

"And how does one set about it?" Donander asked then.

"Why, thus and thus, my heart," his wife replied. Fond Vanadis was glad enough to find for him some outdoor diversion which would woo him from that stuffy chapel and its depressing pictures of tortured persons and its unwholesome fogs of stifling incense.

Then Donander broke away a bough from the tree called Lærath, saying meanwhile the proper word of power. Sitting beside the fifth river of Ydalir, he cut strips of bark from this bough, with the green-handled knife which Vanadis had given him, and he cast these strips about at random. He found it perfectly true that those scraps of bark which touched the water became fish, those which he flung into the air became birds, and those which fell upon the ground became animals and men. He almost instantly, indeed, had enough creatures to populate a world, but no world of course for them to animate and diversify. So Donander destroyed these creatures, and placed one of the lighter geasa upon the beetle Karu. That huge good-tempered insect fell at once to shaping a ball of mud, and to carving it with mountains and plains and valleys. Then Karu burrowed his way into the centre of this ball of mud: and from the hole into

which Karu had entered came all kinds of living creatures needful for the animating and diversifying of a world; and these began to breed and to kill one another and to build their appropriate lairs, in nests and dens and cities. That was the second demiurgy of Donander Veratyr. Then with a golden egg he made another world; and from the entrails of a spider he drew another; and with the aid of the raven Yetl Donander made yet one more, and so went on in turn attempting each method that any Ans had ever practiced.

These sports amused Donander for a long while and yet another while. And Vanadis, apart from her natural pleasure in the augmented vigor he got from so much open-air exercise, bright Vanadis smiled at his playing, in the way of any wife who finds her husband occupied upon the whole less reprehensibly than you would expect of the creature. And the sons of Sidvrrar also were used, as yet, to smile not unfriendlyly when they passed where Donander was busy with his toys. Even her sisters only said that really of all things, and that of course they had expected it from the very first. Thus everybody was content enough for a long while and yet another while.

And throughout both these whiles Donander was pottering with his worlds, keeping them bright with thunderbolts and volcanic eruptions, diligently cleansing them of parasites with one or another pestilence, scouring them with whirlwinds, and perpetually washing them with cloud-bursts and deluges. His toys had constantly such loving care to keep them in perfect condition. Meanwhile, his skill increased abreast with his indulgence in demiurgy, and Donander thought of little else. He needed now no aid from ravens and beetles. He had but, he found, to desire a world, and at once his desire took form; its light was divided from its darkness, the waters gathered into one place, the dry land appeared and pullulated with living creatures, all in one dexterous complacent moment of self-admiration. And his earlier made stars and comets and suns and aster-

oids Donander Veratyr began destroying one by one, half vexedly, half in real amusement at the archaic, bungling methods he had outgrown. In their places he would set spinning, and glittering, and popping, quite other planetary systems which, for the moment in any event, appeared to him remarkably adroit craftsmanship. And everywhere upon the worlds he had made, and had not yet annihilated, men worshipped Donander Veratyr: and in his pleasant home at Reginliel, high over Lærath, Donander worshipped the god of the fathers and of all the reputable neighbors of Donander of Évre; and in such pagan surroundings as Heaven out of Heaven's wisdom had selected for him, awaited the holy Morrow of Judgment.

IV

Then of a sudden gleaming Sidvrrar Vafudir, the Weaver and Constrainer, came with his wolves frisking about him. He came with his broad-brimmed hat pulled down about his eyes decisively. He came thus to his daughter Vanadis, and stated that, while patience was a virtue, there was such a thing as overdoing it, no matter how little he himself might care for the talking of idle busybodies, because, however long she might argue, and always had done from childhood, being in this and in many other undesirable respects precisely like her mother, even so, no sensible Ans could ever deny her husband's conduct was ridiculous; and that, said Sidvrrar Vafudir, was all there was to it.

"Do not bluster so, my heart," replied Vanadis, "about the facts of nature. All husbands are ridiculous. Who should be surer of this than I, who have had six husbands, unless it be you, who as goat and titmouse and laurel tree have been the husband of six hundred?"

"That is all very well," said Sidvrrar, "in addition to not being what we were discussing. This Donander of yours is now one of the Ænseis, he is an Ans of mature standing, and it is not right for him to be

making worlds. That is what we were discussing."

"Yet what divine hands anywhere," asked Vanadis, "are clean of demiurgy?"

"When we were children we had our toys," said Sidvrrar Vafudir, "and we played with and smashed our toys. That was natural, besides keeping the young out of grave mischief, now and then. Though, to be sure, nothing does that very long nor very often, as I tell you plainly, my Vanadis, for do you look, as a most grievous example, at the wasteful and untidy way you destroy your husbands!"

"Donander Veratyr I shall not ever destroy," replied Vanadis, smiling, "because of the loving human heart and the maddening human ways he has brought out of his Poictesme, and for two other reasons."

"Then it is I who will put an end, if not to him, at least to his nonsense. For this Donander of yours is still playing with stars and planets, and setting off his comets, and exploding his suns, and that is unbecoming."

"Well, well, do you, who are the Father and Master of All, have your own will with him, so far as you can get it," Vanadis returned, still with that rather reminiscent smile. She had now lived for a great while with this sixth husband of hers, who had a human heart in him and human ways.

Sidvrrar went then from her to Donander. But the Constrainer found there was no instant manner of constraining Donander Veratyr into a conviction that Donander of Évre had died long ago, and had become a god. People, Donander stated, did not do such things: and further reasoning with him seemed to accomplish no good whatever. For Donander, as a loyal son of the Church, now shrugged pityingly at the heathen nonsense talked by his father-in-law. He stroked the heads of Sidvrrar's attendant wolves, he listened to the Weaver and Constrainer with an indulgence more properly reserved for the feeble-minded; and he said, a little relishingly, that Mes-sire Sidvrrar would be wiser on the Morrow of Judgment.

Then Sidvrrar Vafudir became Sidvrrar Yggr, the Meditating and Terrible. Then Sidvrrar fell about such magicking as he had not needed to use since he first entered into the eternal dew-vales of Ydalir. Then, in a word, Sidvrrar unclosed the oval window in Reginlief that opened upon space and time and upon the frozen cinders which once had been worlds and suns and stars, and which their various creators had annihilated, as one by one the Ænseis had put away their childhood and its playing.

Among such wreckage sped pretentiously the yet living worlds which Donander had made. These toys, when seen thus closely, were a-bristle with the spires of the temples and the cathedrals in which they that lived, as yet, upon these worlds were used to worship. In all these churches men invoked Donander Veratyr. Through that charmed window now, for the first time, came to his ears the outcry of his clergy and laity: and nowhere in space was there any talk of any other god, not even where from many worlds arose the lecturing of those who explained away their ancestors' quaint notions about Donander the Man-God, the Savior from Vain Desire, the Preserver from Bodily Affliction, and proved there could not be any such person. And to Donander, looking out of the window at Reginlief, all these things showed as a swarming of ants or as a writhing of very small maggots about the worlds which he had made to divert him, and in the face as in the heart of Donander awoke inquietation.

"If this be a true showing," Donander said, by and by, "show now that Earth which is my home."

After a while of searching, Sidvrrar found for him the drifting clinker which had once been Earth. Upon its glistening nakedness was left no living plant nor any breathing creature, for the Morrow of Judgment was long past, and Earth's affairs had been wound up. Upon no planet did anyone remember the god whom Donander worshipped, now that Jahveh had ended playing, and his toys were broken

or put away. Upon many planets were the temples of Donander Veratyr, and the rising smoke of his sacrifice, and the cries of his worshippers as they murdered one another in their disputing over points of theology which Donander could not clearly understand. Nor did he think about these things. Instead, Donander Veratyr, who was the last of the Ænseis to play at this unprofitable sport of demiurgy, was now remembering the days and the moonlighted nights of his youth, and the dear trivial persons whom he had then loved and revered. He thought of, for no reason at all, the shabby little village priest who had confirmed him, and of the father and mother who had been all-wise and able to defend one from every evil, and of the tall girl whose lips had, once, and before any other lips, been sweeter than were the paradisal joys of Ydalir. And he thought of many other futile things, all now attested always to have been futile, which long ago had seemed so very important to the boy that, in serving famous Manuel of Poictesme, had postured so high-heartedly in one of the smallest provinces of an extinct planet.

And Donander wrung immortal hands, saying, "If this be a true showing, what thing have I become, who can no longer love or reverence anything! who can have no care for any Morrow of Judgment! and to whom space reveals only the living of these indistinguishable and unclean and demented insects!"

The cry of his worshippers came up to him. "Thou art God, the Creator and Preserver of all us Thy children! Thou art Donander Veratyr, in Whom is our firm hope! Thou art the Man-God, That wilt grant unto us justice and salvation upon the holy Morrow of Judgment!"

He said, like one a little frightened, "Is God thus?"

They answered him, "How can God be otherwise than Thou art?"

At that Donander shuddered. But in the same moment he said: "If this be a true showing, and if I be indeed a god, and the

master of all things, the human heart which survives in me wills now to create that tomorrow for which these weaklings and I too have so long waited."

Then Sidvrrar pointed out, as patiently as outraged common-sense permitted: "Still, still, you are talking nonsense! How can an Ans create tomorrow?"

Donander asked, in turn, "Why not, if you be omnipotent?"

"It is because we are omnipotent. Thus in Ydalir there is but one day, from which not even in imagination can any Ans escape. For whatever any of the Ænseis desires, even if it be a tomorrow, must instantly happen and exist; and so must be today. That ought to be plain enough."

"It is not plain," Donander answered, "although, the way you put it, I admit, it does sound logical. Therefore, if this indeed be the way of omnipotence, and if no Ans may escape his day, and if I be a trapped and meagre god, and the master only of those things which are today, then now let all things end! For my heart stays human. Today does not know the runes of my heart's contentment. My heart will not be satisfied unless it enter into that morrow of justice and salvation which the overlords of men, as you now tell me, cannot desire nor plan. So now, if this be a true showing, now let all things end!"

Within the moment Donander saw that, while he was yet speaking, space was emptied of life. Down yonder now were no more men and women anywhere. None any longer awaited an oncoming day which was to content one utterly with an assured bright heritage, divined in the dreams which allured and derided all human living endlessly, and condemned the heart of every man to be a stranger to contentment upon this side of tomorrow. That ageless dream about tomorrow had passed, as the smoke of a little incense passes, and with it had gone out of being, too, those whom it had nourished and sustained. There were no more men or women anywhere. Donander could see only many cinders adrift

in a bleak loneliness: and Donander of Évre must endure eternally as Donander Veratyr, a lonely and uncomprehended god, among his many peers.

"So do you be sensible about it, my son-in-law," said Sidvrrar Vafudir, when he had spoken the word of power which closed forever that cheerless window, out of which no god was ever to look any more,—“be sensible, if there indeed stay any root of intelligence in you. And do you henceforward live more fittingly, as a credit to your wife’s family. And do you put out of mind those cinders and those ashes and those clinkers that were the proper sport of your youth. Such is the end of every wise person’s saga.”

Thereafter the King and Father of the Ænseis departed, well pleased with the lesson which he had taught that whipper-snapper. And Donander also smiled, and looked contentedly enough about his pleas-

ant quarters in the untroubled and everlasting paradise of Ydalir.

“Still, not for a great deal,” Donander reflected, “would I be treading in that old sorcerer’s sandals; and it is a fair shame that I should have such a person for a father-in-law.”

For, as a loyal son of the Church, Donander knew very well that the wonders which Sidvrrar had just shown to him could only be an illusion planned with some evil spirit’s aid to tempt Donander away from respectability and the true faith. In consequence Donander Veratyr, that had been the Creator and Destroyer of all things except the human heart which survived in him, went now into the chapel of Reginlief. There he decorously said the prayers to which Donander was accustomed, and he duly prayed for the welfare of Donander’s soul upon the holy Morrow of Judgment.

AMERICANA

ALABAMA

SENTENTIOUS ethical note from the *Alabama Christian Advocate*:

May a Christian dance? Of course, he may. He may swear and lie too, but it wouldn't make him a better Christian. Surely, Christian, you may dance, but dancing will never identify you as a Christian. What puzzles me is that you ask the question so often. Christians who don't dance never ask it. Yes, Christian, dance if you can't live without it. Join hands with Salomé, Herodias and Herod, and circle to the left; but don't be surprised if you are mistaken for a goat.

ARKANSAS

DISPATCH from Meadows Park to the eminent *Newton County Times*:

The stork flew to the home of Mr. and Mrs. P. T. Tony on Tuesday and left a 14-pound baby boy. He was christened Davis Coolidge LaFollette Johns Farris Wallace Nations Tony.

CALIFORNIA

SOCIAL note from the distinguished *San Francisco Chronicle*:

Whether it is in London, New York or San Francisco, unless one can claim to be in the polo set one has not reached the pinnacle of smart society. The polo set everywhere expresses all those qualities of leisure for which men try to achieve millions to bestow upon sons who early in life know how to make the most of playtime. Polo as a social accomplishment far outstrips all other forms of sport. Arch and scintillating smiles of beauty follow the impetuous riders whose thoroughbreds, playful as kittens and fleet as thought, supply the afternoon's pastime.

LAST words on the late Anatole France by the talented chief editorial writer of the eminent *Los Angeles Times*:

He took delight in ridiculing religion and mocking faith. He pictured patriotism as a mask and patriots as hypocrites. The sensuousness in his nature crept into and marred many otherwise remarkable manuscripts. He depicted sin in warm, glowing colors and virtue in faded and dead tones. . . . It is doubtful if anyone ever laid down a book by Anatole France the better for having read it. Admittedly there are exceptions. He occasionally wrote something very pure and very sweet, apparently in a

malicious moment when he desired to show that he could rise to moral heights if he desired. But he always returned to the sensuous, seeming to prefer it to the pure.

COLORADO

HIGH words of the Hon. William E. Sweet, A.B., ΦΚΨ, Governor of Colorado:

It is my belief that the foreign secretaries of the Young Men's Christian Association are better acquainted with industrial, social, political and religious movements which are taking place in foreign lands than any other persons, *not excepting the representatives of our government*. The type of men which the Association sends abroad for foreign service is of the very highest. They are leaders in every sense of the word.

COMPLEX but affecting instructions to patriotic Colorado school children prepared by the talented Alwin D. Farrior, of Walsenburg, Colo., director of the Americanism Commission of the American Legion:

After the colors are in position, the Trumpeter, if the school has one, will blow "To the Colors." Then the Captain, or teacher, gives the command: "Right Hand Salute." This is done by raising the right hand smartly till the tip of the forefinger touches the lower part of the headdress (if uncovered, the forehead above the right eye), thumb and fingers extended and joined, palm to the left, forearm inclined at about 45 degrees, hand and wrist straight. Then drop the hand smartly by the side. Always look toward the colors when saluting them. In the grade schools this may be followed by an additional salute: "We give our hands, our heads and our hearts to our country and to our flag." In giving this part of the salute raise both hands toward the flag immediately after the right hand salute has been completed. Then drop left hand to side and raise right hand to forehead. Then place right hand on heart, and as the words "to our flag" are spoken, advance the right foot and point with the right hand to the flag.

CONNECTICUT

DISQUIETING news for the Yale *Gelehrten* in a public bull by the Hon. Richard F. Grant, president of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States:

We've had a lot of long-haired demagogues raging up and down the land with imaginary

short cuts to bliss. We even find these radicals creeping into our colleges. I know some of them in Yale and, as far as I'm concerned, I'm going to start taking the bird seed out of them.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

High words of the Rev. Burke Culpepper, at Mount Vernon Place Methodist Episcopal Church South, Washington:

Dancing is a divorce feeder. It is heathen, animalistic and damnable. It results in spiritual paralysis. It degrades womanhood and manhood. Now is the time to say plainly that it is one of the most pernicious of all modern customs.

Fruits of the Law Enforcement campaign between the Capitol and the White House, as described in a current news dispatch:

Liquor law violations in the national capital detected by the Washington police totaled 14,013 in the last fiscal year. Nine thousand and thirteen persons were arrested for intoxication. In addition to the common intoxication cases, the police took into custody 448 persons for driving automobiles while under the influence of liquor and seized more than 20,000 gallons of high-power illicit beverages of various kinds. The figures for liquor violations increased by 1,244 arrests over the previous fiscal year.

GEORGIA

Specimen of the late Georgian rococo style from a set of resolutions adopted by the gifted board of directors of the Georgia Railroad and Banking Company, of Augusta:

For some good reason, we know not why, like the lightning's blast shivers a monarch of the forest in the fullness of its glory before the measured limit of its years of useful service by man's reckoning had come, so death struck Jacob Phinizy, a noted and distinguished figure in our midst, because of his boldness, prominence and greatness perhaps, and hid him from our eyes and communion, and crumbled the proud and stalwart proportions of his brain, courage and power into the dust of humanity, which await alike the inevitable of the high and lofty, as well as those of simple and low estate, and which encompases, encrusts and decays departed mankind, leaving the heritage of his life and character to us left behind.

HAITI

How the uplift is made to pay in Haiti, as described by M. Pierre Hudicort, a Senator of that dark republic:

With the alleged purpose of stimulating Haitian agriculture, the American Occupation established an Agricultural School at Port au Prince.

The American director of this school receives \$15,000 a year. He has imported American "professors" who receive from \$500 to \$600 a month, but are unable to speak French, and have to have interpreters to translate their remarks to their students.

ILLINOIS

From a subscriber's letter to the eminent Chicago *Tribune*:

The English language is used to translate spiritual thoughts, not the physical emotions of the carnal mind. This foreign invasion of sex and murder expressed in grand opera is not English, nor is it American. The English language gives expression to higher ideals, and does not embody the oriental heathenism, barbarism, thoughts or expressions. The fact that 7,101,289 Bibles are sold in one year is one of the reasons why grand opera cannot be a success when sung in English.

Strange but felicitous advice in the *Gyrator*, the organ of the Chicago Rotary Club:

At the Lincoln Park traps on Sunday . . . over 80 shooters took part in the program. Rotarians, be patriotic! Learn to shoot yourself.

Scandalous historical note from the *Sunday-school Executive*, published at Elgin:

It may not be a matter of general information that Francis Scott Key, author of "The Star-Spangled Banner," was a warm friend of the Sunday-school and that for a number of years he was teacher of a class of young men in the Sunday-school of St. John's Episcopal Church in Georgetown.

INDIANA

Effects of the Ku Klux campaign of education at North Manchester, on the Eel river, as reported by the Rev. Thomas M. Conroy in the *Ecclesiastical Review*:

Some wag spread the report a few weeks ago that the Pope was to reside there incognito until his residence in Washington was completed. The details of his coming were added to the story—the Pope would arrive on the evening train. A crowd estimated at fifteen hundred was at the station to witness his entrance.

IOWA

Melancholy reflection of a Spragueville war hero in the eminent Iowa *Legionaire*:

In the recent election, Legionaire Tony Wirtz was defeated in the race for county sheriff, on account of his religious affiliations. Tony served honorably with the A. E. F. during the war, and possessed all the natural qualifications for the office, having served four years as deputy sheriff, while his opponent never saw a day's

service during the war. Such events as these cause me to wonder, "Was it in vain?"

CONTRIBUTION to the secret history of the Republic by the Rev. Harry N. Anderson, a favorite ecclesiastic of Des Moines:

Thank God for Calvin Coolidge! Until he came to the presidential chair, Coolidge had never formally joined a church. He was asked, "Do you believe in Jesus?" "I do." "Do you believe in the church?" "I do." "Then why don't you join the church?" "I will, at once." Thank God for Coolidge, who was big enough to set an example for the people who have elected him President!

KANSAS

INCIDENT of the Higher Learning at the University of Kansas, as described by the distinguished Lawrence *Daily Journal-World*:

The theme of the opera, "The Secret of Suzanne" which is to be presented at Robinson Gymnasium tonight as the opening number of the University concert program, has been found displeasing to a number of Lawrence citizens. A short sketch of the play, printed last night in the *Journal-World*, told of efforts of Suzanne, a bride, to keep from her husband the knowledge that she was addicted to the use of cigarettes and of the arousing of his suspicion that she was unfaithful when he detects the odor of tobacco smoke in his home. Eventually he discovers her secret and in his relief to find that she is still true to him overlooks her use of tobacco. W. A. McKeever, author of the Kansas anti-cigarette law, read the synopsis of the opera with indignation last night and hastened to call upon University officials to inform them that because of the theme of the opera it was not a proper production to be given under the auspices of the University, where the insidious propaganda doubtless fostered by large tobacco interests might pervert the young students of the University. Mr. McKeever said today that a number of Lawrence people were alarmed over the opera. He placed the blame for the production of the opera on tobacco manufacturing interests of the country.

ANOTHER from the advertising columns of the same great newspaper:

K K K

The Kansas University Fiery Cross Club extends a cordial invitation to all Klansmen who are students, faculty members or University employees to become affiliated with this club. Address communications to Box 7, Lawrence, Kan., or call at the Klan Headquarters downtown.

KENTUCKY

FROM a harangue by the Hon. James Thomas Heflin, Senator from Alabama, before the Rotarians of Mayfield, Ky.:

Rotary International is the only international organization with a broad enough scope to affect the relations of nations, and it is not an idle dream to think of Rotary as a star of peace which can lift the curse of war.

LOUISIANA

INITIAL effects of the Higher Learning at the University of Louisiana, as reported by the public prints of New Orleans:

State University freshmen whose heads were shaved last night by upper classmen invaded the Baton Rouge High School today and cut the hair of three teachers and a number of girl students. The teachers who lost their locks were the Misses Ruth Gladney, Cora Dros and Violet Keller. An attempt was made to cut the hair of Mrs. B. W. Pegues and Mrs. Charles Kean, two other instructors, but both resisted strenuously. The freshmen invaded the school during school hours and the boys and girls were dragged into the halls and into the schoolyard, many of the feminine victims in tears. No arrests were made.

MARYLAND

EFFECTS of the soft Southern air upon the pronunciation of words in *-orn*, as revealed by an elegiac stanza in the eminent Baltimore *Afro-American*:

He shall sleep, but not forever,
There will be a glorious dawn;
We will meet to part, no never,
On that Resurrection Morn!

MASSACHUSETTS

SURVIVAL of New England transcendentalism in the columns of the esteemed Lynn *Telegram-News*:

CLAIRVOYANT—Satisfaction guaranteed. I bring back lost articles, sweethearts, husbands, increase salary. Advice on love, marriage, divorce, business; never fail. Got husband for lady who prayed 30 years for one. M. PERRY, Perry Bldg., 71 Market St., Tel. 960.

THE intellectual life in Boston, as described by the estimable *Evening Transcript*, organ of the New England Kultur:

The closing feature of the 1924 Grand Lodge reunion of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks came this noon when, in front of the Copley-Plaza Hotel, James G. McFarland of Watertown, South Dakota, the retiring Grand Exalted Ruler of the order, was presented with a Marmon touring car. It was the gift of Boston Lodge No. 10, sponsor of the convention. The car is finished in the Elks' colors. The body is purple with white stripings. On each forward door, in gold letters, are the words, "Official Car, Grand Exalted Ruler," while on each rear door is the Grand Lodge insignia, of clock, star, Elk's head and the

American flag. The wheels are done in white, the covers of the two spare tires are of white with purple beading and the top cover is similarly finished.

FROM the rules and regulations for the government and use of the Charles River Reservation at Boston:

RULE 4. No person shall solicit the acquaintance of or annoy another person; or utter any profane, threatening, abusive or indecent language or loud outcry; or solicit any subscription or contribution; or have possession of or drink any intoxicating liquor; or play any game of chance; or have possession of any instrument of gambling; or do any obscene or indecent act; or preach; or pray aloud; or make an oration or harangue, or any political or other canvass; or move in a military or civic parade, drill or procession; or lie down upon a bench or go to sleep thereon; or play any musical instrument except by written authority from said Metropolitan Park Commission.

MICHIGAN

THE process of Law Enforcement in Detroit, as revealed in the eminent *Times'* report of a case before Simons, J.:

After the jury had been charged, one of its members asked the court whether the word "statute," used throughout the case, meant a human being. The judge explained that the word meant the written law.

EDITORIAL pronunciamento of the celebrated Flint *Daily Herald*:

Any man of the Twentieth Century who will . . . stand for Evolution is not, despite his appearance from a physical standpoint, a member of the race of humankind. . . . The very fact that the sun rises in the east EVERY MORNING and sets in the WEST EVERY EVENING, is sufficient proof for MOST OF US that there is a God. Why doesn't it set in the NORTH once in a while for a change? BECAUSE THAT ISN'T GOD'S PLAN.

MINNESOTA

SPECIMEN of news-writing in the Bible Belt, from the Bethel *Banner*:

The C. M. A. Convention at the Bethel Church was a grand success, and God signified His approval by saving precious souls. Thursday night, Brother Langmade delivered the message and souls wept their way into the kingdom. Friday, Brother E. E. Johnson delivered a stirring message and God again answered by saving souls. Saturday and Sunday Brother Uncle Morgan of Windom delivered the messages and what the fruitage was only eternity will tell.

MISSISSIPPI

EFFECTS of war poetry upon the Guntown

correspondent of the distinguished Memphis *Commercial Appeal*:

The Baptist ladies of Guntown served a most delightful chicken dinner, and dozens of hens gave their all to satisfy the appetites of the town people.

CONTRIBUTION of the Biloxi Rotarians to Service, as reported in a current news dispatch:

The Biloxi Rotary Club met at the Desporte Packing Company's plant and was served a seafood dinner with Ernest Desporte, Jr., as host. Dr. A. B. Badendreer presented a plan for bringing the various nations of the world together in permanent harmony by the placing of emblems to be known as the Rotary Peace Emblem over the entire universe. The matter will be referred to Rotary International.

MISSOURI

SPECIMEN of the oratorical style of the Hon. Elliott Woolfolk Major, ex-Governor of the great State of Missouri, from his address at the dedication of the new State Capitol at Jefferson City:

This structure is the product of the best there is in materials and in architecture. The Master-hand is present everywhere, from its golden dome kissing the blue and bending skies, to its foundation, as everlasting as the eternal hills. It is but a child in the life of the State, an administrative infant of two full terms; it never knew swaddling clothes, it was born a giant. It is equalled only by the people of Missouri and the splendid citizenship of the City of Jefferson. This is its abiding place and here it will remain as long as the will of the sovereign people is the will of the land. When a century has laid its hand upon this Gibraltar of capitol buildings; when the snows of many Winters have wrapped their white mantles about it; when the Summers' suns shall have kissed them into sparkling waters again, still, this structure will remain a proud testimonial to the past and a glorious herald to the future.

SINISTER advertisement in the Marshfield *Mail*, a leading public journal of the Ozark region:

COME GET THE REST

Notice to chicken thieves now stealing chickens in Sand Springs neighborhood, and those that stole my flock of Buifs, left five of the flock they did not get, so am cordially inviting them to come and get the rest.

And right here personally guarantee should we by chance meet in my yard or vicinity, that I will not have you arrested or make any complaint for your joke. Am a firm believer in justice, and think should we meet, we can adjust this chicken transaction all by ourselves and be Sheriff, Judge, and Jury, undertaker if

necessary. So do not be offish, or wait for any formalities, but just come and make your call any night you think it will suit you. The bull dog will be tied up down in the cellar. The old shot gun spiked in good old Kentucky style, no lock on the hen house door, and everything else in shape accordingly for your benefit and reception. Why hesitate? Come and get the other five, and be welcomed.

W. L. VAN ECK, R. F. D. 1.

THE Higher Learning at the State university, as described by the Columbia *Missourian*:

With men students of the university, the best selling magazines are *Judge* and the humorous magazines of a risque character. The *Whizz-Bang* seems to be the most popular, although it is said at one news-stand that nearly every university boy who comes in to buy a magazine ends by buying *Ziff's*, which is modeled after the *Whizz-Bang*. Stephens and Christian College girls, university girls and town girls like *True Confessions* or *True Stories* and furnish a large demand for these two magazines.

NEW JERSEY

SOLEMN warning and defiance of Pastor Charles Hillman Fountain, an eminent ecclesiastic of Plainfield:

Modernism is the most terrible menace to the Church and state that has ever arisen, and we Evangelicals, we Fundamentalists are going to fight it with might and main. We are not going to stop until we have driven every Modernist out of our pulpits and seminaries and editorial chairs. We are going to put them out if it takes our lives to do it.

PROGRESS of Law Enforcement in Paterson, as reported in a current press dispatch from that great city:

The Women's Independent Republican League of Paterson, at a meeting Monday night, adopted a resolution pledging its entire membership of 100 to the enforcement of "absolute patriotism" among men. They agreed to pay particular attention to military parades, and in every case where a man fails to properly salute the colors to knock his hat from his head.

NEW YORK

BILIOUS note by the Rev. Dr. Alexander Lyon, rabbi of the Eighth Avenue Temple, Brooklyn:

If some of the high-salaried rabbis I know of were judged as they ought to be, not by their dramatic drawing powers but by the quality and quantity of their private influence, they would have to work for a living instead of having others work so that they might talk. Character outside the pulpit is a greater power for good than oratory in it.

FROM a half-page pronunciamento in the eminent Buffalo *Courier* by the eloquent spokesman of Anglo-Saxon ideals, the Hon. Armand Boulfrois:

Over here, all true-blooded and sincere Americans are highly satisfied with the Constitution of the United States, as set down by our pioneer ancestors, and those rank outsiders and newcomers who don't like that Constitution and who won't respect their Uncle Sammy are informed that ALL AMERICA will gladly welcome their room in preference to their company. Let them get out and go back to their land o'er the seas, or to Russia, or to HELL, or to some new-found land where they can stir up a special potpourri of their own and stew in their witches' broth of hate.

These lazy floaters simply worm their way into every sort of organization for the shady business of churning-up dissatisfaction among decent, contented, respectable citizens in the hope that they may cause a governmental overthrow and cash-in on the resultant plunder. They have no more regard for a family and home than a common hobo. They have absolutely no place in American society and are only keeping YOU from Owning Your Own Home.

FROM an address of the Hon. Otto Kahn, LL.D., at the Harvard Club:

There is no better investment, from the material and every other point of view, than thinking.

NORTH CAROLINA

BITTER reflection of the editors of the *Carolina Magazine*, organ of the more literate students at the State university:

North Carolina has less alien blood per square inch than any other State in the Union. That is one good reason why she also has less writers, less painters, less sculptors, and, above all, less musicians than practically any other State of equal resource; certainly any other State of equal bombast.

HIGH, hot words of the Hon. Isaac M. Meekins, of Elizabeth City, an eminent Federal job-holder:

As the shepherd loves the flock he leads afield, so he, in whose heart his countrymen are enshrined, serves and leads them best. Never to tire; never to grow cold; to look for the budding flower and the opening heart; to hope always; to love always,—this is service; this is duty; and Calvin Coolidge is all SERVICE—all DUTY.

OHIO

HARDSHIPS of a Christian pastor in the Lake Erie littoral, as reported by the Rev. T. Howard Jones, of Lorain:

ARE YOU IN FAVOR OF THIS?

1. Conducting a sly, sneaking, false propaganda to destroy the reputation of the minister.

2. Calling two hundred new members—good Christian people,—“Trash!”—threatening to shoot the preacher in the Church.

3. Refusing to pay the minister his salary; even when the people contributed it for the minister.

4. In the Church, about the altar, hissing during prayer; yelling in public service, “liar!” tearing the clothing of the preacher and cursing him on Sunday in the Church; fighting and spilling blood at the altar over the possession of the money given to our Christ.

5. When the pastor resigned, within twenty-four hours, the minister was ordered to get out of the parsonage; an officer of the church entering the parsonage kitchen and talking shamefully to the pastor’s family.

6. The flat refusal—and they still refuse—to pay the preacher the \$200.00 due Dr. Jones today. Yet they employed a lawyer and served legal notice, giving the preacher two days to get out at once.

If you are in favor of the above things taking place in a church then you ought to stay with, attend, pay and pray for the Twentieth St. M. E. Church.

OKLAHOMA

MELLOW and uplifting outburst of the chief editorial writer of the *Daily Oklahoman* of Oklahoma City:

For all the church’s pilgrims on this long and weary journey the Christ of the church has provided the means of grace, which are also the means of safety. There are the inspirations of public worship, the services of the sanctuary, the calm reflections of the holy Sabbath, the stimulating influence of the Sunday school, the call of charitable deeds, and the mighty strength to be derived from private devotion. All these and other means of grace have been provided that the pilgrim might not be exhausted and die on the long road that leads from the slough of despond to the delectable mountains.

OREGON

FROM an address before the Advertising Club of Portland by the Hon. George S. Fowler, advertising director of Colgate & Company:

I challenge you to find a boy with a clean mouth and a dirty heart. The boy who washes his teeth twice a day doesn’t go wrong. He can’t.

PENNSYLVANIA

THE burdens of life in the remoter fastnesses of Lancaster county, as revealed by a letter to the editor of the eminent Lancaster *New Era*:

The citizens of Lincoln wish to appeal to your journal for help in a situation that is rapidly becoming intolerable. We are again infested with skunks.

FROM an article by Clarence Budington Kelland in the world-famous *Saturday Evening Post*:

Who shall say, when mundane affairs are put to the last analysis, when they are sent to the ultimate laboratory for assay, that a perfect sawmill, a perfect real-estate sale, a perfect grocery store, will not show to the Great Chemist as high in gold as the perfect painting, the perfect sonata or the perfect sculpture? Who may claim that a higher ability goes to the creating of one than the other?

SOUTH CAROLINA

THEOLOGICO-ETHICAL inquiry received by the Bible Editor of the *Greenville News*, and printed by him in that great newspaper:

Q.—I have been a widow for over a year now, —for exactly sixteen months next week. I was married to my first husband only about three years. Long before his death we had grown tired of each other, and had confessed it to each other. Now a real love comes into my life. I know, of course, that not much time will have to elapse before I could marry without being condemned as too hasty by even the most eager to find fault. But I am wondering if the Bible says anything about this? I wish you would send me the references. And I would like also to have references on the subject sent in by your readers, if they will be so kind as to write to me. MRS. X. Z. X. L.

A.—All references mailed. All letters gladly forwarded.

TENNESSEE

FROM a discourse by the Rev. Dr. Billy Sunday to the gaping Christians of Nashville, as reported by the celebrated *Banner*:

Our country is filled with a Socialistic, I. W. W., communistic, radical, lawless, anti-American, anti-church, anti-God, anti-marriage gang, and they are laying the eggs of rebellion and unrest in labor and capital and home; and we have some of them in the universities. I can take you through the universities and pick out a lot of black-hearted communistic fellows who are teaching that to the boys and sending them out to undermine America. If this radical element could have their way, my friends, the laws of nature would be repealed, or they would reverse them; oil and water would mix; the turtle dove would marry the turkey buzzard; the sun would rise in the West and set in the East; chickens would give milk and cows would lay eggs; the pigs would crow and the roosters would squeal; cats would bark and dogs would mew; the least would be the great-

est; a part would be greater than the whole; yesterday would be day after tomorrow if that crowd were in control.

TEXAS

TROUBLES of the learned in the Bible Belt, as reported in a dispatch from Waco:

Because he did not believe that Noah's ark, with the dimensions mentioned in the Bible, was capable of accommodating a pair of all the animals extant in the world at Noah's time and because he had been criticized for expressing that belief, C. S. Fothergill, instructor in history at Baylor University, resigned today.

THE rewards of a gifted pastor in the Trinity river bottom-lands, as reported by the distinguished Fort Worth *Record*:

The Rev. Weeping Wayne Alliston, known in Southern Baptist circles as the Broken-Hearted Disciple because of his spirituality, is honored and esteemed in his sphere in much the same manner that Walter Johnson, the grand old man of baseball, is regarded by the baseball public of America.

PUBLIC bull by the Hon. R. C. Johnston, mayor of the beautiful and up-and-coming city of Waxahachie:

A WARNING TO BOYS

We are being worried a great deal with complaints about donkeys running at large in the city. They walk about on the lawns and worry the people and I do not blame them for complaining. And now boys, we want to warn you to not let your donkies loose to worry people, but keep them up and enjoy them. It is unlawful for them to run at large and we insist on enforcing this law. We are not quarreling at you, we want you to have your pets, but please see that they do not bother other people. Boys, always remember to do unto others as you would have them do unto you.

Thank you boys,

R. C. JOHNSTON, *Mayor*

WASHINGTON

SUPERNATURAL doings in hustling Seattle as reported by an eye-witness:

There is a minister of the Gospel here, who, when he preaches, his audience see many signs from God, even greater things than was seen around Jesus. Some see his head become like the sun, some see his face split open, and a center face come out that was so bright that he couldn't look at it, some see the nail prints of the crucifixion in his feet, some see an illuminated cross behind him, and a smaller one on either side. Some see a cross on a post in front of him while he is talking, and when he would lift his hands from the table, it would disappear, and then they get a voice from Heaven saying, "Now do you believe?" Some say they have reasons to believe it is the second coming of the Lord, for they see him in visions, and get presentments of a man with the appearance of this man Sawlt, and they understand it is God; but when they come to Seattle they find it was only Sawlt that they saw. His name is mentioned 40 times in the scripture. Even Jesus prophesied of him, and spoke of it as H-I-S, and said he was God. His followers think so, for they even kiss his hands and feet. I have seen him raise the dead three different times, make the lame to walk, the deaf to hear, and the blind to see.

WEST VIRGINIA

ADVERTISEMENT of a mountain Admirable Crichton in the eminent *Lincoln County Republican* of Hamlin:

DO YOUR SURVEYING NOW—WRITE

A. C. HAGER

BOX 15—MIDKIFF, W. VA.

RESIDENCE—TEN MILE RIDGE

COUNTY SURVEYOR AND NOTARY PUBLIC

Does Surveying anywhere at all seasons; writes deeds, takes acknowledgments, and other Notary work in Lincoln County.

Minister:—Marries people anywhere in West Virginia.

Sells Bibles, Testaments, Song Books and Hymnals—sizes, shapes and grades of each. Let us know the books you want.

Farms—Will Sell, Lease, Rent or Buy

Pigs and Hogs:—Raises, Buys and Sells. Write us for the kind you want.

"GOOD WILL TO ALL MEN"

EDITORIAL

WHAT ails the world mainly, at least in the political sense, is that its governments are too strong. It has been a recurrent pest since the dawn of civilization. Government is always depicted, in the orthodox texts, as the creation of the people governed; the theory is that they created it in order to secure their own safety and promote their daily business. But no Professor Oppenheimer was needed to demonstrate that it is really something imposed from without, or, at all events, the heir and assign of something imposed from without. Its interests and those of the people it governs are the same only occasionally, and then usually accidentally. True enough, it must sometimes throw them bones, and even whole beef-steaks, lest they grow desperate and attempt to destroy it, but such concessions are always made grudgingly and withdrawn very promptly the moment it looks safe.

The history of the United States would make all this plain enough, if that history were ever studied realistically. Consider, for example, the matter of liberty. The American people profess to esteem liberty very highly—so highly, in fact, that their common talk about it seems somewhat lyrical and excessive to the people of most other nations. They believe that there is more of it on tap in the Republic than anywhere else on earth—that the Republic was actually founded for the sole purpose of giving it to them. Yet it must be obvious that their hold upon it is always precarious, and that their government tries to take it away from them whenever possible—not completely, perhaps, but always substantially. That government resisted their demand for it at the very start, and yielded only after a very severe struggle. The Bill of Rights was not in the original Consti-

tution; it got in only as amendments. Ever since then, at every opportunity, the government has tried to weaken it. Here parties and personalities count for very little. The most successful raids upon the Bill of Rights so far recorded were made by Lincoln, a Republican and the spokesman (in theory) of the inferior man, and by Wilson, a Democrat and the agent of what passes, in the United States, for an aristocracy.

The men who constitute the government always try to make it appear, of course, that they carry on their activities in a patriotic and altruistic way—in brief, that they are full of public spirit. But that pretension deceives no one, not even *Homo boobiens*. The average man sees clearly that the government is something lying outside him and outside the generality of his fellow men—that it is a separate, independent and often hostile power, only partly under his control, and capable, on occasion, of doing him great harm. In his romantic moments he may think of it as a benevolent father or even as a sort of *jinn* or god, but he never thinks of it as part of himself. In times of trouble he looks to it to perform miracles for his benefit; at other times he sees it as an enemy with which he must do constant battle. Is it a fact of no significance that robbing the government is everywhere regarded as a crime of less magnitude than robbing an individual, or even a corporation? In the United States today it is punished only when it is complicated by some secondary, and, in the public judgment, worse offense—for example, depriving crippled war veterans of their lawful relief. Otherwise, it carries a smaller penalty and infinitely less odium than acts that are intrinsically trivial—for example, spitting on the sidewalk or marrying two wives. None of the thieves

who robbed the government at Hog Island during the war has ever gone to jail. The airship contractors, though they made off with nearly a billion dollars, are still all at large. So are all the camp contractors. More, the man who broke up the feeble and abortive effort to punish these scoundrels—who denounced that effort as, in some mysterious way, an *attentat* against public morality—that man is now first in succession to the presidency of the Republic. His indignation plainly had public sentiment behind it. He was and is an accomplished professor of the mind of man under democracy.

Other politicians, less gifted in that science, often take the other side, and so come to grief. They assume absurdly that the public conscience is opposed to robbing the government, and try to climb into popularity and high office by pursuing the gay fellows who do it. The attempt almost always fails. The great masses of the plain people, true enough, enjoy the chase, as they enjoy, indeed, *any* chase. The damning evidence, as it unrolls, delights them; they devour every accusation, however ill supported. But it usually turns out in the end that they do not care to eat the game. The minute the evidence is all in they lose interest; there is no demand from them for the jailing of the accused. On the contrary, they sympathize with the accused, and show it actively when the time comes to supply conscripts for the trial jury. Perhaps the safest men in the whole United States today are the gentlemen who have been indicted for robbing the government. Every such indictment is a sort of policy of insurance against going to jail.

II

What lies behind all this, I believe, is a deep sense of the fundamental antagonism between the government and the people it governs. It is apprehended, not as a committee of citizens chosen to carry on the communal business of the whole population, but as a separate and autonomous

corporation, mainly devoted to exploiting that population for the benefit of its own members. Robbing it is thus an act almost devoid of infamy—an exploit rather resembling those of Robin Hood and the eminent pirates of tradition. When a private citizen is robbed a worthy man is deprived of the fruits of his industry and thrift; when the government is robbed the worst that happens is that certain rogues and loafers have less money to play with than they had before. The notion that they have earned that money is never entertained; to most men it would seem extremely ludicrous. They are simply rascals who, by accidents of law, have a somewhat dubious right to a share in the earnings of their fellow men.

The average man, when he pays taxes, certainly does not believe that he is making a prudent and productive investment of his money; on the contrary, he feels that he is being mulcted in an excessive amount for services that, in the main, are useless to him, and that, in substantial part, are downright inimical to him. He may be convinced that a police force, say, is necessary for the protection of his life and property, and that an army and navy safeguard him from being reduced to slavery by some vague foreign kaiser, but even so he views these things as extravagantly expensive—he sees in even the most essential of them an agency for making it easier for the exploiters constituting the government to rob him. The policeman, in fact, is his symbol for a thief. The army and navy are blankets for mere display, ostentation and waste—of his hard-earned money. The rest of the government is purely predatory and useless; he believes that he gets no more benefit from its vast and costly operations than he gets from the money he lends to his wife's brother. It is a power that stands over him constantly, ever alert for new chances to squeeze him. If it could do so safely it would strip him to his hide. If it leaves him anything at all, it is simply prudentially, as a farmer leaves a hen some of her eggs.

Thus he sees nothing wrong, in the sense that robbing a neighbor is wrong to him, in turning the tables upon it whenever the opportunity offers. When he steals anything from it he is only recovering his own, with fair interest and a decent profit. Two gangs thus stand confronted: on the one hand the gang of drones and exploiters constituting the government, and on the other hand the body of prehensile and enterprising citizens. The latter is certainly not made up exclusively, as the Liberals and other such romantics seem to think, of bankers, railroad stockholders, great industrialists and other such magnificoes. There is plenty of room in it for more lowly men, if only they have the courage to horn in. During the late war all the union men of the nation, by pooling their strength and so dispersing the risk, made a magnificent and successful effort to get their share: they stole almost as much, in all probability, as the dollar-a-year men. And now the soldiers, deprived of their chance while the going was good, demand it belatedly. The chief argument for the bonus is not that the veterans of the war leaped gallantly to the defense of democracy, for at least two-thirds of them, as everyone knows, tried their best to evade service. The chief argument is that they were forced into the army against their will and in violation of their private interests—that they didn't get their fair chance at the loot. They do not demand the punishment of those who looted while they served; they only demand a rectification of the injustice which kept them honest.

The difference between the two gangs—of professionals and of amateurs—is that the former has law on its side, and so enjoys an unfair advantage. Worse, it makes the very laws it profits by. Yet worse, it controls all the agencies which execute them, including the courts. The other gang is almost unarmored. The government is always able, when it happens to be so disposed, to single out a few of its ring-leaders and clap them into jail. Such proceedings, of course, are unpopular, but

they are nevertheless possible. But the government gang is well-nigh immune to punishment. As I showed in this place a few months ago, its worst extortions, even when they are baldly for private profit, carry no certain penalties under our laws. Since the first days of the Republic less than a dozen of its members have been impeached, and only a few obscure understrappers have ever been put into prison. The number of men sitting at Atlanta and Leavenworth for protesting against the extortions of the government is always ten times as great as the number of government officials condemned for oppressing the tax-payers to their own gain. Thus the combat which goes on is not unlike that between the Anti-Saloon League and the bootleggers. The Anti-Saloon League, it must be manifest, is quite as criminal as the bootleggers; it devotes itself professionally to violating the Bill of Rights; its kept judges have pretty well disposed of all the constitutional guarantees of the citizen. But its control of the government puts it above the law. Its agents commit their crimes almost unmolested; only one of them, in fact, has ever got into jail—and that was by a sort of accident.

But public opinion is mainly on the side of the bootleggers. They represent, in the combat, the plain man, eternally oppressed and robbed by his overlords. In their popularity is to be seen the first glimmers of a revolt that must one day shake the world—a revolt, not against this or that form of government, but against the tyranny at the bottom of *all* government. Government, today, is growing too strong to be safe. There are no longer any citizens in the world; there are only subjects. They work day in and day out for their masters; they are bound to die for their masters at call. Out of this working and dying they tend to get less and less. On some bright tomorrow, a geological epoch or two hence, they will come to the end of their endurance, and then such newspapers as survive will have a first-page story well worth its black headlines. H. L. M.

JOHN PETER ALTGELD

BY EDGAR LEE MASTERS

IT is an evening of early Summer in the year 1892; and the dusk blurs the outlines of book-cases and tables in a law office on the corner of the square in a town of central Illinois. From the streets below, from the court-house yard, come the evening sounds of stirring feet, the call of boys, the rattle of wagons, and the murmur of voices of men in groups who have congregated for some event. And something of moment is about to happen, as soon as this interview in the office has ended, and the man upon whom the whole town now centers its curiosity descends the narrow stairway of the law office, and goes to the place on the square where he is appointed to address the people. But the crowd must wait a few minutes, while my father explains to the noted visitor the tangle of the political situation in the county, and in the congressional district—explains all this to John Peter Altgeld, who sits in the shadows of this law office, contemplatively picking his teeth, solidly planted with the bulk of a sturdy body in a chair, his head bent in thought.

And I am listening to all that is said, and watching Altgeld, whose eyes I do not see, because of the twilight of the room; but I do observe that his beard is cropped close, and that his hair is clipped, and that the very air of the room seems burdened with the intense power of his personality. I should like to have him know here and now that I am one of his admirers, and that for the purpose of helping him I have looked into his literary and sociological activities; and that because of my studies in history and philosophy and economics I know what he is,

and what he is living to do. And specifically, by way of maximizing my own importance, I want to tell him that I am writing for the local newspaper, and that I have already sketched him in an editorial recently published. But there is no chance for me. My father goes on in exposition of the politics of the county, and Altgeld, still picking his teeth, listens.

I have been contemplating for some time now the great venture of leaving the country for the city, of going to Chicago. Surely this great man, this millionaire lawyer, this former judge in a great city, this candidate for the governorship of the State, captured for the time to the privacy of my father's law office, can tell me if I should take this step; and at last I seize upon the opportunity offered to ask him about it. The crowd on the street is waiting for him, however; and the political situation has been canvassed. Altgeld arises to go out to make his speech, and I grasp at the fading chance to consult him about my hopes. He listens to me with a sort of sad thoughtfulness; and then in a far-away voice he says, "The fascination of the city wears off." That is all!

"Come, Governor," says my father; and the two men go out. For a moment I linger in the law office, standing by the window, looking out upon the crowds; and a resolution enters my mind. It is this: that if I ever become prominent and powerful, I will take time to talk to any young man who consults me about his life, even though he may not amount to much, as I feel now that I do not amount to much, since the Governor has not seen anything in me to make him give me a moment of

his time. Then I descend the stair and go to the corner, where Altgeld is already mounted upon a chair and is addressing the people.

He is saying what I should expect him to say; and it is all in such contrast to the speeches that I have been accustomed to hear. Even when he touches on the tariff it sounds more authentic than what was said here by the great Frank Hurd of Ohio, whose speech I took down in long hand for the local newspaper. We were used to the swashbuckling oratory of Governor Oglesby, whose speech I had also reported; but here was a new man, talking of new things, and talking of old things in a new way, quietly but with authority. All the Governors of Illinois since the Civil War had been officers in that struggle, and had used their military records for political advancement, and had denounced Democrats as traitors and rebels by way of lifting their own patriotic virtues into a more resplendent light. But here was Altgeld, with not a word about the war, nor about himself in the war, although he had gone into it as a volunteer when not yet seventeen years of age, and had come out of it physically impaired for life.

Altgeld's opponent on the Republican ticket was Joseph W. Fifer, who was running for reelection; he was known as Private Joe Fifer because he too had been in the war as a private, but the bloody shirt was waved for him as furiously as if he had been an officer like Richard Oglesby. The divisions in my town were in little what they were all over the State, as Altgeld with patience and system and indefatigable energy prosecuted his campaign. He had a genius for organization; and the Republican press tried to stop him by calling him a "brazen demagogue," a "fomentor of Know Nothingism," a "millionaire labor leader." And this was because he was attacking the convict labor system, police brutality, the inequality of criminal sentences, unnecessary imprisonments, improper arrests, cruel treatment in prisons;

and because he was advocating indeterminate sentences from which prisoners might be freed according to circumstances and their own behavior, as well as the abolition of the grand jury, the arbitration of strikes, and the right of labor to organize. He was also standing for the Lutherans, who wanted to have and to pay for their own schools, for better government in the cities, for the extension of the State's university facilities, for speedier and exacter administration of justice in the courts, and for good roads throughout the State.

He had already attacked the trusts, and pointed out their dangers to the country; he had wiped off the map William McKinley, of Ohio, with the remark that "McKinley had one idea and that idea wrong"; he had also offended the press by attacking anonymous journalism and by other strictures. All of this in his book "Live Questions," first published in 1890, and which now furnished him with the material and the phrasing for his speeches up and down the State. The old-school politicians were baffled in their attempts to take his measure. He was unlike anything ever seen before, and therefore it was easier to denounce him as a Dutchman and a dangerous character than to answer him. There was in this little town at that time an editor who had been a Democrat and then a Prohibitionist, and was now a Democrat again, but always an anti-humanist, who soon became Altgeld's enemy, from seeds, no doubt, sown this night; and who later joined hands with the metropolitan press in denunciations of him as the tool of gamblers and crooks; though this editor himself was a notorious political Pharisee, and lived by extortion.

II

But now Altgeld, having finished his speech, steps down from the chair. He has been applauded; but also silent figures to whom he is suspect have turned away in sinister fashion, for this town is a good mi-

crocosm: it has the ancient lowly and the tricked and the robbed in it, and it also has the well to do and the fortunate, the children of grace and the elect, the predestined and the damned. And this program of trying to help the plowman and the ditch-digger, what is it but the old assault upon thrift and intelligence? And by what right does talk of this sort come from this German, who is a millionaire himself, and in this very early Summer has just opened his Unity Building in Chicago, said to be the finest office structure in the world? These sprouting suffragans who will help to end Altgeld four years hence, when he stands for reelection, do not know that the Unity Building, through faulty construction, already leans, and that they will have the evil coöperation of that Altgeld misfortune in wreaking their hatred to the full.

These are the beginnings of disaster; and so, too, is Cleveland, conducting a campaign of dignity from New York; and so are three men in the Illinois penitentiary, convicted of responsibility for the bomb thrown in Haymarket Square in Chicago in 1886 among some charging policemen, one of whom it killed, and several of whom it wounded, which was only the beginning of its malevolent work. Later it scented the lives of the lawyers who defended the men charged with throwing it, and made of one of them, the high-minded Captain Black, a pathetic figure to the day of his death. And now, though Altgeld is destined to be Governor of Illinois, this bomb which he neither made nor threw, and of which he had no knowledge, will coil him with fire, when he does what he no doubt purposes now to do, namely grant a pardon to the three men in the penitentiary who escaped hanging, and who, still protesting their innocence, as they have from the first, long for freedom.

The leaning of the Unity Building, Cleveland, and the three prisoners are in being this night as Altgeld speaks. But the railroad strike and its consequences in

Cleveland's hands, and the money question, and an aroused Toryism over the Altgeld administration belong to the future. But if in illness and in dishonor he never flinched nor wavered, it was less likely that the "resolute Dutchman," as my father called him, would in this time of wealth and power care much for the frowns of village Republicans, nor for many villages of Republicans, for that matter. For, being elected in a landslide in which he helps Cleveland and Cleveland helps him, and being on the rostrum at his inauguration, he tells the whole disgraceful truth about the Republican party, namely, that it is the legitimate descendant of the West Indian wanderer whom Aaron Burr slew at Weehawken, and also of the old Know Nothing party which tried to capture the government in the interest of religious tests and discriminations. These things, so plainly and forcefully told, hurt; and from the first it looks as if Altgeld is not trying to become popular, but that he enjoys telling the truth as he sees the truth better than anything in the world; and also that he delights in being Governor for the opportunity it gives him to do the good in the world that he sees as good, and to have his words widely published and considered.

And it matters not, it seems, that John R. Walsh, the banker editor of Chicago, has embarrassed him by refusing to carry out a contract for the sale of the Unity Building bonds, and has still further power to harm him, in virtue of that black magic of finance, by whose power and sorcery a Governor who is a millionaire may be driven from office, and impoverished to boot—none of this matters! Altgeld goes on from the day of his inaugural intensifying old enemies and making new ones; and all in all I think that he might have done much that he did do, and still gone unscathed, or largely so, if he had possessed tact, which Emerson celebrated in one of his gnomic poems. It might have been possible for him to have pardoned

the anarchists, and protested against the act of Cleveland in sending troops to Illinois during the A. R. U. strike, without ruining himself. But the question is too intricate for an article. Cleveland and the three men in the penitentiary came into Altgeld's life without fault on his part, and he dealt with them according to the nature that was given him.

In spite of his failure to encourage me to remove to Chicago, I make the venture, not more than two months after he steps down from the chair in the little town of central Illinois, where I had lived and dreamed from a boy of twelve; and by the most curious fate I am not in Chicago six months before I am thrown into association with men who admit me to the secrets of courts and deals and influences which are active in the making of the catastrophe of Altgeld. And I am not there many months more before I have an intimate contact with that Judge Joseph E. Gary, who tried the anarchists, and the working of whose mind I was permitted in that circumstance to see. The first case I tried in Chicago was reviewed on appeal by Judge Gary; and he held an engineer to the payment of a doctor's bill for a painter who had fallen from a ladder at the factory where the engineer worked. The engineer had picked the painter from the ground where he fell and carried him to a doctor's office—that was all. But as the engineer had said that the doctor would be paid Judge Gary stuck him for the bill, though the engineer had no relation to the painter except that of the good Samaritan. I speak of this because it illustrates the curious twist in Judge Gary's mind, the vagaries of logic to which he was prone, and which he could support by quotations from old legal classics like Broom's *Maxims*, and Coke on Littleton. It was this mental constitution, and nothing else, that sent the anarchists to the gallows, in spite of all that Altgeld said against Judge Gary's decision, when issuing the pardon pronouncement. To this matter I shall return later.

III

On January 19, 1893, the Supreme Court reversed the conviction in the Cronin murder case, and in doing so undermined the conviction in the anarchist case, and upon the resolution of this question: If a man called to the jury box answers on his *voir dire* that he has read about the case, and formed an opinion that the defendant is guilty, is he a fit juryman? The Supreme Court answered in the anarchist case that he was fit, but in the Cronin case that he was unfit. "The holding of this and other courts," said the court, "is substantially uniform, that where it is once clearly shown that there exists in the mind of the juror at the time he is called to the jury box a fixed, positive opinion as to the merits of the case, or as to the guilt or innocence of the defendant he is called to try, his statement that notwithstanding such opinion he can render a fair and impartial verdict according to the law and the evidence has little if any tendency to establish his impartiality." Judge Magruder, who had held the contrary of this when delivering the affirmance of the whole court as to the anarchist conviction, dissented from this opinion in the Cronin case, and delivered himself outspokenly of the comment that if the court was right in the Cronin case, it was wrong in the anarchist case.

The decision in the Cronin case thus opened the way magnificently for Altgeld's pardon; besides, early in 1893 a petition signed by about 60,000 persons, headed by Lyman J. Gage, afterward Secretary of the Treasury under President McKinley, was presented to Altgeld asking him to release the three men, Fielden, Schwab and Neebe, from the penitentiary. The case was very weak as to Neebe, and the jury had given him a prison sentence only; as to the other two, Governor Oglesby, although a bellicose Tory, had saved them from the gallows by a commutation, and would have saved Parsons, another one of the convicted men, if he had asked for it,

which he refused to do. Parenthetically, no men ever conducted themselves with greater dignity and fortitude than these so-called anarchists, nor died with greater courage and serenity. Their speeches before Judge Gary on the motion for a new trial are masterpieces, and worthy of diligent perusal. So that it was only as to the three prisoners mentioned that the pardoning power was invoked. And the sailing was clear for Altgeld because of the Supreme Court's decision in the Cronin case and this great petition for clemency. But he never chose the easy way. He believed that a judicial crime had been committed and he meant to undo it as to the living men in prison by a historic rebuke of the society and the judge who had committed it. He was right or wrong in this course, as one may choose to look at it. If he had pardoned the men without comment, no one could ever have said a word against him for it. Instead, he attacked Judge Gary; and that by a Bar Association rule is one of the gravest of offenses in a lawyer.

Judge Gary was a failure as an appellate judge because of the fact that his mind ran off on ingenious tangents. He was a great judge at *nisi prius*, as the law term is; and in a civil or criminal case it is my belief that he could not be terrified, swayed by persons or corrupted by any influence whatever. He was cold, impassive, indifferent to the standing or position of the lawyers before him. A young man without name or influence could contend before him against the greatest lawyer of the bar and have all the chance to win that his case had of merit. I can give my word to this appraisal, for as a young lawyer he treated me exactly so. I do not believe that in the anarchist case he cared anything about the influences that wanted to hang the men in order to stamp out labor agitation, and kill off the eight-hour day, matters that were unquestionably at the bottom of that prosecution. I do not believe he knew about any economic question, or cared about any. To him the law

was law, it was above everything else, and it was to be known by looking into old books. I do not believe that the influential lawyers of the prosecution, pitted against the lawyers not so influential for the defense, cut any figure with him. I believe that his mind was as impersonal as a mind can be; and had he possessed other gifts, a real capacity for analysis, for example, and what Buckle praised as comprehension, he would have been a great judge.

I should not call him courageous any more than I should use that word about a slot-machine. He was a judge whose mind responded to the question as the slot-machine starts when the nickel is dropped into it. In the trial of a case he saw no one as a person, and heard nothing except the evidence, which he remembered with astonishing accuracy, after weeks of listening to other witnesses in other cases; and he heard the law too, and up to more than eighty years, holding court within a few days of his death, he was able to give book and page to lawyers arguing before him who groped for case law, or whose citations he corrected by recalling contrary rulings of the courts. The trouble with him was that the decisions of courts, the principles of law, came out of his great memory with such curious mental impresses, and such unique twists and shapes. His mental machinery worked with strange wheels and cogs and axles and weights. On the bench he liked to hear the whirl of the wheels of this mental machine, as it indulged its genius for legal puzzles, and the judgment slip issued from the slot characterized with some cryptic reference to Chitty, Blackstone and the other classics of the law.

He was well along in years in 1886, when the anarchist case came before him; and because of his long experience as a lawyer and a judge he knew the jurisprudence of Illinois as it had grown from little to much. With all the rest of it he was a literalist; and in the anarchist case his ruling that a venireman who answers

that he has read about the crime and formed an opinion as to the guilt of those charged with it is not incompetent if he says that notwithstanding those things he can still give the defendant a fair trial—this ruling may be said to fall within the literal terms of the statute; but not within its spirit. But Judge Gary was phlegmatic and firm and remote to generous appeal; and his mind lacked even that power in its frigidity which sometimes elevates cold thinking to dispassionate justice. Such was the man before whom the very intelligent and reckless idealists known as the anarchists were tried.

IV

Altgeld, who had worked as a farm hand, who had been hungry and in distress, who had brought himself to the top of life from the veriest bottom without losing his sympathies with toilers and strugglers, had also by the nature of his psyche a Langland vision of Labor; and all his speeches and writings made up his "Piers Plowman."

He knew the resistance that had been made in America, first to the ten-hour day, and then to the eight-hour day. He knew with Adam Smith that masters are everywhere and always in a conspiracy against the laborers; and he was familiar with the draconic legislation and administration of the old days in England, and how the efforts of labor to unite had been crushed all along the centuries by snaring it in the spider webs and subtleties of the conspiracy law. Specifically, he knew the struggle for the eight-hour day in Chicago; and that in strikes there Pinkertons and policemen had been used to shoot down men who were fighting for their lives and their broods. He knew the ways of the press in times of strikes and lock-outs, and that back of the newspaper headline heralding murder and arson are the banks, the factories and the advertisers; and that the striker must contend not only against Pinkertons and policemen and courts, but

against a public opinion gradually created by the press against him.

It was common knowledge that on the night of the Haymarket meeting the mayor of the city was present, having allowed the meeting to be held; and that after the mayor left the chief of police came with a squad and proceeded to disperse it; and that in this mêlée the bomb was thrown by someone which resulted in a policeman's death and the wounding of several others. But no one knew who threw the bomb; and no one knows to this day who threw it. Whether it took its flight out of the hand of someone immediately affected by the descending billets; or whether it had been carried there by someone who had been influenced by the speeches of the anarchists, for the purpose of putting their preachments into effect, no soul to this day knows!

The plan, however, to root out riot and rebellion once for all, to crush the advance guard of labor, to catch and hang the intellectuals who had been writing and talking was entered into with flaming accord by all the powers of the law, the press and the pulpit; which might be called a conspiracy too, if what these interests were doing was not good and for the good! It made no difference that some of the men arrested and afterward tried and convicted were not at the meeting. They had no less to be dealt with; for, after all, a striker is not much, but the thought or the organization that guides and supports him is. And so it was that the man who threw the bomb was never found; but the men who had advocated the making of bombs and the use of direct action against policemen and Pinkertons were rounded up and herded before Judge Gary, who tried them according to the following formula, to quote his own words, used when he pronounced sentence upon them:

The conviction has not gone on the ground that they did have actually any personal participation in the particular act which caused the death of Degan; but the conviction proceeds upon the ground that they had generally by speech and print advised large classes to commit murder, and

had left the commission, the time and place and when to the individual will, whim or caprice, or whatever it may be, of each individual man who listened to their advice; and that in consequence of that advice, in pursuance of that advice, and influenced by that advice somebody, not known, did throw the bomb that caused Degan's death. Now, if this is not a correct principle of law, then the defendants of course are entitled to a new trial. This case is without a precedent; there is no example in the law-books of a case of this sort.

It is my confident belief that Judge Gary feared no man, and no influence; and that if his mental machinery had worked to that end he would have turned these ideologists loose without the bat of an eye; and all the roar of the press about his ears for doing so would have disturbed his sleep and his digestion no whit. I used to talk to him occasionally in the very late days of his life, when as a man of eighty he was still holding court and going out to luncheon in the bitterest Winter weather without an overcoat and wearing only slippers. One day I sat with him at luncheon when he was consuming pork ribs and sour kraut, mince pie and coffee; and upon my remarking that he could not digest such food if he used tobacco, he told me that he smoked several cigars in the evening, but none during the day; and that he chewed tobacco too, but few knew it, because he "swallowed it." Such was the man whom Altgeld compared to Jeffreys, when in truth Gary was only reckless or indifferent where the English judge was ferocious, whimsical instead of studied and malevolent, tough and wilful rather than bitter.

What drove Altgeld to excoriate Gary as he did was Altgeld's hatred of what Gary had done: the unlawful taking of human life, and the kind of life also that he took, and the cause that was hobbled and wounded by Gary's ruling and the effect of it. This caused him to misconceive Gary. Also, he was led on when he started by his thirst for immortality. Like Lincoln, he had a consuming desire to be esteemed of his fellows, by doing great and good and brave things for men. "Let us

build for the centuries" was one of his utterances. He probably dramatized himself in imagination as the author of a milestone document of the kind for which English history and progress are notable; and the self-sacrificing example of great characters who had done these things illuminated his purpose, if it required any outside light. But indisputably he believed to the full everything he said about Gary, and he had enough flame in his nature to make the path of his conscience bright for his course. Having risen from obscurity and poverty, he knew what the toiler suffers and feels; and neither wealth nor distinction had dulled his sympathy for the feelings of those who are wronged. He was filled also with all the ideas of reform, with all the illusions of progress, with all the beliefs in a watchful and guiding Almighty, of which Battle Hymns of the Republic are the rejoicing peans, and with faith in that great day of peace, justice and good will for which the American mind is famous. Hence, doing the formal thing of pardoning the anarchists without comment on the trial, and in that course losing the chance to rebuke a wrong and prepare for a better day, was to Altgeld a moral surrender. Nor was he content with coldly dissecting the fallacious dictum of Judge Gary; he must needs insert an innuendo implicating Gary in judicial ferocity. He should not have agreed with Gary that the case was without a precedent; for it was not lack of precedent, or principle, at least, that vitiated the conviction; it was the failure to show any connection between the anarchistic preachments of the defendants and the throwing of the bomb. For where murder is proposed to large classes, who are left to choose the time and the place, and someone does choose the time and the place, and acts under the advice, and these things be shown, the offense and the punishment are as old as the law—except in cases of war and successful rebellion.

Treason doth never prosper. What's the reason?
When it doth prosper none dare call it treason.

V

So it was that Chicago took the side of Judge Gary, not only because he had done the popular thing in hanging the anarchists, but because of the American rule which Altgeld violated in assailing a judge. Anything may be said of a legislator, or of an executive, as Altgeld's own case showed; but the judiciary is sacred. And there were too many people who knew Gary for what he actually was for Altgeld's denunciation of him to really strike home. The next year after the pardon message he stood for reelection, and Altgeld fought him at the polls, only to arouse all Chicago in his behalf, to his great triumph; and he was kept in office to the day of his death. He was removed from the appellate bench; but that was because his opinions became so unsound, so often far-fetched, and even frivolous (for he had a whimsical indifference about him, and a sort of harsh humor), that he could no longer be tolerated in that place of supervising authority. The Supreme Court sent him back to the trial bench in consequence, where he was a master, and where he finished his long career some years after Altgeld was lying in the healing and obliterating clay! Puppets all!

Other figures now enter upon the little stage. They are Grover Cleveland, Eugene V. Debs, Judge Grosscup, with John R. Walsh appearing and disappearing, and William Bryan, as Altgeld at last lightly and unceremoniously spoke of the Hon. William Jennings Bryan. In 1894 the great A. R. U. strike took place, and was about to be won against the Pullman Company when the many-witted railroad lawyers conceived the plan of attaching sleepers to the mail trains, and so having the government on their side against the strikers. It might be lawful to refuse to move a passenger train, or it might be a negligible offense to prevent a passenger train from being moved, but who would dare to interfere with the United States mail? Treason, you know! And by looking into the pages

of history you will find business and gold always investing themselves thus with the cloak of sovereignty, and thereby becoming inviolable.

The strife between Cleveland and Altgeld has been discussed many times and by many hands. I choose to do it very simply and very briefly and to say at the outset that I think that Cleveland was wrong in this matter and that Altgeld was right. As a matter of law Cleveland was bound to support the Constitution, which authorized him to send troops into Illinois only on "application of the Legislature, or of the executive (when the Legislature cannot be convened) against domestic violence," to quote section 4 of Article IV. There were statutes, passed during and after the Civil War, which gave Cleveland colorable authority to send troops into Illinois without the request, and even over the objection of Altgeld; but they were laws of war. Even when Lincoln called for the first 75,000 troops and put them into action against the Southern States, his power to do so was so gravely questioned that Congress passed laws specifically validating what he had done. One of the most eminent constitutional lawyers of Cleveland's time, Judge Cooley of Michigan, thought that Cleveland had established a valuable precedent, which is another way of saying that he made the rule which he followed; and that it was good that it had been done without blood-shed.

As to the facts, there was no domestic violence that Altgeld with the State troops could not have controlled. The despatches between Altgeld and various sheriffs, mayors and other officials, prove that he stood ready to send troops whenever requested, and that he did send them when requested; and there was never at any time any danger to the State, not to say the government, except that fancied danger which business and the established order always create for their own imaginative thrills, and of which history shows many records in the pages of Macaulay and others. Cleveland and Altgeld were

both Democrats, both free traders, both presumably standing for the same things, and did in fact stand for the same things in large, and it was an offensive discourtesy, it was party treason for Cleveland to strike down one of his own, and to lend credit to the libel that the Democratic Governor of Illinois was not supporting the law. With all his great virtues, Cleveland had that Eastern insularity which kept him ignorant of the country as a whole; he had a certain obtuseness too, and he had monumental egotism and obstinacy and brutal disregard of the human beings and the human feelings that had recognized what was good in him and had made him President. Altgeld knew this, and he proceeded to castigate Cleveland in interviews and speeches which are unsurpassed for invective, for acridity and for eloquence.

But as in the case of Judge Gary, he went wide of the mark in the charges which he made against Cleveland; and as Judge Gary was a stumbling to him, Cleveland was a greater. Altgeld, now at the climacteric of his power, was pouring forth his scorn and his contempt, his withering hatred upon newspapers, bankers, upon the Supreme Court, upon Federal Judge Grosscup, and upon Cleveland. As illustrative of his satire one thing may be quoted. Upon being interviewed upon the propriety of inviting Cleveland to speak at a banquet given on Jefferson's birthday he said: "Jefferson's eye took in the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Cleveland is ignorant that there is a country west of the Alleghanies. Jefferson is an illumination in the American firmament; Cleveland merely a swamp-light floating around in the Standard Oil marsh. To laud Cleveland on Jefferson's birthday is to sing a *Te Deum* in honor of Judas Iscariot on Christmas morning."

The next count of the Altgeld indictment against Cleveland is concerned with Cleveland's dealing with the money question. Cleveland was a gold man when only the wisely initiate knew about it,

and fathomed what it meant. And what he did with reference to maintaining what was known as the gold reserve was as stupid as it was disastrous to Democratic interests. The bonds of the United States then in circulation were payable in "coin," not gold; and they had been sold by the government both for silver and for gold. Whence it followed that when bond buyers and holders devised the scheme of presenting bonds at the United States Treasury for gold, the government, to prevent such raids, was justified in paying silver for them. That would have stopped the raids, and without any dishonor to the government. But Cleveland urged that the national honor demanded giving gold for the bonds. Thus the Treasury was emptied of gold as fast as it was supplied; and finally the Cleveland régime issued gold bonds with which to get gold for the ever vanishing reserve. Out of these facts Altgeld wove the charge that Cleveland was in league with Wall Street and Standard Oil, which the country would not believe. To buttress and arm his place of attack he brought into play every power of insinuation, vituperation, and personal execration that he possessed.

VI

A few more threads must be outlined which went into the weaving of the Altgeld shroud. Debs was sent to jail for contempt of court. Though he had been indicted in the Federal Court, he was not tried on the indictment, when he would have had a jury, and might have been acquitted; instead, he was tried for contemning the judge, and sent to jail. Thus arose the Altgeld designation of "government by injunction," and all that his infuriated spirit could say about it. With these troubles on his hands he was more and more pressed for money with which to carry his real estate holdings; he was sacrificing properties to protect his interests. All the while the Unity Building was leaning more visibly; the newspapers

poured vitriol upon the Altgeld wounds, and filled him with greater resolution.

He roused all his strength to capture the national convention, and he did it in spite of all comers, with "William Bryan" as the bearer of the party gonfalon. The issues were free silver, no government by injunction, free trade, but no Cleveland. The convention of 1896 refused to endorse the Cleveland administration, and so Altgeld was revenged! He had driven Cleveland out of the party. Then Cleveland supported Palmer and Buckner, who stood for the gold standard, bearing aloft the flag of "historic Democracy" in "faithful hands," as Cleveland expressed it. The State ticket of Illinois of this "gold standard" bolt was made up of politicians as shabby as ever bribed a Legislature or looted a public treasury—all to beat Altgeld, who, with all his faults of excessive invective, had been an honest and a great Governor. Perhaps, in a word, his weakness was that he hated the bad so much that it obscured his love of the good.

Altgeld was now an ill man, but full of fight. He was renominated for the governorship by the regular Democracy, and believed that he would be easily elected. He mistook the strength of the forces that were against him, and the fidelity and the numbers of those who were for him. I had seen him a few times in the intervening years on the streets of Chicago, walking with his head down; wearing on one occasion a square-topped stiff hat which gave him an odd appearance, shuffling along so to speak, stooped, in a hurry, concentrated but weary. I heard him speak several times during the campaign of 1896, surrounded everywhere by crowds of shouting people. His speech in reply to Schurz and Cochran was the masterpiece of that campaign. During its delivery someone in the gallery of Central Music Hall which was filled to overflowing, interrupted him by yelling, "Oh, you old anarchist!" Altgeld smiled and with swift humor retorted, "Our friend up yonder has had sixteen and one." I joined

in the wild applause which greeted this; for here stood the man, beleaguered now, that I had seen in the hey-day of his strength in my father's office four years before, and I felt beaten; and it seemed an unfair consummation. There was still the cropped hair and beard, not gray; there was still the rounded bulk of body and what it betokened of endurance; but his face was too pale; his eyes too weary.

And what a defeat was administered to him in that Fall of 1896! He was crucified, and they gave him poison instead of vinegar, and they broke his legs. And what rejoicings for that defeat! One would have thought that Satan once again had been thrown into Malebolge and that the angels and the saints were in victorious control of Illinois. Judge Grosscup spoke of him as the spawn of the Balkans or of the purlieus of Odessa; and Law and Order drank to the downfall of anarchy! He was beaten by a man who afterward signed the street car bills which Altgeld had vetoed, saying as he did it, "I love Chicago." And then, when Altgeld appeared in the place of inauguration to receive the new Governor, but first to deliver his own valedictory, according to custom, the new Governor had prepared for that, and Altgeld was refused the time-honored courtesy of saying farewell; and there was great rejoicing for that.

Altgeld was thus bundled out of the capital; and he returned to the Unity Building in Chicago, which was leaning more and more in symbol of his own fortunes and his own life. Denied his valedictory, he gave out an interview to the press in which he forecast the evils of corruption in government and the dangers ahead to liberty, and called to the people to continue the fight. Of the Democratic party in its defeat he said: "It was confronted by all the banks, all the trusts, all the great papers. It was confronted by everything that money could buy, that boodle could debauch or that fear of starvation could coerce." The *Chicago Tribune* was stirred by this post-election state-

ment to head an editorial, "Viper Altgeld Bites the File," and to brand him with the hot iron of bitter objugation. His val-edictory, which he was not permitted to speak, was preserved and in it the words occur, "I have given Illinois four of my best years, and have brought all my offerings to her altar. Had it been necessary to do so I should have considered life itself but a small sacrifice in her interest."

I wrote him a letter now, congratulating him upon the great campaign which he had made; but he did not answer it. Later when I heard that he had an office in the Unity Building I called to see him; but he was not in. And so between that night in my father's office and the occasion of which I shall speak later I never came into speaking contact with him, though seeing him frequently at banquets, where he spoke, and on the rostrum; and a few times in court. One time is memorable: I happened on business in the court-room of a noted Chicago judge. Before the judge stood Altgeld. An application had been made to this judge to appoint a receiver for the Unity Building, and Altgeld was objecting that the judge should not do so. The judge, though a Republican, and one of the most unmanageable despots that the Chicago bench had ever known, had many human traits too, and it was clear that he had respect and even sympathy for the former Governor of Illinois, standing as a suitor before him. At the same time he appointed the receiver; and Altgeld walked from the court-room—alone!

He spent some of his time after his defeat and before the year 1900 in the writing of little books; one on oratory; one on "The Cost of Something for Nothing"; and he was making speeches on Democratic occasions, in spite of fainting illnesses, in which he denounced Cleveland with all the vigor and venom that he ever had commanded. He was saying: "Just see what a brood of evils has sprung from the power of capitalism since 1870: (1) the striking down of over one-third of the money of the world, thus crushing the

debtor class, and paralyzing industry; (2) the growth of that corrupt use of wealth which is undermining our institutions, debauching public officials, shaping legislation and creating judges who do its bidding; (3) the exemption of the rich from taxation; (4) the substitution of government by injunction for government by the Constitution and the laws; (5) the striking down of trial by jury." He was speaking of the American Eumenides, for Altgeld read the Greek dramatists repeatedly, saying that they were, "Federal interference in local affairs, government by injunction, and usurpation by the Supreme Court." And he was calling the Clevelandites and Republicans hyenas, wolves and coyotes and counseling his countrymen to forsake Mark Hanna and his boodle. He delivered speeches in this period of his life more able and more eloquent than any he had ever spoken.

Altgeld was a God man, a Zionite, a profound optimist, a passionate believer in life. And as his health failed, and misfortunes fell thick upon him and death took his friends and his kindred, an infinite sweetness permeated his being, a tenderness came into his voice which in the days of his ire and his energy was harsh and somewhat forbidding. His letters, too, in this crisis of his soul are laden with half exhaled sighs for the clouds and the silence of his life!

VII

He was stripped to the bone now, poor as in the days when he worked with his hands on the farms, or tramped from place to place earning hand-outs by chopping wood or husking corn. And he was in that dishonor of life where enemies can pass one with smiles or sneers; and where it is the fate of a fallen man to be ignored or insulted. In addition to what had been said about him as an anarchist and a forsworn Governor, his name had been libelously linked with a defaulting officer of his administration; and the fortunes of the State university, for which he had done

more than any man, Governor or not, up to this time, were imperilled; and this hurt his heart to the quick.

The newspapers continued to be merciless, proving that the world does not live, nor mean to live, by the doctrine that those without sin shall cast the first stone; but that those that are the strongest and safest ensconced shall cast the biggest stones. Under circumstances as arduous as these most men would believe of themselves what the mob believed of them, and so fall. But Altgeld never faltered, he never asked for quarter and he never gave any. It was only natural that in returning blow for blow he struck those whom he should not have struck, as in the case of Carter Harrison, the then young mayor of Chicago, whose fidelity and integrity were sound to the core.

And so at last he returned to the practice of law for the very means of life, a hard fate for one whose interests and abilities had risen to the epic scale of national affairs. He entered a partnership, and having no clients of his own, he did whatever his partners assigned him to do. No case was so small, no suitor so humble that he did not give every power he had to the questions involved. This was told me by one of his partners, who said that a suit in which only a few dollars were at stake received from Altgeld all the time and the care which he gave to the preparation of his speeches, if the case required it. And he went into the little courts with the same zeal that inspired his work in the courts of record or the courts of review. All of this was after he had made a vigorous but ineffectual campaign for the mayoralty of Chicago upon a platform advocating the municipal ownership of the street-car lines. For Altgeld was a paternalist, not for privilege, but for the people; and the question is, is it better when for the people?

In process of time the puppets of that day were being knocked down and dragged off the stage. The man who had defeated Altgeld for the governorship in 1896, and who had signed the street-car

bills which Altgeld had refused a huge bribe to sign, as it is said, was hissed upon the streets in Chicago as he rode in procession, among the crowds where I stood and watched the degrading spectacle. The public following the newspapers turned upon this Governor as it had turned upon Altgeld, and soon he was under the sod. Judge Grosscup, full of power and prestige, was no less weaving his own tragedy, as later he sewed it when in control of the street-car lines, through a receivership appointed and manoeuvred by himself. McKinley was removed by the hand of an assassin in 1901. And Debs, still bright eyed in the faith of the people, and long out of jail, was running for President as often as the presidentiads came around. "William Bryan" was an editor at last, and as shy of Altgeld as Altgeld was skeptical of him. The judge of the Supreme Court who had rendered the decision in the anarchist case had been thrown out of office, presumably because he had drawn the claws of the Associated Press, but actually because he had eviscerated two prominent Chicago lawyers for their part in the formulation of a trust whose legality came before the court for consideration.

The newspapers of Chicago had done all in their power to destroy the writ of habeas corpus; but when they got into trouble themselves they wanted to invoke it, and the judge in question, being sent for to aid them in that behalf, and persuade the Supreme Court to grant the writ to them, came but spurned their retainer; and in my presence, where the consultation was held, broke into tears and rushed from the room, declaring that the newspapers had killed his wife by defeating him for a return to the Supreme Bench. And soon he was lying in the tangle and the silence of the puppet strings. Along this comic and tragic way Judge Grosscup resigned from the bench, as impeachment proceedings were about to be filed against him; and he came to New York, where he walked the lobby of

a great hotel, rich and lonely! When he died his estate was not discoverable to the amount of his bequests, and a search was made for it, and then the matter dropped from view. Whether he had as much as he devised, or whether he threw what he didn't want the public to know that he had in the sea on that voyage to England from which he never returned, or what it was all about, has never been proven to my knowledge. He died rich, however, and after Altgeld, who loathed him, was long in the last sleep. If anyone now sneers at Altgeld, saying that he has gone into oblivion, what shall be said of Judge Grosscup, who ruled Chicago, in the days of Altgeld's eclipse, with a despotism as bad as Calvin's over Geneva?

VIII

Now for the curtain! All these years from 1892 to 1901 I had been in Chicago, practicing law, writing articles and pamphlets on the Constitution and on politics which I published, and writing poetry which I hid. I had seen Altgeld only on the occasions and in the way I have already told. But at last, at the very end, I was to see him intimately and to talk to him in the privacy of a special interview. He and I had been appointed by a group of lawyers to formulate the by-laws and the declarations of an independent Bar Association, in order to combat the activities of the corporations and the interests which we believed controlled the old association. The actual work of drafting these documents fell to me. When I had done the work I went to see Altgeld in his law office. It was located in a suite, beyond a gated railing, which I passed; and having come to his door, which was open, I paused to look in.

There was no rug or carpet on the floor; it was bare. There was no picture on the wall. And standing, leaning against the window frame I saw Altgeld. He was looking across the street at the Unity Building, which he had lost. He was in a

revery, bent of body, which was also thin now; and so I rapped softly, and waited for him to welcome me. He looked up immediately, and asked me to come in. I saw the room in its entirety now. There was nothing in it but a cheap roll-top desk of oak, and a swivel chair; no bookcase and not even a book. He gave me his hand; and for the first time in my life I saw his eyes. And what beautiful eyes! Large and blue, gentle, understanding, and childlike. Altgeld the anarchist! Altgeld the speculator! There were never such eyes in the heads of any of the men who had figured in his life and his downfall; and I had seen into Judge Gary's, which were black and hard; and into Grosscup's, which were proud and patronizing!

And then Altgeld spoke. His voice was not what I had known it to be on the rostrum—harsh, and sometimes shrill and sibilant. Now it was musical with a caressing compassion, a deep human sonority. He took my manuscript and read it through, following the lines with his finger, and moving his lips as he proceeded with it sentence by sentence. When he had finished he looked up and said, "This is excellent, Masters, excellent. I am a great believer in brevity; so we'll cut this word here, and this and this." He took his pencil and made the erasures. This being finished, I went my way, leaving him standing idly, a sort of wilted figure, in the middle of the room; and perhaps to resume his place at the window from which he could look at the Unity Building, not now the finest office building in the world, even as Altgeld was only the shadow of what he had been. I never saw him again!

Of all his contributions to society none was so precious as the unconquerable soul that sustained him to the end. That is an example which may sustain some greater mind who may find in no word of Altgeld anything beyond the spirit of faith and endurance which animated the man. He was beaten on everything for which he had fought; and the America of today would

shake his faith. He despised William McKinley; he satirized Roosevelt, saying that the hero of San Juan should write a book entitled, "Alone in Cuba." But what would he have left in the arsenal of his irony to say of Calvin Coolidge? In his day government by injunction was the advance ground of the Federal courts; now it is the settled jurisprudence of even the elective judges. The conspiracy rule of Judge Gary is in this time suggested with sinister inflection even to the lawyers who advise labor unions as to their rights in strikes. The gold standard is settled. Troops may be sent not only into Illinois; but into Hayti, and Porto Rico, and the Philippines, and along the Ruhr.

Yet who knows? Old questions have a way of rising again; and it is possible that some day Altgeld will be appealed to as the man who made the great stand against American imperialism and American plutocracy. If not this, and if no sentence of his passes into the memory of the nation, I believe that his courage, his resolution, his sword that only death could strike from his hand, and his panache that was never soiled, are things that belong to the romance and to the legendary treasures of America. He may be the Cyrano de Bergerac, or something more dignified like Cromwell or William of Orange, to these roaring States five hundred years hence. If so, people will go back and read what he was so careful to print and preserve for posterity.

On the day of his death he had argued all day long in the Federal Court of Chicago for the cabmen who were excluded from the place at one of the railway stations where they sought passengers. Then he went by train to Joliet, about 30 miles from Chicago, to make a speech. For what, do you suppose? For the Boers of South Africa, struggling for independence. He was ill, he was weary; he was impoverished, but his soul was unbeaten. These were the last words of that speech: "Wrong may seem to triumph. Right may seem to be defeated. But the

gravitation of eternal justice is toward the throne of God. Any political institution which is to endure must be plumb with that line of justice."

So saying, he sank wearily into a chair, a dying man; but apparently not knowing it. Then, as if he saw the Arch-Fear, and meant to die on his feet, or perhaps felt the touch of a remorseless hand and meant to respond with courage, he arose from his seat, and staggered toward the wings of the stage, still unconquered, it would seem; but while he was walking on he reeled, and fell into the arms of some bystanders, who carried him to the room of a hotel, where he soon became unconscious, and expired. Altgeld the anarchist was dead. He had lived a thousand years in the little more than brief half century that had been allotted him. He had never said, *Vanity of vanities, all is vanity*. He had believed in life with a passionate devotion equal to Robert Browning's, and with a consecration like St. Augustine's; and neither principalities nor powers, nor high nor low, nor poverty nor illness, nor defeat nor dishonor had stayed his tireless and devoted steps along the hard road that he had traveled. He didn't have enough coming to him from the law firm of which he was a member to pay for his funeral expenses; but they were advanced. Over his defenseless head the newspapers in obituary editorials guardedly sounded their hatred of him and raised its justification in frigidly toned appraisals.

They let his body lie in state in the Library Building of Chicago, where the multitude on a bleak, bitter day in March filed past the coffin. I stood in line, dreading to look at him, ashamed not to look for the dishonor to the dead of such fear. . . . Suddenly I am by the coffin; now I must look—and I look. What transparent pallor, but what repose! What concentrated silence, but what peace! What triumph too, as if all that he had suffered was too trifling to remember! Life is Time and Space. But Death is only Space! That is what Altgeld's dead face said to me!

CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN AND H. L. MENCKEN

Thought and Emotion.—The prejudice of the general run of people is not so much against the man who thinks differently from itself as against the one who feels differently. General opinion, while it may not view with favor the man who entertains philosophies and ideas oppugnant to its own, nevertheless treats him with more or less poise and charity. But the man whose emotions differ radically from its own, whose feelings are not so greatly standardized as its own feelings, the public makes short shrift of. It brushes him aside in distrust and dislike, and bestows upon him a parting spit. The man with ideas other than its ideas the public puts down merely as something of a misled fool. But the man with emotions other than its own emotions it puts down as a dangerous and suspicious fellow, and one to be treated as a typhus bacillus.

Music and Sin.—Among Christian workers and other intellectual cripples the delusion seems to persist that jazz is highly aphrodisiacal. I never encounter a sermon on the subject without finding it full of dark warnings to parents, urging them to keep their nubile daughters out of the jazz palaces on the ground that the voluptuous music will inflame their passions and so make them easy prey to bond salesmen, musicians and other such carnal fellows. All this seems to me to be nonsense. Jazz, in point of fact, is not voluptuous at all. Its monotonous rhythms and puerile tunes make it a sedative rather than a stimulant. If it is actually an aphrodisiac, then the sound of riveting is also an aphrodisiac. What fetches the flappers who come to grief in the jazz parlors is not the music at

all, but the alcohol. Drinking it out of flasks in the wash-room, they fail to keep the dose in harmony with their natural resistance, and so they lose control of their faculties, and what follows is lamentable. Jazz, which came in with Prohibition, gets the blame that belongs to its partner. In the old days, when it was uncommon for refined women to get drunk at dances, it would have been quite harmless. Today even Chopin's funeral march would be dangerous.

The truth is that jazz is probably the least voluptuous variety of music commonly heard in Christendom. There are plenty of Methodist hymns that are ten times as aphrodisiacal, and the fact is proved by the scandals that follow every camp-meeting. In most parts of the United States, indeed, the Methodists have begun to abandon camp-meetings as subversive of chastity. Where they still flourish it is not unusual for even the rev. clergy to be taken in by Byzantine practices. But so-called good music is yet worse than the Methodist hymns. Has the world so soon forgotten James Huneker's story of the prudent opera mamma who refused to let her daughter sing Isolde, on the ground that no woman could ever get through the second act without forgetting God? That second act, even so, is much overestimated. There are piano pieces of Chopin that are a hundred times worse; if the Comstocks really had any sense, they would forbid their performance. And what of the late Puccini? If "La Bohème" is not an aphrodisiac, then what is it? Yet it is sung publicly all over the world. Only in Atlanta, Ga., is there a law against it, and even that law was inspired by the fact that it was written by a

Catholic, not by the fact that it has brought hundreds of thousands of Christian women to the edge of the abyss.

Old Ludwig himself was not without guilt. His "Egmont" overture is a gross and undisguised appeal to the medulla oblongata. And what of his quartettes, especially the slow movements? The first movement of his Eroica symphony is not only voluptuous to the last degree; it is also Bolshevistic. Try to play it with your eyes on a portrait of Dr. Coolidge. You will find the thing as impossible as eating ice-cream on roast beef. At the time of its first performance in Vienna the moral sense of the community was so greatly outraged that Beethoven had to get out of town for a while. I pass over Wagner, whose "Tristan und Isolde" was probably his most decorous work, despite Huneker—think of "Parsifal"!—and come to Richard Strauss. Here I need offer no argument: his "Salomé" and "Elektra" have been prohibited by the police, at one time or another, in nearly every country in the world. I believe that "Der Rosenkavalier" is still worse, though the police leave it unmolested. Compare its first act with the most libidinous jazz ever heard on Broadway. It is like comparing vodka with ginger-pop. No woman who hears it is ever the same again. She may remain within the law, but her thoughts are wayward henceforth. Into her ear the sirens have poured their abominable song. She has been beset by witches. There is a sinister glitter in her eye.

Puritan and Anti-Puritan.—The Puritan looks on breakfast as the beginning of a new day. The anti-Puritan looks on breakfast as the end of the day before.

E Pluribus Pluribus.—It is a popular belief, largely cultivated by men themselves, that man is a rooster who would achieve grand delight and satisfaction if, like his Turkish brother, he were permitted to have a harem. While it is perhaps true that here and there one might find a barber, or a jewelry salesman or movie actor who would

actually enjoy such an arrangement, it is far from true that the average man would relish it in the slightest. The average man would care for a plurality of women no more than he cares for a plurality of pairs of patent leather shoes. His taste is pretty uniformly for one woman, one toothbrush, one flag. That taste may undergo a change, of course; it often does. But he would have no more use for six or seven wives—spiritually, emotionally or physically—than he would have for six or seven back collar buttons. To argue that, because of his biological nature, he would have use for a harem is to argue that, because of his biological nature, he would have use for a dozen bathtubs.

The Last Scene.—Unless I am humanely and briskly finished by an automobile or the public executioner, my exitus from this world, I greatly fear, will be tediously prolonged. My trouble is that I know too many medical men, and that I have already permitted them to use me as a laboratory animal far too freely. Worse, many of them are extremely competent fellows. When I come down at last they will strive magnificently to keep the breath of life in me, and so I'll probably linger on and on, a dreadful spectacle, but very interesting pathologically. It is a prospect not altogether cheering. There will be some satisfaction, of course, in keeping the mortician waiting, but I suspect that the business will be painful. In the end, perhaps, I shall have to throw them all out and send for a chiropractor.

The Nonsense Fund.—Every man over the age of forty should put aside a certain amount of money each year for use as a nonsense fund. It is a rare man, and a liar, who will not confess to the possession of certain occasional idiotic sprees of fancy which he is unable to gratify. The regular and constant suppression of such wish-jags makes in time for a measure of unhappiness, an unhappiness which, though fundamentally trivial, colors the man's days and

life and philosophy. The wish-jags of every man need release, and this release they may find only through such a fund as I have indicated. The amount set aside for these annual sailor's debauches of the wish complex need not be large in the instance of the majority of men, for the majority of men's absurd wishes are in the main of a not very considerable bulk. They take some such form as a ten dollar necktie or a dollar and a quarter cigar or a bottle of Napoleon brandy. But, though they are not great, a man's failure to realize them gets to him, as the phrase has it, and contrives to lodge a fly in the ointment of his mood. The man knows that he can afford to buy the things, but that is not the point. He does not buy them, or anything else of the kind upon which his foolish fancy has alighted, for the simple reason that they seem a bit too extravagant and unnecessary. A nonsense fund would take care of such things and make the average fellow happy. It would be a fund for him to squander with a grandiose nonchalance; it would not figure in his strict finances; it would be viewed by him in the light of found money or money won on a bet or inherited from a forgotten uncle. With it he might gain a little facile joy that otherwise he has forbidden to himself. With it he might buy that case of Clicquot Ponsardin 1911, or that green vest, or that gilt piano upon which he has long rested a longing and frustrated eye.

Misfits.—One of the tragedies of civilization is that so many men miss their vocations. What superb sailors for the American fleet the daring fellows of Rum Row would make, and how beautifully some of the current admirals of the Navy would fit into the pants business!

Editorial Observation.—I have, in my editorial capacity, been reading fiction manuscripts now for exactly ten years and four months. In that period, I have read perhaps 30,000. Meditating these 30,000, I am brought to the conclusion that I have

never yet found a good one that began in any one of the following ways: 1. "It was in the year so-and-so"; 2. "Now, dear reader"; 3. "Long ago, before this story begins"; 4. "This is the true story of"; 5. "Out beyond the line where the sea touched the sky"; 6. with the description of gathering clouds; 7. with a quotation from Horace; or 8. with the word "imagine."

A Man's Tastes.—A man's tastes, in essence, change little. His tastes at fifty are at bottom his tastes of twenty filtered through the gauze of wisdom, prudence and ennui.

That Side of Paradise.—Perhaps the happiest time in the average hanswurst's life is three weeks before his marriage. It is then that the lady of his knightly yen is just far enough from his reach to enravish and englamor him and yet not near enough to give him that moment of dubiety and pause that comes, in such cases, to even the lowliest of God's boobs. The altar is still remote enough to gain enchantment from the loan of distance and not close enough to frighten him. The hanswurst thus stands momentarily in that most beautiful of all lands, the no-man's-land of romantic love.

But as the three weeks draw nearer and nearer to the amorous electric chair, his happiness grows correspondingly less and less. For the hanswurst, no less than the rest of us professors, gradually begins to be besieged by doubts, soever small, that he actually wants what he wants when he wants it. Three weeks ago, he gave up nothing—nothing of freedom, nothing of irresponsibility, nothing of tzigane fancy. But now, at the altar, he sees in a flash what he is leaving behind him—all those things that he has convinced himself he no longer cares for but which yet, as he climbs the church steps, begin to seem ever so slightly desirable. His pulse beats with happiness, but his mind ticks with a faint homesickness for the security of the day before, and the day before that,

and the days and days before them. And then the honeymoon. And then the hundred and one inevitable little nuisances and concerns that take just a bit of the edge off an erstwhile inviolate romantic dream. And then the days ahead. Often happy, these days, doubtless, but days that miss something—that all important and forever vanished something—of those glad and trembling days three weeks before his anticipation, his illusion and his love were duly checked and labeled.

Truth.—The truth is whatever falsehood makes the most profound impression on us.

A Poor Performance.—Probably the most inept campaign ever carried on in American political history was that of the late John W. Davis, of Piping Rock, W. Va., candidate for the presidency against Dr. Coolidge. His chances of success, of course, were very slight from the beginning, but he diminished them steadily as the canvass went on. At the very start he made a capital mistake by trying to arouse the populace against good Cal by denouncing the stealings that went on in Washington under Harding. This was a double error, for on the one hand it seemed to put a blame on Cal falsely and so aroused sympathy for him, and on the other hand it was grounded on the strange delusion that the American people regard robbing the government as immoral. They have, in fact, no such view of it. When a concrete thief is being pursued they enjoy the chase, of course, but there is never any public indignation against him; on the contrary, he is delicately envied, as one who has achieved brilliantly what every good American would attempt if he could. During the late war probably 85% of all the people of America tried to rob the government, and perhaps a third of them succeeded. If men were actually put into jail for such crimes not more than two Episcopal churches in the whole country would have any vestrymen. Almost the only Americans, indeed, who did no stealing

during the war were a few moony pacifists and the soldiers in the trenches. The latter now object to what went on in their absence only on the ground that they failed to get their shares. They make no demand that the war profiteers be jailed; they only demand that they be given bonuses to compensate them for the chance they lost themselves, fighting for democracy.

Dr. Davis, a Wall Street lawyer, certainly should have known all this. He acted as if he had never heard of it. Worse, he fell into the folly of arguing that, if Cox had won in 1920 instead of Harding, there would have been no graft in Washington. This made even the Southern Democrats, who seldom show any humor, almost bust their sides laughing, for they all remembered what had gone on under the martyred Woodrow. During that one Democratic administration, from 1917 to 1921, the government was robbed of more money than it has lost in all the Republican administrations since the Civil War—more by ten times, at least. Yet Dr. Davis went about the country talking about the "moral grandeur" of the Wilson era! Such balderdash was so pathetic that his backers apparently called him off. Then he began advocating American participation in the European mess—not participation as an honest broker, as now, with a share in the profits but none in the losses, but participation as a full partner—more, as the chief backer and holder of the bag. This scheme brought forth only stares, and so his coat-tail was pulled again. Then he launched into his demand for personal liberty—for an end of governmental snooping and interference, with its multiplication of job-holders and increase of taxes.

Here he had an idea at last, but at once it appeared that he lacked the courage to maintain it. The first time he loosed it—I think it was in Chicago—someone in the gallery yelled "What about beer?" The learned candidate was instantly much embarrassed, and had to retreat behind a cloud of meaningless words. What faced him everywhere was the plain fact that

the kind of personal liberty the plain people most wanted to get back—the only kind, indeed, they had any active concern about—was liberty to buy beer again at six cents a can. If Dr. Davis had let out a few hearty whoops for this kind he would have rocked the country and carried all of the big cities almost unanimously, for Coolidge was irrevocably sworn to the Anti-Saloon League. Instead, he kept on advocating liberty without once mentioning Prohibition, and so the notion spread that he was a Pecksniff, and his defeat, when it came, was overwhelming and ignominious. The public judgment of him, I believe, was accurate. He was put before the country, not as simply one more political hack looking for a job, but as the antithesis of a political hack—in short, as a plain-spoken and honest fellow, a man of honor. What is to be thought of a man of honor who dodges, trims and is silent to challenge? The same thing that is to be thought of a theoretically chaste woman who spends a week-end at Atlantic City with an actor.

Thus the distinguished aspirant raised three issues, and made messes of all of them. Meanwhile, he permitted the egregious Dawes to grab the only really effective issue known to our politics—which is to say, the bugaboo issue. Dawes is surely no orator. Moreover, his past is not too snowy: he would melt quickly under

sharp attack. But instead of attacking him, Davis let him take the offensive against La Follette. Dawes managed this offensive very competently, as he had managed the campaign to put down the investigation of profiteering after the war. He wasted no time controverting La Follette's ideas, nor even, so far as I could make out, finding out what they were. Instead, he simply harrowed the *booboisie* with dreadful alarms—about the loss of their jobs, about sinister plots with the Bolsheviki, about raids on savings banks, the nationalization of women, and so on. Shudders went all over the country. Husbandmen on lonely farms, their ears glued to the radio, broke into cold sweats. Meanwhile, wheat went up, and so La Follette was snowed under. But Davis had no more hand in his defeat than I did. His campaign, from start to finish, was fought out on the side-lines. He was in it only one day, and that was the day of his nomination. All the rest of the time he was galloping back to Piping Rock, and the solace of its intellectual society.

Indignation.—There is an indignation that springs from the head and an indignation that springs from the heart. When my critics charge me with indignation, they fail, I believe, to perceive the difference between the two. My feelings are never indignant; my mind occasionally is.

A GLANCE AT THE MEXICANS

BY OWEN P. WHITE

I LIKE the Mexican people. And why shouldn't I? Tutored by a Mexican male nurse, who engineered me through my period of safety pins, I early learned to roll and smoke corn-husk cigarettes, to swear in Spanish, to eat *chile*, to drink *mescal* and to disdain all kinds of physical labor. These luxurious habits—save that I have substituted brown paper for *hoja de maiz*, and *tequila* for the less refined beverage of the *peon*—are still with me, and parts of my immortal soul. I'd be ungrateful, indeed, if I did not cherish a fondness for the race that grafted them upon me.

As I look out of my window in El Paso, across the Rio Grande into old Mexico, I can see, in the near foreground, two young Mexicans, one probably ten years old and the other seven, struggling along under huge burdens of stolen fire-wood. A little further away an old woman is down on her hands and knees, in the dust by the railroad track, carefully salvaging corn that has sifted from a passing grain car. Yet further away, on the river bank, I see a man with a sack on his shoulder, no doubt filled with contraband wet goods for American consumption, making a hasty dive into a clump of willows. For forty years, all over Arizona and New Mexico, all along the Texas border and clear through the "old country" down to the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, I have lived with and studied and liked the Mexican people.

Therefore, in 1912 or 1913, when a certain citizen of Washington, assuming that he was the United States, made a humorous speech, facetiously labelled "Our Moral Empire in America," in which he stated that "we" were going to make it our busi-

ness to go behind the returns in all Mexican elections and see to it that that country's numerous Presidents came into office with "clean hands and as the choice of the people," I indulged myself in a quiet cackle of merriment. And why? Simply because I knew the Mexicans. Simply because I couldn't imagine anything more ludicrous than a Mexican *peon*, with a ballot in his hand, advancing upon a ballot-box. The Washingtonian's assumption seemed to me to be all wrong. What he assumed was that an amiable but almost wholly illiterate people, who had lived for thirty years under the kindly despotism of Porfirio Diaz, and who had never had to think, had been suddenly transformed, by the idealistic touch of Francisco Madero, into an intelligent and eager electorate! No wonder I laughed! A few weeks later I laughed again. This second outburst was caused by another emanation of unconscious humor from the poet in the White House. "The United States," he said, "can only regard as the head of any American community a man who enjoys the support, properly expressed and registered, of a majority of his enfranchised fellow-citizens." Imagine that for Mexico!

Shortly after these lofty words appeared in the public prints I went down to the Big Bend country of Texas, on the Mexican border, to watch the conflict then going on, south of the Rio Grande, between Pancho Villa and Pascual Orozco, two gentlemen who were rival candidates for the "clean handed" presidency the Washingtonian had been talking about. I could find no lust for any such cleanliness there. All I saw was that the two candidates, and

their adherents with them, were innocently obeying an instinct for combat which had come down to them from ancestors who, only a short four hundred years before, had been in the habit of eating one another. Canvassing the warriors on both sides at great length I could discern nothing patriotic in them, nor any desire whatever for fair play, so I turned from them, excusing their behavior on the ground that they had not yet had enough Christianity—only four uninterrupted centuries of it—and gave my attention to the non-combatants whose discretionary action, so he said, would eventually have to come up before the gentleman of Pennsylvania avenue for his approval.

As I have already said, I had been associating with the Mexican people for many years, but never, until the Washington humorist called my attention to the imminent probability of their becoming, with his help, a self-governing race, had I ever thought of them as anything but a primitive and honest people who fashioned their lives in strict accord with that wise saying of the Psalmist "To hell with tomorrow!" But now I thought: probably I'm wrong about this. Probably the man who is living beneath the same roof that kept the rain off of Abraham Lincoln has learned more about Mexicans in a few months than I have in forty years and so I had better look into the matter again.

II

I therefore put on my hat and sauntered up the road in the general direction of the *cantina*, to see what theretofore undiscovered signs of intellectuality I could uncover. I had hardly gone a hundred yards when my attention was attracted to a group of mildly intoxicated, wildly gesticulating Mexican men outside the place. I approached them and, standing on the outskirts, was soon able to gather that the subject under discussion was the interesting one of the infernal propensities of a stick of dynamite. One of the disputants

argued that dynamite was unquestionably and unalterably *muy diablo*, while his opponent held to the theory that it was only mildly so. Both men had enthusiastic adherents and finally, that the matter might be definitely settled, the intellectual who advocated the mild theory agreed to allow a half a stick of Dupont's best to explode in his hand. This suggestion being greeted with joy by the entire group of freemen, one of the number rushed off post-haste to the powder-house of the mining company. He returned promptly with a short piece of fuse, a detonating cap and six inches of triple X, which ingredients were immediately assembled and handed to the intrepid experimenter.

Now the acute intelligence of the Mexican proletarian, as represented by a dozen or more grown men, came into view. In order that he might escape injury in case the dynamite should really develop any destructive tendencies, the principal in the action was unanimously advised to hold his hand around the corner of the building. He did so, first lighting the fuse. About four seconds later there was a terrific explosion. When the dust cleared away and his friends were able to extricate the investigator from beneath the fallen and shattered adobes, he was found to be entirely intact—except that no part of his right arm, from his elbow down, has ever been seen since.

Some months after this experiment I encountered the hero of it and engaged him in conversation. He had lost a forearm but had gained a hook, a wicked-looking, shiny, steel arrangement, which he displayed with pride, and which, he boastingly told me, made him the worst man in the camp in a *combate*. Also he said: "Señor, you were there that day and you saw what was done. And now I will tell you. It was not the dynamite that destroyed my hand. As I said then, the dynamite is not dangerous. It was the cap."

But even this display of intellectual power, although it went a long way towards doing so, didn't convince me wholly

that the man who had never seen a Mexican was right and that I was wrong. So I set out to look for more evidence. I found it a few days afterward, when a mine foreman told me an interesting story. That morning, in going through one of the main tunnels of his mine, he had noticed sand and small gravel sifting down from around the edges of an immense overhead stone. Experience told him—he was an American — that that stone, weighing many, many tons, would soon fall. He didn't know whether it was due to come down in ten minutes or in ten hours, but, being a conservative man, he stood from under, and calling a Mexican miner, pointed out the boulder to him, explained the situation and instructed him to remain on watch and not allow anyone to pass beneath. The Mexican understood, said "sí, Señor," and the foreman left him.

An hour or two later, going back that way, the foreman found the man sitting directly beneath the boulder, smoking a cigarette! He cheerfully reported that he was keeping everybody out of the danger zone, and, in spite of the foreman's remonstrances, insisted on remaining exactly where he was. Within a few hours he was crushed to death beneath several hundred tons of rock.

Then there was the Doctor's yarn and also a little episode in which I personally participated. The Doctor said:

"The old woman came in and announced that she wanted a tooth pulled. I asked, 'Which one?' and she replied: 'Oh, any one; *no hay diferencia*, just any one of those from above.'" Being an obliging man, the doctor pulled a tooth. The next day the old woman was back again and wanted two more out. They were good teeth and this time the doctor refused. Whereupon the woman got angry and insisted; she said that her *esposo*, her beloved husband, paid hospital dues regularly to the *compañía* and that she demanded service. The doctor also got angry and yanked out a pair of perfectly good molars, picked at random from a healthy set. The next day the old woman

returned for more service and got it. At the end of a week she hadn't an upper tooth left. Nevertheless, a day or two later, after the soreness had gone from her jaw, she again called at the hospital. This time she made a triumphant entry, walked proudly up to the doctor, and, handing him a small package done up in a piece of dirty newspaper, said: "Here, *doctorcito*, put these in." The doctor opened the parcel and exposed to view an old set of false teeth. "For God's sake," he said, "where did you get these?" "*En la tienda de segunda mano* (In the second-hand store)," replied the woman.

But the other episode, the one in which I took part, was different. It was devoid of humor. One afternoon, while I was visiting the doctor, a man was brought in who had mashed his hand while coupling a train of ore cars. The doctor looked at the hand, saw that the amputation of most of it was necessary, told the man to get on the operating table and asked me to give him the anæsthetic. I laid the mask on the man's face and poured on a few drops of chloroform. The man at once knocked the mask to the floor, sat bolt upright and announced that he would not be put to sleep unless he was first allowed to see a priest and make his confession. "Priest hell," said the doctor, and then, turning to me he asked: "Can you hold him?" "I think so," I replied. "All right then," said the man of the knife, "we'll put the fear of God into this man's soul quicker than any priest ever could."

But we didn't. I got astride of the man; held his arm out to one side on a metal shelf, and the doctor went to work. For forty-five minutes—it seemed a week to me—using bone forceps, knives, scissors and needles, he labored with that Mexican's hand. When he had completed his job there was practically no hand left. The thumb and all the fingers, except a part of one, were gone. Throughout the entire ordeal the man had not made a sound, nor tried, even a single time, to jerk his hand away!

When the bandages were in place and I got off him—thoroughly exhausted from the strain—the Mexican swung his feet to the floor, sat up, stood, and, walking across the room, picked up his hat and started away.

"Wait a minute," I said, "don't you want a drink?" and I offered him half a tumbler of whiskey. I knew that I needed one after what he had been through, and I naturally supposed he did also. "*No, gracias Señor,*" he said, "*ya me voy* (Now I am going)." And he walked two miles and a half over the mountains to his home!

III

During these months, while I was engaged in making my study of the intellectual capacity of the Mexican, two very interesting cases, both bearing on domestic relations, came under my observation.

First came the case of Alejandro. This man, who worked on the day shift in the mine, lived with his, strange to say, lawfully wedded wife in a small one-room, adobe house behind the mill. It was highly entertaining to watch his antics. He evidently had no suspicions at all in regard to his wife's fidelity. On the contrary, he was apparently absolutely positive that she would be untrue to him if she could, and therefore, that he might pursue his vocation of pounding a drill without having the vision of his loved one in some other man's arms constantly before his eyes, he adopted measures which were calculated to compel her to remain faithful.

Alejandro's house was surrounded by bare, bleak, smooth earth, on which not a blade of grass or a single shrub was allowed to grow, and it stood alone on the hillside. Within this little house, during the hours between twilight and dawn, Alejandro and his wife lived and were happy in direct proportion to the number of drinks of *tequila* they were able to procure and dispose of. But during daylight the place was a prison in which the Queen of the Castle, who was neither young nor

beautiful, but had certain charms which Alejandro looked upon as exclusively his own, was confined.

Every morning before leaving for his work the loving husband would take a broom and sweep all around his house for a distance of ten feet out from the walls. He would obliterate every foot-print and mark from the surface of the ground and then, from the outside of the perfectly smooth area which now separated him from his wife, and his wife from all other men, he would toss back the broom to her, where she stood in the doorway gazing admiringly at him. And then, with peace in his heart, he would go off to his work, confident that no man could cross his ten-foot threshold without leaving behind him the telltale footprints of the seducer.

Watching from my point of vantage, on the steps of the mill, I could see Alejandro disappear over a hilltop half a mile away. No sooner would his stalwart figure drop from the sky-line than Pedro would come upon the scene. Pedro would walk briskly up to the solitary little house, stride boldly across the carefully swept area, enter the door and close it behind him. Maybe half an hour, maybe half a day later Pedro would reappear. In his hand he would have the broom, and with meticulous care, even as Alejandro had done, he would back away from the house and carefully obliterate his own footprints. Then from the edge of the forbidden land he would toss back the broom to the faithless wife and go upon his way.

Next came the case of Juan and Maria. Juan was a big, up-standing Mexican who believed in at least one of the principles which are supposed to govern the actions of mankind. He was firmly wedded to the theory that self-preservation is the first law of nature. Therefore, rather than risk his life in fighting for a cause that meant nothing to him, he had avoided military service in Mexico by walking all the way from Torreon to a mining camp on the border. Trotting by his side across the three hundred miles of desert had come little

Maria. No priest had ever blessed the nuptials of this pair, but they loved one another and so they naturally lived together, and when Juan was able to get employment in the mines they rejoiced together at the prospect of a sufficiency of food and a regular place to sleep.

For several weeks after their arrival in the camp Maria cooked *frijoles* and patted *tortillas* for Juan; looked for his homecoming in the evening with the glad light of anticipation in her eyes, and bade him farewell in the morning with the smile of a happy woman upon her lips. And then came Sylvestre, *el galan*.

One morning, glancing casually in that direction, the observer saw Sylvestre pause in front of the little hut where Maria was busy at her one outdoor task of watering a single bush of four o'clocks and a lonely cluster of larkspur. Maria talked to *el galan*, and *el galan*, making use of the phrases which had won complaisance from many women, talked to Maria.

That night when Juan came home there were no *frijoles*, no *tortillas* and—no Maria. Neither was there any word from the faithless little one, and Juan, not in an agony of grief but in the extremity of hunger, set out to find her. His quest was easily rewarded. Maria had made no effort to conceal her whereabouts and Juan soon located her, with two other women and *el galan* and two other men, all comfortably intoxicated, in a small shack not far from his own abode.

Juan was a man of even temper, and so, instead of immediately wrecking the place, he called Maria outside and had a quiet talk with her. At the conclusion of this talk, Maria rejoined her friends in the house and Juan went to a nearby trash heap and got an empty tomato can. From the trash heap he went to a dump near the mill and from the accumulated debris filled his pockets with bolt heads, boiler punches and small pieces of scrap iron. He next went to the powder room and, when no one was watching, slipped a stick of blasting powder, a piece of fuse and a cap in-

side his shirt. Having thus supplied himself with everything necessary for the manufacture of a first-class bomb he went down in the *arroyo* and put them together. When the bomb was completed he carried it to the house which sheltered the faithless Maria and her five companions and, after lighting the fuse, tossed it through the window. The explosion followed almost instantly, but Juan, who was walking calmly away, did not turn his head to note the result. Instead he ambled to his own *jacalito*, cooked his own supper and then crawled into his lonely bed, where he slept peacefully until morning.

But Juan had made one mistake. He had cut the fuse about a sixteenth of an inch too long and that sixteenth of an inch had saved the lives of five people. When the bomb, spitting fire from its tail, had come sailing through the window all the occupants of the room, save one woman who was an entire stranger to Juan, had seen it, recognized its import and, by a fraction of a second, escaped to the open. The strange woman and the house were completely demolished; the woman lost both arms and both legs and of the house not one adobe was left upon another.

The next morning, when search was made for Juan, he was found as easily as Maria had been the night before. He was at work at his usual post in the mine. When he was told that he was wanted for having killed a woman he shrugged his shoulders and said: "But she was *my* woman. I had a right to kill her if I so desired." Then, when it was explained to him that it was not his woman who had been blown to pieces but another woman to whom he had never even been introduced, Juan again shrugged his shoulders, picked up his tools and started back to his work with the remark: "*Entonces fue una pura desgracia y no soy culpable de nada* (Then it was only an accident and I am not guilty of anything)."

But the demands of justice had to be met, and Juan, who protested loudly at the absurdity and ridiculousness of the entire

proceeding, was tried for murder. The trial, as he had openly predicted, turned out to be a farce. Not a single Mexican, not even Maria or *el galan*, would appear to testify against him, and the Texas jury, composed of the prisoner's own countrymen, promptly brought in a verdict of not guilty. Justice, however, was still at work. The morning after his release Juan's body, pierced with many knife wounds, was found in the creek bed behind the saloon.

IV

These incidents and dozens of others like them, all illustrative of the intellectual quality of the border Mexican—and the border Mexican, because of his association with Americans over a long period of years, is far above the *peon* of the interior—caused me to do some thinking.

"Why should these people," I asked myself, and I repeat the question now, "these primitive children, be subjected to the indignity of having a ballot thrust upon them? Force them to exercise their right of suffrage, as the late vegetarian, Francisco Madero, insisted should be done, and as the still later Washington idealist argued was proper, and the first thing that will happen will be that a bull-fighter will become President, a backwoods priest will occupy the post of Minister of Foreign Relations, a *monte* dealer from Chihuahua will be made Secretary of the Treasury, and the only industries—outside of the basic one of operating *pulquerias* and gambling houses—that will thrive in the Republic will be banditry and the breeding and fighting of game cocks."

In these cogitations, of course, I was thinking only of the 85 per cent of the people of Mexico who didn't ten years ago, and who don't today, care a whoop *who* rules the country. Like the old woman who wanted her teeth pulled, it is "just any one" with then, and the reason for their indifference is easy to understand. The vast majority of them, the 85 per cent of whom I am fond, do not know how to

read and write and have practically no conception of worldly ambition. And why should they have any? Nearly the entire population of Mexico lives under natural conditions which render clothes superfluous and turn houses from necessities into luxuries. A beneficent providence has hung an abundance of food on almost every tree and filled the *maguery* plant with a ready-made intoxicant. Why, then, should the people worry? Why should they want to trade a care-free existence, in which they can do exactly as they please—even to going out and killing their neighbors if they are so inclined—for one that is burdened with the ugly responsibilities, invented by our own colonial forefathers, of having to vote, sweat, worry, think, and live within the law?

There is another reason, another adequate and satisfactory one, for holding that my friends, the Mexicans, my 85 per cent, shouldn't be bothered with politics. It is that they are all artists, every one of them—and who ever heard of a true artist who wanted to vote? The Mexican *peon* has inherited from his Toltec and Aztec forefathers an artistic ability and temperament which make it impossible for him to take unpleasant things, like laws, very seriously. He likes to play and he likes to work; he combines the two always if he can, but he is never going to hurry or worry about either.

I can recall that down in the City of Mexico, for a period extending over many weeks, I walked a block or two out of my way every morning to see how a certain *peon* was getting along with a task that had been entrusted to him. This *peon* was a stone-cutter, and the job that he had undertaken was the creation of a decorative stone grill over the automobile entrance to a public building. In Mexico this work of carving stone is not carried on as it is in the United States. No such complications as studios and afternoon teas enter into the calculations of the artist, and, as far as plaster casts and models made to scale are concerned, they are things that

are entirely beyond him. The method of procedure is simplicity itself. The architect has a blank stone of the proper size set in the wall, hands the *peon* artist a picture of what his finished product must be, and tells him to go to it. The American word "hurry," however, is not used.

My *peon*, the one I was daily watching, was engaged in the attempt to carve a Mexican coat-of-arms, eagle, snake and all, six feet high, clear through a block of granite eighteen inches thick. All that he had to work by was a picture post-card, and all day long, up on his scaffolding above the street, he would look dreamily at the picture, peck at the rock and smoke cigarettes. When evening came he would descend to earth, go to his paymaster, collect his *seis dimes* (sixty cents) for his day's work. Then, being wealthy, he would hie himself to the nearest *pulqueria*, and, as quickly as possible, get himself drunk. But at the end of two or three months this man had created something that was almost a masterpiece. It is gaped at by discerning travelers today, but the name of the master is unknown. Fame meant nothing to him. He reaped his reward by being allowed to take his time during the day, and by not being disturbed when he evinced a desire to sleep in the gutter at night.

Where there is one educated man in the United States who can do such work as was done by this *peon* there are a thousand uncivilized *pelados* in Mexico who are adepts at it. From one end to the other, Mexico is full of beautiful specimens of native sculpture. And it is the same with music. To be sure, a drunken *peon*, or preferably a dozen of him, accompanied by a crippled guitar, can produce the most ungodly noise that ever, until the invention of jazz, smote upon the human ear. But in the case of these people it is not the mere quality of the music that counts. Good music is to be heard all over the country, but that fact is not as important as the outstanding one that all of the people love music passionately, all respond to it and all indulge in it.

V

One day, walking through the Alameda in the City of Mexico, I came upon an almost infinitesimal boot-black who, seated upon a stone bench and entirely oblivious that anyone was listening, was playing "La Paloma." His instrument was home-made. It consisted of a number of tin shoe-polish boxes, each one containing a pebble of a different size. By picking up these boxes and shaking them the boy produced the various notes. As I watched his dirty hands flying over his key-board, I couldn't help wondering if there was, anywhere in the United States, a child of ten who could duplicate his feat.

Then there was the young cabinet-maker. He didn't want to vote, I know. I met him through a friend who was suffering from two ailments: a depleted bank account and a mania for collecting old furniture. My friend would find a piece of furniture that his heart yearned for but his pocket-book refused to buy. He would go to see it several times and each time he would take the cabinet-maker with him. While he haggled over the price, which he had no intention of paying, the boy would study the piece of furniture. This youngster could neither read nor write, but he could carry away with him an exact mental impression of a carved mahogany bed, a tall-boy or a book-case with decorated panels and leaded glass doors. A few visits only were necessary and then, in due course of time, the cabinet-maker would reproduce for my friend, at a small cost, the coveted article.

To such people the problems of government are of no moment at all. Instinctively, they resist the acquisition of all unnecessary knowledge, and by their passive imperturbability erect a wall around themselves as a protection against civilization. With their lazy minds open only to the things they love, they are gladly and naturally living the life which the artists of the great world outside are endeavoring to emulate by grouping themselves together

in dismal Alsacias. "Our moral empire in America" cannot, for many, many years to come, acquire any reality south of the Rio Grande.

One more story. Dolores, who worked for the consul's wife, had an uncle who was tall, tubercular and emaciated. In the course of time this uncle died, and, as the Mexicans are very punctilious in their respect for the dead, Dolores asked that she be allowed to take two days off so that she might properly attend the obsequies. Her request, of course, was granted.

The next day Dolores came to the consul's wife, her eyes red from a night of weeping, and, bitterly lamenting the family poverty, asked her mistress if she would not, *por el amor de Dios*, give her one of the consul's old suits in which they could bury the uncle. The consul was a large, fat man whose clothes couldn't possibly fit the deceased, but as it was that or nothing, Dolores gratefully accepted a discarded dress-suit with its accompanying white shirt, collar and tie, and carried it away with her.

The following morning she appeared again, and this time her eyes were even redder than before. She was heart-broken.

The suit didn't fit, and so her poor uncle didn't look nearly as well as a corpse, in his station in life, ought to look. But nothing could be done. The consul's wife had no other male attire to offer and Dolores left in despair.

The days dragged along. Two, three, four and five of them passed, and then, on the sixth, Dolores appeared again. This time her face was wreathed in smiles and her whole attitude radiated happiness.

"Well, Dolores," said the consul's wife, "you have been away a long time. How was the funeral?"

"Oh, Señora," replied the girl enthusiastically, "it was beautiful! My dear uncle never looked so well or so handsome. You remember, Señora, when I was here the last time I was, oh so *triste* because the magnificent suit of the Señor, your husband, was too large. It would not fit and we were all very unhappy, but, Señora, on the very next day, the next morning, we noticed that my uncle had begun to swell and so we kept him until yesterday afternoon. And then, Señora, when we let his friends in to see him and took him out to the Campo Santo to bury him everybody said that he looked just like your husband."

LADIES OF AFFAIRS

BY H. M. HOFFORD

FIVE HUNDRED members of the State W.C.T.U. jammed into the basement of the First Universalist Church for the afternoon session of the annual three-day convention of that organization. In the audience were also seven small children below the age of self-assertion and three old men.

The opening devotional service—two hymns and a nine-minute prayer by the president—afforded those present a chance to greet acquaintances across the hall. Highly colored banners bearing the mottoes of the various chapters were hung about the walls. But most conspicuous in the decorative scheme were two dozen white card-board figures which resembled birds. They might have been classified as doves had not their wings been as large as their bodies; one thus came to the view that they were eagles. In the eagles' mouths were flying streamers with such legends as "Did You Register?" "Welcome, White Ribboners" and "Welcome, Delegates, to Our City."

Following the reports of committees, which no one heard save the three old men, and the recitation of the Crusades' psalm, a delegate from Dry Haven read the history of the early days of the Union. Then all the town delegations, thirty-four in number, marched around the hall, waving their banners as they passed the chairman's platform.

The address of the afternoon was scheduled for three o'clock. At 3.45 the chairman said: "Friends, we are a little behind our time, but before we hear Mrs. Lovell Dribble, who came all the way from New Zealand to talk to us about America and

World Prohibition, we will have a brief address by the Rev. Gaston E.—no, excuse me, R.—Henderson on 'The Need for Coöperation in Correcting the Political Situation in this State'."

During the Rev. Mr. Henderson's address of thirty minutes there were sharp cries from delegates of "Louder, louder there!" and once his voice was drowned out altogether by the singing of twenty-seven members of the Citizenship Department, who were in an adjoining room rehearsing a demonstration planned to follow the speech of Mrs. Dribble. The pastor referred to the unbending efforts of the late Mrs. Mabel Y. Youtz in organizing the W.C.T.U., and when he had finished a memorial tribute of two minutes of silence was ordered for her. During the silence the ushers disputed whether the collection should be taken before or after the next address.

The chairman then announced that the Citizenship Department would present its stunt. The twenty-seven members filed into the hall, and seventeen grouped themselves on the platform. One then said: "We represent the seventeen million women in this country, each of us a million, who could have voted at the last election but didn't." Then the seventeen delinquent representatives shamefacedly left the platform to make way for the other ten. "We represent the ten million women who did their duty and voted!" the leader of the latter shouted. Each then recited a reason for voting. One forgot her part, but the fact was overlooked in the storm of applause which greeted the tenth and climactic one, "Because I am a Citi-zun and

Christ-yun." The ensemble of twenty-seven concluded with the song they had been rehearsing audibly and during the Rev. Mr. Henderson's address: "Come Out and Vote, Come Out and Vote," to the bellicose and resounding tune of "Maryland, My Maryland."

It was four o'clock when the chairman announced that Mrs. Dribble "would now take us all over the world," illustrating "all over" with outspread arms. "You White Ribboners," said Mrs. Dribble, "have the entire matter of Prohibition in your hands. You have the tremendous obstacle of a wet press which is under the thumb of the Liquor Ring. But if the printed channels are denied us we will pray for leaders who have the eloquence of Shakspeare and the tongue of Isaiah to broadcast this Wonderful Story. We will make the world dry so that no one, from the smallest toddling child to the feeblest man, can touch a drop. We will be fiery crosses for the cause."

At this point a delegate from Peace Dale fainted, and although there were cries of protest when the ushers opened the windows, it was finally concluded that a little ventilation was necessary.

"Think what a feat it was to abolish the licensed saloon!" continued Mrs. Dribble. "While I know that the blind tiger still thrives in your land and that bootlegging is rampant I think that with your rapidly increasing population and the growing number of automobiles this fact is of the utmost importance."

After Mrs. Dribble's address Miss Lucy Getz sang "Open the Gates of the Temple." The pianist had gone home, but within five minutes an accompanist was recruited. The song was brilliantly sung, despite the noise caused by departing delegates who had to hurry home to look to the evening meal or who had shopping to do before the stores closed. It was voted to postpone the delegates' parade around the church square until tomorrow. An anthem by the Silver Young Women's Jubilee Chorus closed the session.

II

A fervid spirit of brotherhood was the dominant note at a dinner of the Committee of International Coöperation to Prevent War. Nearly a hundred members were present to honor the guest, Miss S. Lucille Waite. Miss Waite related her experiences at a meeting of the League of Nations in Geneva and urged the committee to continue its "passionate work for the realization of that golden ideal, the brotherhood of man."

"This great country of ours, the greatest in the world, should join the League as soon as possible," she went on. "I always was an isolationist until I witnessed the meeting of representatives of nearly all nations of every color and creed, intent on the one purpose—how to prevent war, murder, and bloodshed. The solemnity of this occasion, when national barriers were met together and fused, so to speak, really convinced me we must belong to the League to insure our welfare and perpetuity as a nation among nations."

A rising vote of thanks was given to Miss Waite and a resolution adopted to have her address printed in a small leather booklet to be kept as a souvenir of the dinner. One other item of business was brought up. It was unanimously voted to accept the invitation of the Colonial Dames to have a joint luncheon on February 22 in honor of George Washington, "the first great American to stand for America," as the chairman said.

III

The indispensability of parent-teacher associations in the life of the community was stressed by Mrs. Mildred Dupont, deputy field secretary of the Playground and Recreation Association of America, at a get-together meeting of the State Congress of Parents and Teachers and the Main Street Mothers' Club.

"No organization in the world's history," she said, "has done more for pro-

moting companionship between parents, teachers and children than the P. T. associations, and I know your own work here bears me out in this. Recreational work supplemented by a municipal playground system, which is probably the most important development in social service of the last three centuries, should be the aim of all associations, and membership in our national body would aid you greatly in this worthy endeavor."

Nearly all of the fifty persons present joined in the discussion of the question: "Is lawlessness due to the unwillingness of citizens themselves to respect and obey the law of the land and to train children to obedience and respect for lawfully constituted authority?"

Following the announcement by Mrs. Pearl O. Appleby, secretary of the State Federated P.T. Associations, that four new clubs had been formed, there was a ten-minute demonstration in the nature of a parade up and down the aisles. It was ended abruptly by an accident to Miss Amelia K. Peck, who slipped and bruised her leg.

Plans were then made for a drive to get 2000 subscribers to the *Child Welfare Magazine*, official organ of the national society. It was voted to donate ten dollars to the Congress Whist Club and two dollars to the Needlework Guild. Mrs. Abbie Casey was appointed chairman of the Men's Night committee, and instructed to arrange a special musical entertainment for fathers. Refreshments were then served, consisting of ice-cream and cake.

IV

Two teams working in the \$10,000 drive for a dance floor at the Girls' City Club reported the sum over-subscribed by \$37 at the final dinner meeting.

By turning in \$59 more than the Boosters, the Boomers won the silk American flag for the highest total reported. The good-natured rivalry that had prevailed throughout the campaign ended in sharp remarks from the Booster workers when it

was learned that they had been barely beaten, and hints of unfairness in soliciting subscriptions were heard.

Miss Bess Krause, general chairman, congratulated all the workers and praised them for their energy in making the drive a success. "Although our appeal," she said, "was a worthy one and therefore sure of universal support, since no one can deny the importance of dancing as a form of exercise and social betterment, when properly supervised, there were some who opposed our work and made it hard for us. It was only by your untiring efforts as Boosters and Boomers that we, carrying the standard of Excelsior, surmounted the peak of achievement like the pilgrim."

President Clarence M. Hopkins, head of Esek Greene College, then made an address in which he praised the work of the club and outlined a programme of home study as a means of rounding out the girl into the ideal woman. Miss Julia Burdock, of the national staff of the Y.W.C.A., talked on the general theme of woman's place in the future.

"Woman," she said, "has a sense of internationalism lacking in man. This is because she came into citizenship too late to acquire the national sense that has permeated the life of man. A solidity is developing amongst the women of the world. The Y.W.C.A. has an international programme and we feel that we have an international interest. Women of all countries were friendly soon after the World War and this proves that the nations themselves can dwell in harmony and accord. There are more than five hundred international bodies at work, and their pressure in striving for world peace is tremendous. It is such clubs as yours that matter."

V

Lacking a quorum, the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Anti-Saloon League could not hold its monthly meeting. Only eleven members appeared in the parish house of All Saints' Swedish Church. It is thought that the

Eagles' convention parade detained the others.

VI

With twenty-nine regents from various State chapters of the Daughters of the American Revolution present, a Regents' Club was formed for the purpose of closer coöperation in the D.A.R.'s patriotic work in the State.

The club will have for its personnel all past and present regents and will have semi-monthly meetings in the form of teas at the homes of members. Miss Claribel Hoxie, always a charming hostess, was in her usual gracious mood. She was assisted in pouring tea by the regents of Phoebe Browne Ward and Nellie Nagel Howe Chapters.

Pink roses and pink tapers made an effective decoration for the table, which was set with old family china and silver of Revolutionary days. In this patriotic atmosphere it was fitting that a paper on "Our Independence," written by Miss Mary Stanley, should be read in her absence by Mrs. J. Sloat Tyson.

"It is apropos," read Mrs. Tyson, "that the Daughters should consider anew our Independence and keep ever burning in our breasts the Spirit of '76, that halcyon past which was virtually the beginning of our public-spirited organization, and when the Storm of Revolution crashed o'er the land and men looked at one another with a wild surmise. That great conflagration changed our fortunes radically—yes, most radically. It was the darkest hour before the dawning of a nation which was to make its women the equal of its men and give them the right of franchise. This is a sacred right, and the casting of a ballot should be approached as one approaches the sacrament. Remember, this organization stands for the Constitution, framed at a time of trial and tribulation, and it is our duty to observe the Nineteenth Amendment or the framers would not have inculcated it in that instrument of popular government."

It was agreed that the June meeting should be an outing instead of a business session. Business was ordered put off until Winter. Plans will be discussed for a Charity Ball at the next tea of the Regents' Club.

VII

Unbounded enthusiasm marked the first Fall meeting of the United and Coöperative Housewives' League on the second floor of the Public Market building. Mrs. Thaddeus Bookbinder was in the chair.

"With this initial season meeting," she said, "a period of activity begins in all branches of the League's work that will project further into the community than has been done in the past the idea that those factors that contribute to the protection of home are a vital business of the League, to be steadily fought for, and equally those that militate against home are to be warred against with all the force that one thousand women, united and harmoniously working in smooth coöperation like a well-oiled machine, can bring to bear on them." All the members agreed that Mrs. Bookbinder had given an admirable definition of the objects of the League.

"Inspection work last year," she went on, "continued to have a major part of the League's interest. Markets, groceries, bakeries, hotels, restaurants, sausage stands, candy and ice-cream factories and dispensaries were alike inspected. The committee condemned such places as were found unsanitary, but public opinion and the women's franchise have been so thoroughly aroused in the past few years over conditions that offend the seventh sense, that of cleanliness, and decency, that most places are now so clean that one could eat one's lunch off their very floors. Vile places, however, were conspicuously placarded, and those that do not bear our mark can be passed up by the discriminating housewife and mother.

"The legislative committee has begun agitation for stricter laws. Dietetic work was one of the League's most valued works

last year, and will continue to be under my present incumbency. The Nutrition Bureau and Salvage Shop gave significant contributions to the city's welfare, and the Board of Household Occupations will continue to furnish efficient helpers or 'accommodators' for a day's work of odd jobs.

"The League has shown it is in the country to help. For the first time in history the housewives of a nation are organized for placing their homes on a business budget basis. We are a powerful factor in our national political life and will forge an ever stronger chain of protection for home and justice for the housewife."

VIII

Delegates from fifty churches attended the annual convention of the Two-State District Epworth League in Trinity M. E. Church. The morning session was given over to business and an address by the Rev. Luke Colfitts, D.D., professor of Biblical Hebrew in Esck Greene College. Dr. Colfitts outlined the evils resulting when parental obligations are lightly considered and forcefully presented the life-long influence for good of parents who make pals of their children.

Luncheon was served on the lawn and the roll was called at 1.30 P.M. Diplomas were presented to four delegates who had completed the Summer Institute course of Sunday-school teachers' training. Then came the address of Miss Henrietta Boyle, third vice-president of the General Union of Women's Clubs of the United States.

Miss Boyle said the evils of the streets would be eliminated if places for young girls to gather were provided and interest in church work stimulated. "Associate with the girls," she counselled, "and help them or they will meet their boy friends on the street, with you know what dire consequences." She declared that such asso-

ciation would help older women in regaining their youth, and that the girls themselves would enjoy their beaux's company better with chaperones present. A resolution was adopted, following her speech, to form a Young Girls' Fireside Entertainment Circle, and Miss Boyle was voted an honorary life member.

Miss Leffie Scribner, president of the State Women's Law Enforcement League and an organizer of the Get Out the Vote Club, then spoke on "The Religious Woman's Influence in Politics." She divided her address into three parts, Woman, Ideals and Government. Harking back to Old Testament days, she mentioned Miriam, "who helped Moses in governing Deborah, in whom the spirit of woman found expression," and Esther, "able to save a nation." Then she led up to "Mary, who, according to the prophets, was bringing forth a child, and the government shall be on his shoulders."

"It is in the capacity of woman," she continued, "to work out her ideals in a way that the government will be greatly aided along lines of truth, purity and right living. No claim is made that woman can kick over the government machine, but I am impressed with the firm belief that the heaven is everlastingly at work and reform will come in time. We are in the fight to stay, with every fibre of our heart and mind."

The Epworthians were urged to take for a year the *White Cross of Christianity*, a weekly magazine devoted to church progress and activities. Nearly all the delegates subscribed. Mrs. John L. Devine then made a few remarks on sending a delegate to the national Epworth League Conference, and traced the history of the Epworth movement. She was chosen to represent the Two-State body. The convention was brought to a close with prayer and the singing of hymns.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Architecture

TOWERS

BY LEWIS MUMFORD

IT is deep twilight. Through a studio window, twenty stories above the street, a black mass of buildings stands out against the sky, while in the distance the lights of the city begin to come out, singly and in constellations, like sudden stars. As evening settles down, the streets and buildings exhale a dim corona of light. The Architect and the Critic, hunched up against a corner of the window, not far from a drafting-table, have the distorted outline of imps.

ARCHITECT—You haven't said anything for a long time: the scene has taken your breath away; and yet it is only a hint of the architecture of the future.

CRITIC—It is not the architecture that has taken my breath away. I have felt the same when twilight fell on a mountain side: it is partly the height, and partly the isolation, and partly, I think, it is a feeling of terror which has about the same relation to æsthetic ecstasy as flagellation has to the beatitude of a saint. I am moved and stunned by these buildings; or, to speak more exactly, I am obliterated. If their purpose is religious, they have accomplished it.

ARCHITECT—Come, come: you are overdoing it a little. These are office buildings and they serve a purely practical end. Their æsthetic effect, I confess, is partly lost in the street; and I am glad you've dropped in on me so that you can see their mass and shape, as I see it every day. You will soon share my enthusiasm for the skyscraper.

CRITIC (*Sardonically*)—At sunset, I suppose, when the day's work is over, the inhabi-

tants of these buildings bathe themselves and put on clean garments and ascend to the towers, for their evening contemplation, lifted above the dull routine and sordid worries of the day. Curious! we seem almost alone up here. Have our neighbors performed their devotions?

ARCHITECT—You are trying to belittle and diminish the experience you are having; but you may mock as you will, the truth is that these office buildings, the architectural forms of a purely practical age, are able by sheer constructive power to achieve an æsthetic effect comparable to that of the pyramid-builders of Egypt or that of the cathedral-builders of the Middle Ages. The buildings serve a direct practical purpose, of course: people work here, do accounts, write advertising, and sell goods; but over and above all this stands the form of the structure itself, and to my mind the success of the modern skyscraper proves that the artist has only to work in the spirit of his age to get all the employment he cares to have. The people who call themselves artists, particularly the modernists, who do on canvas what they ought to be planning in solids, are chronic unemployables.

CRITIC—Just the opposite thought has occurred to me, my friend. You are attempting to accomplish in architecture what you should attempt only within the safe and limited frame of a picture. The effect of these gigantic buildings is to arouse an emotion of religious awe and ecstasy in the mind of anyone who contemplates them. It is an admirable result; but it does not touch very freely on the activities of the clerks and business men who occupy these buildings in the daytime. So far from admiring these

great voids and spiny solids, they are indifferent to them. In the evening, they hastily drop into the subway and bury their heads in newspapers; presently they squeeze through the doors of their apartments, into rooms that are neither spacious nor beautiful. To satisfy their eyes, they have the motion pictures; for their ears, they have the phonograph or the radio; for their love of adventure, the automobile; and without these physical instruments they have almost ceased to function. Deprived of newspapers they cannot think, and without photographs they observe nothing and remember nothing. I exaggerate the evil, of course; but with all due allowance, the towers you are creating are not for the mass of men to enjoy. You have built for those who are still old-fashioned enough to enjoy a contemplative life.

ARCHITECT—You are introducing your usual sociological considerations; and frankly, I can't see that they have anything to do with the matter. My interest in buildings is the sculptor's interest: I take satisfaction in our new mechanical achievements because they enable the architect who dares to work adventurously in steel to achieve æsthetic results which were quite beyond the highest skill of a more pedestrian age. An æsthetic form is its own justification. If only a handful of people are sensitive enough or intelligent enough to enjoy Mr. Harmon's Shelton or Mr. Corbett's Bush Tower, one can say the same thing of Chinese painting or modern French art. Under modern conditions you do not perhaps respond to an æsthetic stimulus throughout the day, as an Athenian must have responded to the buildings of the Acropolis, or as a citizen of Rothenburg must have felt in his market-place. When the opportunity does come, however, it is all the keener; and the difficulties in the way of seeing our skyscrapers at their best are much less than those which keep people from being acquainted with Cézanne.

CRITIC—I quite agree that an æsthetic form is its own justification—so long as it is content to remain purely an æsthetic form. The emotions that are aroused in me, as I stand gazing over the city now, are quite proper to æsthetic contemplation. Translated to canvas, these forms would be beyond good and evil, to say nothing of sociological criticism. Unfortunately, the playthings of your imagination exist also in the real world. People work in these buildings, chiefly under imperfect artificial light. By crowding thousands of them on streets that were meant only for hundreds, and then sending them to a distant dormitory area at night, you cause congestion of traffic. To remedy this you build more transit lines, open up new territory, and again increase the congestion at the center; and so land values increase in the business district and the skyscraper becomes economically inevitable. In short, for the æsthetic privilege of enjoying these fine masses of stone and steel you create innumerable horrors and difficulties. Do you not see that from the standpoint of an intelligent and humane observer, this somewhat spoils the æsthetic effect?

ARCHITECT—You talk as if the architect were free to do as he pleases. The fact is, of course, that he is the servant of his client. The architect does not create the situation in which he works: his genius consists in taking advantage of it. The high building did not become an aid to the architect's imagination until the heights-of-buildings ordinances made it necessary for the business man to set back the upper stories, instead of occupying the maximum floor-space to the top story. Now, however, that we have seen what splendid effects we can get under these setback restrictions by modelling the mass, there are some of us who want to carry the process to its logical conclusion. We dream of a whole city built vertically, instead of spread out over the land in the old way. See here: [*He goes*

over to the drafting-table and turns on the light and lays out a series of sketches.] These are some of our anticipations for future buildings. Suppose up to the twentieth floor we build offices: at this point we will lay out a system of aerial avenues and streets, and above them will be the residential section, consisting of apartments and gardens, terraced at every five floors or so. Or, again, why should we not tear down our present tenement blocks, and build them up vertically, using the space we thus save for gardens?

CRITIC (*Soberly*)—These anticipations of yours confirm all my doubts as to your present triumphs. You have taken the world as it is, and crystallized it in your imagination as a Utopia; and in perfecting what was bad you have naturally created something much worse. What makes the cities we live in today tolerable is that there is still an occasional opportunity to escape from these bleak streets or to dodge occasionally the industrial grind. You dream of a city where escape will be impossible. The upper floors of these great terraced buildings will obviously be only for the rich; if for no other reason than that the cost per room in such a building would be far beyond the pocketbook of the great mass of manual and clerical workers. But for Mr. Zero, you say, you will create great skyscraper tenements, surrounded by gardens. A pretty delusion! As soon as you have built a skyscraper, the land around it becomes too valuable to be used for gardens. One cannot preserve garden space under these conditions without putting a firm check on the rapacities of the landlord and the business man. When you are willing to go so far, your skyscraper-tenements are gratuitous: you can have the gardens without building the houses on end. If it is homes and gardens that you are after, you will have to begin by tackling the social and economic elements, rather than the mechanical factors; and when you do this, as the followers of Mr. Ebenezer Howard

are doing in England and the Netherlands today, you will find it unnecessary to send your structural rockets into the sky. Even from a purely mechanical standpoint, these elaborate hives of yours seem to me a little obsolete. Why should you crowd people together in towers when the automobile and the telephone and the radio permit them to spread over a wide area and yet be in quick and constant communication?

ARCHITECT—You needn't argue so heatedly. You are taking these fantastic drawings of mine a little too seriously; perhaps I was letting my imagination go a bit; but as I said before, I am interested in the æsthetics of the tall building, and I have never really bothered to work out the economic problems.

CRITIC—No: the business man will of course do that for you; and believe me, he will wake you up quite suddenly when he finds you picking flowers in the hanging gardens of Cockaigne.

ARCHITECT—Why on earth should you rant so against these plans and projects? Even granting that they would be a little difficult to put into operation today, there's no reason why we shouldn't look forward to them and work toward them, is there? The tall building does somehow express our peculiarly modern aspirations.

CRITIC—Height is a matter of scale. If all the buildings in a neighborhood are twenty stories high, a forty-story building is just half as high as an eight-story building set in the midst of two-story structures. Unlike the German, Dutch, and Finnish architects, you do not seem to be able to think of modern forms without thinking of high ones. Your sculptural interest in building is quite legitimate; but it is an unhappy accident of your environment that makes you confine this interest to skyscrapers. Your bias seems to me a real defect. It is only for some specifically religious work that the architect should think in terms of mass on the scale that you conceive it:

otherwise it is an imbecility, for men build houses and gardens expressly to overcome the chilly immensity and indifference of the natural environment; and your skyscraper is as formidable as Nature itself. Genuine architecture consists in making the size and shape of the building suit the purpose for which it is used. The modern skyscraper glorifies the powers of business and increases ground-rents; at the same time it exhibits proudly the manifold devices of modern engineering. This doubtless causes satisfaction to the business man and the engineer. In building a home, a theatre, a college, a church, a library or a garden, however, these purposes are not merely foreign: they are hideously contradictory. If men liked the environment of the office building they would not in such large numbers escape to the suburbs; and although business and industry are fast making prisoners of us all, there are murmurs of revolt among the more intelligent part of the population: the public that sees "The Adding Machine" and "R. U. R." and "Beggar on Horseback" have begun to laugh on the other sides of their faces. Take what pleasure you can in the service of business, but

don't imagine that the skyscraper is the pattern of the heart's desire and the very mansion of the soul. You must learn to purchase your æsthetic effects a little more cheaply. I repeat: it would be well to try canvas.

ARCHITECT—Your tirade leaves me quite unconvinced. But it is time to be drifting home now; you know I must catch a train at 9.20 for Darien, where I spend about half my time.

CRITIC—Yes: I passed your little estate one Sunday afternoon last Spring and caught a glimpse of you pruning the pear trees in back of that charming little Colonial house. Your deeds are much more admirable than your dreams. For one thing, they are much nearer the earth.

ARCHITECT—And you—you criticise these towers, and imply that we all ought to live in garden-cities; and yet, I see, you continue to remain in the heart of the metropolis.

CRITIC—Quite so: that is why I realize its defects so much more keenly than you appear to. At any rate, night has fallen on the city, as well as on our argument; and it is a blessed relief. Without darkness and fog, how could the architect get along?

Sociology

THE DRUG ADDICT

BY ROBERT A. SCHLESS

A DRUG addict looks and behaves no more like his stage impersonator than a theatrical Irishman or German or Jew is like his prototype. In fact, some thousands of cases have taught me the great difficulty of diagnosing narcotism, in the majority of instances, with anything like legal certainty. One pictures a wild-eyed trembling wretch, who jumps at a shadow. One sees instead a group of rather quiet and easy-going men and women who look no more like "dopers" than criminals resemble the so-called criminal type.

The menace of the drug addict to society exists, I believe, mainly in the minds of the uninformed, and it has been instilled therein by such enthusiasts as hoodwinked us in our grammar-school days with alarms about the effects of alcohol. A fair proportion of felons, true enough, are addicted to drugs, but few of them were users first and criminals thereafter. Our court records show quite the reverse. Sex crimes, which are commonly regarded as a natural result of drug taking, actually never occur among addicts, for their sexual desires, and even their sexual functions, are entirely dormant while they are "on the stuff." Murder and assault are rare among them, and

the taking of drugs impels to robbery only because they are very expensive. This last indirect criminal result of drug addiction has been caused by the unscientific and illogical methods taken to stamp out the habit. Drug users are notably loyal and affectionate husbands or wives, and it is extremely rare for the wife of an addict, herself not a user, to make an attempt to have her husband forcibly cured of his habit. She usually does so, indeed, only when his heavy expenditures, together with his lessened earning powers, have made difficulties that are purely financial. There is not nearly so much wife beating, desertion, or other evidence of family disruption among this group as there is among chronic alcoholics.

As to the physical effects of drug-taking, it is axiomatic among physicians of large first-hand experience that no permanent organic injury is caused by narcotics when they are used in the usual quantities. On this score, drugs are infinitely less harmful to the body than alcohol. In a constant tippler, changes occur in the liver, kidneys, heart and blood vessels that no abstinence can ever eradicate. But I have yet to see a drug addict who, on being entirely cut off from his narcotic for, say, from three to ten months, could be differentiated by most careful physical examination from non-users of the same age. Indeed, only the scarred arms and thighs caused by unclean hypodermic injections and the tell-tale slate blue tattoo caused by cocaine betray the erstwhile addict. I remember one man who was fifty-two years old and had used drugs uninterruptedly for twenty-some years, yet he was sufficiently fit in appearance to be accepted for service in the Army during the late war, when he gave his age as thirty.

I used to be much puzzled by the frequency with which Negro addicts are found. That so serene a race should have a penchant for the decadent thrill of narcotics seemed very strange. But talks with colored drug users have brought to light the startling fact that their "habits" have been

brought from the Black Belt of the South in the recent heavy immigration northward. Some of the Southern plantation owners, seeking to stem the sweep across the Mason and Dixon line, have encouraged and abetted the use of heroin and cocaine among their field hands, and tried to chain them to their source of supply. Negroes seem to suffer very slight damage from drugs; probably the toxicity of such drugs is directly proportionate to the nervous complexity of the user. Certainly it is common to find colored men and women whose indulgence is mild and sporadic, and unaccompanied by any visible physical deterioration.

As a rule, habitués who use drugs in large amounts are characterized by pallor and varying degrees of emaciation, due in large measure to the obstinate constipation that is a concomitant of indulgence. On the cessation of drug taking the restraining effects of the narcotic are removed, and there is an abundant discharge of nervous energy, with overactivity of the depressed organs and an exuberance of sexual desire. It is in this stage that the few medicines used in treating addicts are administered. This period of breaking the habit lasts from one to four days, rarely longer. In my records I can find but one in every two or three hundred cases where even a single injection of morphine was required in treatment. I find little justification for the prolonged withdrawal method, and favor full withdrawal—the process known as "cold turkey." In the former, the period of craving is prolonged ten-fold, and the total time required to clear the system is increased by weeks, with no advantage in any way. Certain drug sanatoria advertising the "slow withdrawal" cure offer an emergency haven for well-to-do addicts whose source of supply has been temporarily suspended, due to police activity or family interference. The rich addict who has used, say, twenty grains of heroin a day is admitted for treatment, and, claiming a greater use, is put on a regimen that keeps him comfortable until another il-

licit, unlimited source of supply has been established.

How does a drug addict get started on his habit? Many believe it is commonly initiated by the therapeutic administration of opiates, causing a craving that persists long after the original malady has subsided. Nothing could be further from the truth. The drugs used by addicts are not employed in medicine in amounts that produce the characteristic effects, save in two legitimate instances—for severe pain, where even large doses expend their effect so completely that there is no excess to produce stimulation, and secondly, in the latter stages of torturing, incurable disease, where habit-producing is, of course, not to be thought of. How then, are we to account for the use of narcotics among so many young people? Almost invariably our offenders are boys and girls in their teens or early twenties, or, if they are older, they admit having used drugs since youth.

I believe that most drug addiction today is due directly to the Harrison Anti-Narcotic Act, which forbids the sale of narcotics without a physician's prescription. Prior to the passage of this act, there was a limited number of drug addicts who went to the corner druggist for their day's or week's supply. They paid a moderate price for the then legitimate article of sale, and the druggist, upheld by professional traditions that are only too often scoffed at, would no more dispense heroin or morphine to a curious adolescent than the old-time bartender would sell whiskey to a child, especially since the profit was small and the temptation, therefore, not inordinate. But with the passage of the Harrison Act the old addicts were immediately shut off from their old source of supply. The demand remained; the supply was almost nil. Following inevitable economic law, illicitly obtained drugs went sky-high, and the prototype of the bootlegger, the dope peddler, appeared upon the scene. In a few months, these men made fortunes that would be the envy of bootleggers. Sources were established abroad—even, it is whis-

pered, with certain smug old pharmaceutical houses in this country. Bottles of cocaine, bearing the stamp of a Holland manufacturer, were soon circulating. Heroin was being sold on the street corners in "dollar decks" containing a grain or two of the drug adulterated with several grains of sugar of milk. Now the vest pockets of the dope peddler are equivalent to the warehouses of the bootlegger. The latter is at the mercy of his customer, for there is nothing confidential in liquor; the man who buys brags of it and makes small secret of his source of supply. But the drug addict is not only a criminal in legal theory, but a criminal in court-room fact, and the secrecy in which he uses his drug acts as a cloak of protection for the peddler.

Did the peddler but supply the old addicts and the former small annual number of recruits to narcotism, the worst of it would be the rise in prices that incites to crime. But having no professional ethics and with the law already against him, he has become the great disseminator of the habit. In the hang-outs of thieves, in the bawdy houses, even in the jails he offers "happy dust" or "snow" to the tyro in misdemeanor. Once a user, always a customer. In the same spirit in which a better class youth is urged to take a drink and be a man, the youth of the underworld is given a drug and valiantly strives to "take his as steady as the next one." Snow parties are the equivalent of flask parties. The foundation of all vice is curiosity. Every first time is an addition to life-experience.

Addicts who are broke act as *agents provocateurs* for the peddlers, being rewarded by gifts of heroin or credit for supplies. The Harrison Act made the drug peddler, and the drug peddler makes drug addicts. So intimate is this association, so intricate is the relationship of user and supplier, that the courts, valiantly attempting to differentiate between the criminal sellers and their entangled victims, are nonplussed. The professional peddler is often a user too. The user is often a peddler or peddler's agent.

The courts are now concentrating on the

professional peddler and no mercy is shown him when he is brought to justice. But even he is not the prime mover in the tragedy. He is but the economic result of the unsound theories of our legislators. Jail him, and a successor is always at hand to supplant him. Addicts, meanwhile, are committed to corrective and reformatory institutions to be built up physically by fresh air, out-door work and the total dep-

rivation of narcotics. After months of vigorous training of the body, and restoration of the weakened morale that made the habit possible, these former "dopers" have commonly gained fifteen to fifty pounds in weight, are sound in wind and limb, and glow with new health. They step out of the reformatory gate vigorous and restored—and ready to be accosted by another peddler.

Philology

WALT WHITMAN'S NEOLOGISMS

By LOUISE POUND

WALT WHITMAN took many liberties with the English tongue when he wished to reach certain effects. Along with his polyglot borrowings, such as *allons* and *ma femme* from the French, *cantabile* and *romanza* from the Italian, *libertad* and *Americano* from the Spanish, *rhythmus* from the Latin and *eidolons* from the Greek, he liked vernacular coinages or manipulations, or archaic revivals. When taken from their contexts these locutions often seem forced or absurd. But they are always clear, and, in their connection, read by those who are used to Whitman's verbal divagations, they seem appropriate and effective. They sound as he wished them to sound and they convey the meanings that he wished.

He was especially fond of launching agent-nouns: he had people constantly in mind. His poetry is thronged with human figures, types and classes and personifications. He had a special partiality for feminine abstract conceptions in *-ess*, some of which had book currency, some not. These he introduced characteristically in apostrophe:

Dispensatress, that by a word givest a thousand miles, a million farms, and missest nothing, Thou *all-acceptress*—thou hospitable, (thou only art hospitable as God is hospitable).

—*The Return of the Heroes*

Approach strong *deliveress*,
When it is so, when thou hast taken them I joyously sing the dead.

—*When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed*

Then courage, European revolter, *revoltress*!
For till all ceases neither must you cease.

—*To a Foiled European Revolutionaire*

Protectress absolute, thou! bulwark of all!

—*Song of the Exposition*

Lo, *Vitress* on the Peaks,
Where thou with mighty brow regarding the world . . .

—*Vitress on the Peaks*

Some examples of the agent-nouns in *-ess*, liked by Whitman, which are not used in direct address are:

The *Originatress* comes,
The nest of languages, the bequeather of poems,
the race of eld,

—*A Broadway Pageant*, 2

Here spirituality the *translatress*, the openly avow'd

The ever-tending, the finalé of visible forms,

—*Starting from Paumanok*, 5

To work as tailor, *tailoress*, nurse, hostler, porter,

—*Song of the Exposition*, 7.

They shall train themselves to go in public to become orators and *oratresses*

—*Mediums*

These feminine formations (some, like *tailoress*, *protectress*, are by no means peculiar to Whitman) may not seem very striking when we think of our present-day ventures in *-ette* or *-ine*, such as *slackerette*, *conductor-ette*, *hoboette*, *actorine*, *batherine*, *doctorine*, or the now bygone *farmerette-soldierine* of the newspapers; but they were unusual for the language of poetry when he wrote. His coinages of masculine agent-nouns fluctuated between the suffixes *-ist*, *-ite*, *-ee*, and the staple *-er*:

. . . are all, to the eye of the *ensemblist*, but necessary sides and unfoldings . . . in the endless process of Creative thought,

—*Specimen Days*

The consumptive, the *erysipalite*, the idiot, he that
is wrong'd . . .

—*The Sleepers*, 7

O Hymen! O *Hymenee*!

—O *Hymen*! O *Hymenee*!

A drunkard's breath, unwholesome cater's face,
venereal's flesh

—*A Hand Mirror*

There are other interesting examples of agent-nouns to be found in Whitman's pages. He employs the truncated *technist* instead of *technicist* or *technician*. He uses *counteraetant*, which is ordinarily impersonal, as a personal word. He ventures *civilizee*, a word also appearing in Sir Richard F. Burton's "The City of Saints and Across the Rocky Mountains to California" (1861), which he may or may not have known, and he prefers a plural *avataras* to the usual *avatars*. A characteristic group of his personal nouns arose from the shortening or manipulation of native words or loan-words. For *savant* he used *savan*, a form, in occasional use before his day, which arose by misapprehension from the Old French spelling of the plural (*savans*). His *habitan* (doubtless pronounced by him *abitan*) is a variant of *habitant*, which is used by natives of French descent in Canada and also in Louisiana, a State in which he spent some months. *Habitan* was used by Washington Irving and other writers. Whitman shortens the Latin *literatus* to *literat*. *Philosoph* might be an independent shortening of the English word, or it might come from the French *philosophe* with dropping of the final *-e*, or it might be an archaic resurrection. *Somnambule* (Old French *somnambule*, Latin *somnambulus*) sounds like an independent shortening, although it is to be found in the pages of James Fenimore Cooper and other writers.

Whitman's coinages of abstract nouns show the suffixes *-ad*, *-ism*, *-ion*, *-cy*, *-ness*, *-ship*. His *presidentiad* is more effective than the *presidentship* of others. *Savantism* is the title of a poem. He refers to *scientism* and to *partialisms*, but so have others. *Compaction*, which he likes, is obsolete or rare. His neologisms among abstract nouns

are as many and as varied as his agent-nouns and personal nouns:

The nomination and the contest for the twenty-third *Presidentiad* draw close, with loudest threat and bustle.

—*Democratic Vistas*

Who are they as bats and night-dogs askant in
in the capitol?

What a filthy *Presidentiad*!

—*To the States*

. . . we suggest a science as it were of healthy average *personalism*, on original-universal grounds.

—*Democratic Vistas*

To me the crown of *savantism* is to be, that it surely opens the way for a more splendid theology. . . .

—*Preface*, 1876

. . . there was never such a thing as the origin of *loaferism*.

—*Sun-Down Papers* No. 9, *From the Desk of a Schoolmaster*

. . . together they would give more *compaction* and more moral identity (the quality today most needed) to these States.

—*Democratic Vistas*

. . . I will see (said I to myself) whether there is not, for my purposes as poet, a religion, and a sound religious *germanency* in the average human race. . . .

—*Ibid.*

. . . the formulation, expression, and *aidancy* whereof, is the very highest height of literature.

—*Ibid.*

Too democratic for such *avoidances*

—*Preface* of 1891

More precious than gold to me that *dissertation*—it afforded me, ever after, this strange and paradoxical lesson:

—*Specimen Days*

And a *compend* of *compends* is the meat of a man or a woman

—*Song of Myself*

The rare *offent*, perhaps derived by him from Shakespeare, was a word of which Whitman was fond. Again:

. . . and the problem of human *cravingness* be satisfied and destroyed

—*Letters from Paumanok*, No. 3

Here lands female and male,
Here the heir-ship and *heirress-ship* of the world,
here the flame of materials

—*Starting from Paumanok*, 5

Whitman used the infinitive of the verb, *to sit*, as a noun with a plural. This is the process which has brought into the language the nouns *divide*, *meet*, *cut*, etc., and the recent noun *sing* or the colloquial plurals *eats*, *feeds*, *smokes*. He coined one new word with the prefix *dis-*, probably

independently, though Worcester cited the word in 1861 as used by Johnson:

. . . judging by his books, personal *dis-sympathies*, etc.

Two plurals of a diminutive of *poem* appear in Whitman's writing, one in his prose and one in his poetry. Both are forms which he alone would care to use:

There are too many of the following *poemets* about death

—A Preface Note, 1891

A cluster of *poemetta*. To My Soul

—*Rejected Lines and Passages*

Whitman writes *Grecia* to balance *Roma*. From the Latin he coins *luminè* from *lumen*, a word which he used twice, and from the French, with a Latin prefix, he makes *super-delicatesse*. His *formule* and *apostroph* are either truncations of *formula* and *apostrophe*, or are from the French. "Apostroph" is the title of a poem which was published in 1860 as a prefatory poem in "Chants Democratic." It was dropped in 1867. *Pave*, a shortening of *pavement*, was perhaps a current colloquialism in his day:

The blab of the *pave*, tires of carts,
Stuff of boot-soles, talk of the promenaders

—*Song of Myself*, 8

The name Canada, Whitman respells picturesquely with *k*:

We dwell a while in every city and town,
We pass through *Kanada*, the North-east, the
east valley of the Mississippi, and the Southern
States

—*On Journeys through the States*

Whitman exhibits a few adjectival, adverbial, and verbal coinages. Of greatest interest are his adjectives. Others have used his *excrementitious*, *artificial*, *auroral*, *infidelistic*, and Carlyle as well as Whitman used *beginningless*. Illustrative lines need not be cited. A Latin or French present participle appears in *admirant*. His *extatic* looks as though meant for *ecstatic*. Here is another:

I, chanter of Adamic songs. . . .

Deliriate, thus prelude what is generated, offering
these, offering myself

—*Agas and Agas Returning*

Some of the most characteristic of Whit-

man's adjectives arise, like many of his agent-nouns and abstract nouns, through curtailment. *Diminute* was used by Jeremy Taylor, but Whitman's *diminute* is probably an independent shortening of *diminutive*, like his *imperturbe* from *imperturbed* or *imperturbable*. *Longeve* may be a revival of an obsolete *longeve* or *longeve*, but more probably it is a shortening of *longevous*, liked by R. L. Stevenson and others. The not-often-used adverb *interiorly* appears in a prose passage—

Without being a scientist, I have thoroughly adopted the conclusions of the great savans and experimentalists of our time; and of the last hundred years, and they have *interiorly* tinged the chyle of all my verse.

—*Democratic Vistas*

A few verbal coinages and revivals remain to be noted. Whitman employs the awkward *alerted* and the convenient *memo-randize*. His *mildened* is used by Lowell also. He revives the Elizabethan *harbinger*. He is fond of *promulge*, a word used by standard authors which, in Whitman's pages, sounds like a back-shortening, like *enthuse* or *insurge*.

This exhibit of coinages and manipulations or revivals is not, perhaps, very formidable. Compared with the ventures of contemporary journalists, they may seem few in number and conservative, and the same is true of Whitman's slang expressions and colloquialisms. Nevertheless, for a serious poet, the array of his verbal novelties, when set over against those of his contemporaries, looms large. The trend was to be in his direction in the matter of informality and individuality in language, as it also was to be for so many of his doctrines. He is our contemporary in his democratic ideals, his international yearnings, his desire to confront the world as a whole, his wish for a larger, freer life for women, his advocacy of out-of-doors, his interest in eugenics, and his outspokenness in sex matters. In vocabulary, too, except for his peculiar reliance upon foreign loan-words, he better illustrates the taste of the Twentieth Century than that of the Nineteenth.

GEORGE MOORE AT WORK

BY BARRETT H. CLARK

IN a very literal sense George Moore's life is a long series of collaborations.

Though he has devoted many pages of melodious prose to a recital of his more picturesque ventures in quest of copy, there are still anecdotes, especially connected with his attempts to write plays, that ought to be related. No one who knows the man can doubt his frankness, and I am sure he would not willingly conceal facts, so long as they are interesting or picturesque. Moore has never scrupled to rearrange the facts in the history of his own career or in that of his friends, and he has from the beginning made generous use of other people's ideas. Henry James, unjustly I think, called him a picker of other men's brains. *Je prends mon bien partout où je le trouve*. Moore has made use of what he took quite as skilfully and as legitimately as Molière, and our quarrel with him is surely not over his borrowings. Indeed, we have no quarrel at all. My only excuse in jotting down these notes is a desire to record the literal truth about one collaboration.

Nearly all of Moore's dramatic experiments were collaborations. In all fairness to him it should be made clear that he finally rejected most of the suggestions made to him. Dujardin once told me that Moore used to send him French sentences for correction, but that in the final proofs the corrections were nowhere to be found; yet Dujardin's help was sought in this way year after year.

After fifty years of experiment Moore still believes he can write a good play, nor has anyone ever been able to convince him that pretty writing is not the first requi-

site of effective drama. To this day, in spite of his acute critical sense, he judges most plays according to their literary qualities. Yet all his own plays are potentially dramatic. "The Coming of Gabrielle" was begun many years ago, and now, under its third title, it is no better than when it appeared ten years ago as "Elizabeth Cooper": years of collaboration with Dujardin and the criticism of countless friends seem to have done nothing for the play.

Moore's plays are, as I have said, the result of collaboration. Dujardin labored for years on "The Peacock's Feathers" (now "The Coming of Gabrielle"); Martyn supplied the first story for "The Bending of the Bough"; Lopez was the (acknowledged) part author of "Martin Luther"; Arthur Kennedy's name appears conjointly with Moore's on one manuscript of "The Strike at Arlingford"; the first version of the dramatization of "Esther Waters" owes something to an unnamed "very intelligent young man," and the final version of the same play contains something of my own; John Balderston made a scenario of "The Brook Kerith," of which "The Apostle" is the outcome.

Doubtless the majority of these collaborations are not worth telling about; at least Moore has not yet considered the theme deserving of treatment.

Just when and how the first dramatization of the novel "Esther Waters" was made, I am unable to discover. At least one version was begun as early as 1910, for I find among his letters a reference to the "very intelligent young man" who is

working at it. Moore is "very sure" he will produce "excellent results." The play, with no mention of the young man, was produced by the London Stage Society in 1912 and printed in book-form in 1913.

It was in February, 1922, in the writing-room of the Brighton at Paris that George Moore asked me to help him with a new version of that play. I had told him I thought there were possibilities in the piece, and he agreed with me. At the time he had no inclination to sit down and pick the old play to pieces. If I had any ideas, he urged, I must jot them down, and on his return to Paris in a few weeks, we should see what could be done.

I got a copy of the novel and the play, and when Moore next came to Paris we were ready for work. Two months after our first discussion we breakfasted at the Café de Flore on the Boulevard Saint Germain.

"Well," he began before we were seated, "what do you think about the play?"

I told him I believed the first two acts might stand practically as they were written, but that the last two were bad. About the third I was uncertain. The first two followed the novel almost literally, but the third began to prepare for a melodramatic situation out of key with the rest.

"We shall need a new third act," said Moore, "and the last two must be dropped. The present third act can be revised and used as the last act of our new play. There is no reason why we should not have a conventional happy ending. It doesn't destroy the artistic unity of the story, and will help make it a commercial success. You are quite right in saying that the present five-act version is much too long. It will never do."

Eggs and bacon were now brought in, and hot steaming coffee. I had already breakfasted, and while Moore fell to, I did the talking.

"There is one point, Mr. Moore, I should like to raise."

"Yes?"

"I have always thought that Esther's meeting with William, an incident on which all the rest depends (I speak of the play, of course, *not* the novel), is entirely too casual; it hangs altogether on coincidence. William, I think, ought to have been looking for Esther, wanting her, still loving her. Their meeting is purely fortuitous. Now, I think—"

"No, no," he interposed with a scowl, "that's life. It must be casual. *You* are seeking to make it mechanical. That's just the way things happen in life."

"But all the subsequent action is made to depend upon a pure coincidence."

"Yes, yes, but that's the way things happen."

"In life, perhaps, and even to a certain extent in novels, but in plays is it not true that you must have a quick succession of cause and effect, leaving nothing (or almost nothing) to chance? Don't you believe that the dramatist *must* make his points clear—?"

Moore laid down knife and fork with a touch of annoyance. "But my dear young man, you want to tie up all the strings! Do you want to write a Scribe play?"

We got no further on this point at our first meeting, but turned next to a discussion of the new third act. Though Moore was afraid I was too anxious to bolster up the plot by what I deemed necessary logic, rather than "life," he invited me to undertake with him the re-writing of the play. There was no reason, he thought, why a good play should not succeed on the contemporary stage.

"These 'successful' managers! They produce a dozen stupid plays that fail, and persist in refusing good plays. Is that why they are called successful? They say to a good play, 'No, the public wants this and doesn't want that,' but what the hell do they know about it? I don't say I could choose a play that is sure to make a tremendous success, but I can certainly tell whether a play would fail instantly, or have a fair chance of success."

II

A few days afterward we dined at the Voltaire, a quiet old restaurant opposite the Odéon. It had been agreed that Moore was to put down his ideas regarding the general form of the new third act, and submit to me an agreement covering our work in collaboration. At the same time I was to state my own ideas, and when we should have agreed to the outline I was to go ahead and write the play anew. Moore had already made his notes for the new act, and these he read to me as we were waiting to be served. The new act was to begin with the coming of Esther's former mistress, Mrs. Barfield, to the home of Miss Rice, where Esther was in service. Esther is by now fairly happy, as she is able to support her little boy, and she has apparently forgotten her handsome seducer, William. The incident of the broken beer jug, described at length in the novel, was then to be introduced as the occasion of the meeting between Esther and William. This meeting was, of course, to happen off-stage. Meantime Mrs. Barfield and Miss Rice discuss Esther and Esther's fiancé, Fred Parsons. Toward the end of the scene Esther enters, very much upset. It is clear that the reappearance of William has stirred up old memories and that she is still in love with him.

"The end of the act," said Moore, as he laid down his notes, "might be Esther going to fetch William, and Miss Rice left waiting on the stage."

Though the "scenario" was brief and indicated only the general trend of the action it seemed satisfactory.

"Very well, then," said Moore, "I'll have this copied and sent to you, and you may go ahead and write it out. Use this outline if you can, or throw it aside if you don't want it. Whatever you think best. And if you like—though I advise you to do only one thing at a time—introduce any changes you wish in the other acts. I am sure we shall have a wonderful success with our play. I can see it now in its com-

pleted form, a far better play than the old one. I hope we shall make a great deal of money. I shall print the new version in one of the volumes of my collected edition that is to appear in America, together with 'The Coming of Gabrielle' and a one-act play I shall finish later on. But let us understand now that only my name is to appear on the printed edition. You understand that? It would be unwise for both our names to go on the title-page. You shall of course receive full credit on the manuscript and the program in case the play is produced. This must be clear now, for we must not quarrel. I am sure I should never dream of quarrelling with you, but we shall avoid misunderstandings if we make a written agreement. I will write you and you will send me an answer.—And now to business.

"I have thought over what you said last time about the coincidental meeting of Esther and William. I still think I am right, but I see that that incident must be somewhat expanded. You can do that when you write the act. You should have no difficulty, I believe. You can do the act in a week. There is no more than a week's work in it. When you finish it you can send it to me at Fontainebleau, and I shall look over it there. But not for a week, I beg you, because I shall be busy writing the Preface for my Collected Works. Live-right is pestering me, and I suppose I must do it."

We had finished dinner and strolled back to Foyot's through the narrow streets beyond the Odéon, the fading light of the April evening turning the old plaster façades of the tall houses a mellow orange. I stood uneasily in the courtyard of the aged hostelry, for I imagined that Moore was tired of talking. I did not know him well, for he insisted on my coming up to his room. He was "following the line" of his thought, as he phrased it, and to interrupt him at such a time is to court the much-dreaded Moorish frown. The rest of the evening was spent in discussing the technique of novels, the fatuousness of

Zola, the proper mode of address to a discarded mistress, American censorship, and the decay of painting. It was after midnight when Moore escorted me downstairs. We waked the concierge by offering him a large gratuity, and I started down the Rue de Tournon, only to turn back a moment later in response to Moore's remark that I "must not make the play too mechanical!"

Toward the end of the week I received the scenario for the third act, together with a letter in which the conditions of our collaboration were set forth. I was to "turn" the scenario "into dialogue," and Moore was to "re-write the dialogue, for as we agreed, the play cannot be in two styles." William was to be accepted by Esther at the end of the play, because Esther is unable longer to "stand the strain" of living without him. I was to try to place the manuscript in America, in which case it was to be signed by us both, but if it were to be played in London, by Moore alone. In any event I was to receive half the royalties from all stage performances.

These terms I accepted and at once set to work. When it came to "turning the scenario into dialogue," the process was not so easy as Moore had imagined. I therefore wrote a new act in which I explained briefly what had happened since the curtain fell on the second act, an interval of six years. I also added to the dialogue between Miss Rice and Mrs. Barfield a good deal of necessary information regarding Fred Parsons, whom I intended to introduce into the last act, otherwise the audience would have to take for granted the mere statement that Esther had thrown over her fiancé. I wanted to show the two men together. Finally, I furnished Esther with sufficient motive for behaving as she does, all mention of which was omitted in Moore's outline, and gave the act what I deemed a dramatic curtain. I then proceeded to go through the three other acts, all of which had to be modified in order to fit in with the third, and to in-

corporate certain matters which were left over from the old fourth and fifth acts. I cut perhaps twenty-five pages of the old dialogue, added a speech or a line here and there, and completely changed the ends of each act.

I then sent Moore the new act, the corrected text of the whole play, and notes explaining my reasons for each step in the work I had done. Two days later I received a letter from Fontainebleau. It was useless, Moore said, to write me a long letter, which would only "perplex and mystify" me; he would like to talk the matter over; would I not therefore come to him? Perhaps Mrs. Clark would also give him the pleasure of her company? We should have lunch and afterward we could "go into the dramatic question" in the garden. On second thought, however, the garden would not do: the "room I am writing to you from would doubtless be more appropriate."

III

Two days afterward I arrived, alone, at the Fontainebleau station in a pouring rain. Moore had walked all the way from the villa through the mud to offer me the shelter of his umbrella! Ah, Mrs. Clark was not with me? Too bad, too bad! "I had pictured her sitting in the garden, if the day had been pleasant, while we worked together on our play. But I dare say it is better she did not come. The garden would be detestable, and it is not pleasant to sit indoors on a Spring day."

At Le Val Changis I was perfunctorily introduced to the amiable Dujardin, and then hurried upstairs to Moore's bedroom.

"I thought it wisest," he began at once, "to bring you down here. Otherwise we might never have come to an understanding. We would have exchanged long letters and very possibly have arrived nowhere in the end. Sit down now and let me see what you have done."

"I am very well satisfied with the first half of the new act. That is splendid. But

you fail utterly after Esther's entrance. I didn't read any further. I couldn't."

"But," I venture to interrupt, "do you mean that the entrance itself is so shocking that the rest of the act couldn't possibly be good?"

"I only glanced at the rest. It was not necessary to do that. You start Esther off reasoning; you kill the whole damned act—I mean the last part of it."

I once again reminded Moore that it was necessary to motivate Esther's actions, and at that strategic point *prepare* not only for the scene to follow, but for the end of the whole play, the happy end we had agreed on. "Don't you see," I began, "she must have reasons, and the audience must understand—"

"My dear young friend, you want to explain the whole damned play out of existence. You are always giving reasons. The audience don't want reasons, they want drama. Esther is a woman of emotions, strong feelings, passions. People of her class don't reason. No, no, you are on the wrong track. You see, she must simply come in, after dropping the jug, burst into the room, and there you are."

"But, Mr. Moore, that will reduce our act to about five minutes of dialogue before Esther's entrance. When Esther comes in, if she is only to *feel*, you have no act at all. You can't have Maeterlinck's old man sitting before a fire, you know—at least in this sort of play—"

Moore's eyes glazed over. "What are you talking about? Maeterlinck—Maeterlinck?—Of course Esther says something: she relates the incident of the jug, blurting it out incoherently. Her whole life is finished, she says, and there's an end of your act. But if you insist on making the rest of the scene a long argument, with *reasons* and all, you'll have no *last* act at all."

"Passion, Mr. Moore, is all very well. I wish I could put it over better than I have done (I must leave that to you!), but after all, Esther is not an animal. She isn't in your novel, and even if she can't reason things out herself or clearly express her

mental processes, such as they are, the audience must realize *why* she behaves as she does." But I was talking to thin air, for Moore was following the line of his thought. He is not to be interrupted at such moments.

He rises from his chair at the table and begins walking to and fro before the open window:

"I must get the *tone* of the scene," he says, and keeps repeating—"the *tone*, that is what we must have. Let me see," and he waves his left hand gracefully, describing circles, as his blue eyes light up again. "Now, now I have it, I think! I can't give you the exact words, but this is—this is the proper *tone*—"

"And then Miss Rice tells her 'Here is your friend Mrs. Barfield, Esther,' and Esther says, 'Yes, Miss,' and then she sobs and Mrs. Barfield says, 'Tell us Esther what's the matter.' 'Oh, I couldn't, Ma'am, I really couldn't it's all too dreadful, Ma'am.' 'But what's too dreadful Esther, we can't help you if you don't tell us what's the matter.' 'Oh, I couldn't, oh, I'm so sorry Miss,' and so on and so on." Speech rolls out after speech without punctuation, but with a majestic rhythm accentuated by broad sweeping gestures. Moore tastes each word lingeringly as it falls from his lips, enjoying the deep sonority of his beautiful voice.

"There you are," he says with satisfaction, "those are not the precise words, but you have the *tone* of the scene. And then Miss Rice might rise and go over to Esther, and there you have your scene. Now let me see what else you have done." He sits again and takes up the manuscript.

"What's this? What have you done here? Ah, yes. Well, that's all right, but what's the matter with this speech? Why have you cut it out? What didn't you like? Oh—oh! Yes—yes, that's good. I should never have thought of that. Now here, in all this first part of the act, you have done very nicely. I see you've introduced a reference to Fred—what's his name? Fred Parsons, yes. That was necessary. Good!

Yes, the first fifteen pages are first-rate. They could hardly be better. Naturally, I think *I* can improve on the style here and there. Occasionally your locutions are not English. Here's an Americanism. Mrs. Barfield would never say 'a sip of tea,' but that is a detail. Nor would she think of kissing Esther. Dear no! But almost all your dialogue may stand as it is."

He now trots over to the far end of the room, his silky white hair streaming in the breeze that blows in through the window. The *tone* of the scene has once more eluded us. Ah, it comes at last!

"Now, let me see if we can't get the tone of the rest of that act."

He begins once more to describe circles in the air, chanting dialogue in a deep bass voice. But scarcely has the elusive tone been captured when we are interrupted by the cheery voice of Dujardin below, announcing lunch. Moore's arms fall limply and he mutters a long curse.

"Well! Are we never to be free from interruptions! I suppose we must go down to lunch now.—We've lost the tone! Let us hope we shall find it again. But we'll come up immediately after lunch." And we did, unceremoniously leaving the company at coffee.

It was not easy to recapture that tone.

"I almost had it," said Moore ruefully, looking like Don Quixote after a misadventure, "when we were called to lunch! Now tell me," he continues, sitting down opposite me, "I don't want to force my ideas on you: tell me frankly if you don't agree with me. You may, if you like, go ahead with your own version and send it to America as it stands. You may sign it yourself, call in your own play, 'adapted from the novel of George Moore.' I don't care a damn. But I advise you not to. I am sure it wouldn't be accepted. By making Esther a reasonable and reasoning girl, and explaining all her motives and thoughts, you will spoil the play. I'm not even considering it from a literary point of view. I'm simply thinking of the average audience. If you are not careful you will ruin

the whole thing. Remember, people want emotion, feeling, and not analysis. You analyze too much. Don't say you agree with me if you don't."

"I agree with you on general principles. Your *theory* is quite right. Emotion is, of course, what the audience wants, and emotion explains nearly all of Esther's acts, but *somehow* we must understand her emotions. It's all right for Lear or Othello to be as emotional as they like, but we, the audience, must know why."

"We are talking about Esther, so why drag in Shakespeare?"

"I was just illustrating my point, Mr. Moore. To resume: Esther (you make this clear in the novel) is religious, she is a 'good girl,' and she would not throw over Fred Parsons for William without thinking a good deal. She has a conscience, and having a conscience implies some sort of reasoning power. Let us at least have her reasons—"

"Damn her reasons! We don't want reasons! The girl loves one man and she doesn't love the other. What better reasons do you want?"

"True, but you forget that since the close of act two, six years have gone by, and we must know a little of what has happened to Esther during that time?"

But my reasoning is vain. Moore is seeking a new line of thought and his eyes glaze over. A moment later he rises and with fresh animation again begins his elliptical gesticulations. A flood of dialogue pours forth. "There is the way the scene should go," is the peroration of his remarks, which had followed much the same course as the speech he had made before lunch.

IV

We now turn to my revisions in the original printed text. The second act, laid in the home of the baby-farmer, Mrs. Spires, ends abruptly shortly after the entrance of the collector Fred Parsons. I had developed the scene, showing Esther succumbing to the fascination of the attractive

stranger. I had decided to make Esther's choice between him and William an important scene later in the play. Esther's religious propensities were to be used as the basis for her further interest in the devout Plymouth Brother. Since Esther is to be engaged to him in the third act, I believed it wise to "plant" this preparatory incident in the second.

The new scene elicited Moore's unqualified approval. "Just right," he says, and then turns to the earlier pages of the same act. He is curious to see what cuts I have made. He scrutinizes each alteration, and on reaching the old end of the act he smiles. There was a long soliloquy there spoken by Mrs. Spires, and this I had entirely cut.

"I suppose you would consider yourself eternally disgraced, as an up-to-date young man, if you had allowed my soliloquy to remain? Don't bother to explain, my dear friend: I daresay you are right. The soliloquy was bad, I see. Yes, yes, the new end is splendid.—But what's this?" He stops short, his eyebrows arch. He takes up his pen and deletes two of my new speeches. These were to end the act as I had written it. Mrs. Spires, seeing Esther go out with Fred, whispers to the girl, "'Old onto 'im, dearie, you don't find 'em every day!" to which Esther replies, "You wicked old thing." Not an inspiration, I admit.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" sighs Moore, "that's awful. 'You wicked old thing!' Why, the audience would laugh, and your act would be ruined." I defended the speech by saying that Esther, being rather naïve, would probably have used that very expression. "As a matter of fact, Mr. Moore, you yourself put into her mouth very much the same sort of thing."

"I! Oh, no, never in the world! She would never say anything like that." I then turn to the following speech, earlier in the scene: "You wicked woman! Oh, this is awful!" Moore admits this was bad, "but not so bad as yours!" he adds with a smile.

I had also cut perhaps eight pages in the

first act, especially the long speeches about horse-racing, and made a new ending. Likewise I had questioned the advisability of having Mrs. Barfield kneel and pray with Esther. To these cuts Moore agreed, but insisted that when the play was acted the prayer scene was effective.

To the new fourth act (the old third act re-written) I had added much new material, especially a long scene in which the two men, Fred and William, faced each other. This was done in order to preserve the suspense begun in the preceding act, and to introduce the sort of scene that always goes in the theatre, wherein a woman is forced to choose between two men. Had I acted on Moore's suggestion in regard to the third act, there would have been no fourth, and a fourth was necessary in order to show the development of Esther's character in accordance with what we know of it from the first part of the play.

Somehow Moore would not comment at length on the scene between the two men, though he did murmur that it seemed dramatic; but the moment we came to the scene where Esther is called upon to reveal the struggle that is going on between her affection for William and her sense of duty toward Fred, who has saved her and her boy, I am accused of having "intellectualized too damn much":

"Here," says Moore rapidly turning over the leaves, "here is more discussion, when all you want is passion. Esther doesn't argue, she takes William back because he says nice things to her, and holds her tight in his arms, reminds her of 'that soft night on the Downs, Esther, when you said you loved me,' and so on, and finally because he is Jackie's father, and that's all there is to it."

"But passion, Mr. Moore, that is dumb, cannot be made—"

"Oh, suit yourself, my friend, do what you like with the play! But I know these characters better than you do—that is only natural—and I think my suggestions may help you. Do you agree?"

"I know you haven't asked me to do this work just to have me say Yes to your suggestions. If that is all you wanted you might have dictated the play to suit yourself. I think it best for me to go ahead with 'my' version, and at the same time write another that satisfies you. Anyway, let me hear all you have to say."

"The trouble with us all," he proceeds, "is that we will not allow our characters to be their own natural selves. We over-write them. We are constantly over-writing. Shakespeare ruined Falstaff—that speech about honor in 'Henry IV' is entirely out of character. It's Shakespeare and not Falstaff. Sancho Panza in the First Part of 'Don Quixote' is marvelous, but in the Second Part Cervantes intellectualizes him. Reasons, you see, motives, analysis, explanation. They all do it, from Shakespeare and Cervantes to Moore and Clark. I myself am constantly doing it. I think the only time I was entirely successful in letting a character absolutely alone was with the fat man in 'A Mummer's Wife.' He is very good. My God, what wonderful things we do in our youth, we don't know how or why! As we grow older we become philosophical. Dramatic dialogue is very difficult. In a way it is like narrative description. It must follow, be coherent, and easy to read or listen to. For instance, I look out of this window. I see a sheet of water, a meadow, a stone wall, yellow flowers, tall trees and green lawns sweeping down to the river, the white clouds above, and so on. I can't jumble these all together; the sequence must be not only logical but easily apprehended by the reader. It's very hard to do. You can't jump about.—Now here is a good example of dramatic speech." He takes up the text to read Ginger's long description of the race at the end of the first act. A sullen scowl contracts his features.

"What's this! Why, you've cut that

speech!" He lets the book slide from his hands.

My reasons were good, I thought, for cutting the speech, and I did my best to explain them. Moore considered for a moment, and then:

"Well," he replied, "you are doubtless right about that. When the play was produced in London the speech was spoiled because the actor rattled it off so fast that nobody could understand a word." He then read the speech, slowly and with rhythmical emphasis, like a Dalcroze dancer performing an interpretative ballet. "Yes, you are right, I think: I am sure we couldn't find the actor for it anyway."

It was nearly time for my train, and as we walked to the station we planned further modifications.

"I think," Moore concluded, "we are agreed on the essentials. You will re-write the scenes we have gone over, and then send them to me. When I go back to London I'll add to the new act what I think is required, and then you can send your manuscript to America."

At the station Moore bought the latest papers from Paris, looking for news of the Carpentier fight.

"Listen to this," said he, spreading out the *Journal* over the bar: "It is estimated that each of the fighters will earn 4,500 francs a second.' Well, we may make that much if our play is ever produced!"

The train drew in, I hopped into my *troisième* with a bundle of manuscripts under my arm, as Moore stood with his umbrella in one hand and a crumpled newspaper in the other. He stood gravely looking at me as the train pulled out, smoothed his long moustache and with a quaint smile turned back into the station.

Today "my" version of "Esther Waters" reposes in the bottom drawer of my desk, while Moore's is going the rounds.

OF MOUNTAINS

BY LEONORA SPEYER

ALL through the night I am aware
Of hills that are not hills
Beyond my window;
I am aware of flight,
High, heavy,
Across the sky.

Mountains . . .
And over them a crumbling moon,
A snow-flake on fire,
Scattered from their frosty tips.

Stone wings,
So sure of the way!

Lying there I can see them
Blue hour on hour,
And from my safe pillow I follow
Their granite flight,
White hills fastened to my heels!

* * *

*Morning lies prone upon the lake,
Like a pale woman on a silver bed
Who will not lift her head.*

—I had forgotten the green of trees at
dawn, and how withdrawn are they from
day. I had forgotten too how trees stray
in their sleep across deep drowsy water,
until the first breeze ripples them away.—

*Along the shore
Are little boats that dream
Of little journeys they will make;
Of journeys made no more.*

—Far up the slopes gleam languid patches
of mid-Summer snow that never go; dim

flocks of snow among the rocks of a
perched mountain meadow.—

*Only the mountains are awake,
Guarding the vague low sky;
And a bird for its own song's sake;
And I!*

—Only a bird would dare to break the
stillness of this hour. Only a bird could
set it to music.—

* * *

Storms lie in their laps,
Thunders and lightnings play about their
iron knees;
I have seen them rock the sky to sleep

The mist lifts them;
Flint and ice floating as clouds float,
Unpeopled islands of a white unfathomed
sea.

They are like a vast crying turned to stone,
And beyond
Are stone echoes of the crying;
Beyond . . . and beyond . . .
Is a veiled whispering on its knees,
On its face,
Hushed finally on the far plains.

Out of blazing noon and into its cleft side
I creep,
To where the cataract,
Silver artery of the mountain,
Pounds through its bleak heart.

Abashed I stand in that covert place,
Silenced in the roar of the silent one.

Flowers and trees grow timid,
Follow me no further;
Grass runs to green safety on the lower
hills.

Under my climbing feet earth climbs
And starves,
Its boulders start like bones from its gaunt
sides;
Livid and alone,
It hurls itself forever upward,
Turned to blind stone
Beneath the glare of hostile spaces
And of skies estranged.

* * *

This is the Hill!
Mournful against the sky, and bare,
Where wind and darkness meet,
Crucified in the air.

And at its feet
The hills are gathered there,
Crowding and casting lots
For a green cloak to wear.

* * *

The way that I have come,
Winding so cannily,
Is a brown zig-zag serpent,
Alert along the tilting slopes,
Ready to leap and strike.

And looking down,
I fear its wily coils,
Knowing that I must tread them,
To reach again the village lying like a
cluttered toy
In the valley . . .
Where I shall sleep to-night.

* * *

They say the sea was here;
And it is like the sea to-day.

Waves, waves,
Green tides and tempests,

Closing in on me,
Granite waters that have crashed together,
Flooded and filled the deep places!

What are a million years?

And they say the jungle crawled, lush and
savage,
In this stark place.
Once I saw a glacier-rock
Lying numbered on a museum-shelf,
And as if carved upon it,
The drooping slender outline of a palm-
leaf
Fallen from a too hot sky.

Count on, stone fingers!
Fingers of ice, recount these careless won-
ders!

The sea was here.
Hidden beneath the ripples of little hills
Cattle are grazing on its grassy floor;
The sound of bells drifts by,
Like sea-weed on the surface of the air.

What are a million years?

* * *

Looking up
I see strange beauty . . .
Of clouds and mountains
Mating.

I see white clouds
That pace the high blue aisles;
And I see lifting rock
That lifts still higher.

Night . . .
With her misty curtain . . .
And down the deepening hour,
Veils . . .
Falling . . . falling . . .

Looking up and up!

*Dusk wanders here alone;
No cloud or star runs at her side,
The lit sky is her own.*

*Along her paths of snow,
In that far, fearless garden,
She walks alone;
And from the hills below
I watch her gathering strange flowers,
Roses in ice and stone.*

* * *

All day the church-bells
Showering from the slim gold steeples:
Drops of cool sound
That seem to glisten in the sun.

Bells,
Sprinkling notes like holy water
On to the graves below,
On to the marble crosses about the church-
yard.

And over them,
High over,
The gold Christ on His meek towering
Cross,
Crucified Shepherd of the marble flock
That waits . . .
In orderly rows about the church-yard.

* * *

But at evening
The mountains lean out of the sky
To drink the glossy waters of the lake.

So came Hannibal's elephants,
Humped gray backs,
Heads lowered,
Lumbering through the passes,
Knee-deep in the deep water.

Snow clings to their rough flanks,
Their shoulders heave under the red and
purple blows
Of the sun-set;
Detached from earth and sky,
They emerge,
They tread mightily up the valley.

And I watch them,
Mild beasts wading into the lake,
And I wonder they do not shatter its
bright mirror.

* * *

*The boatman glanced along its darkening side,
From the pale water paler with the night,
And in his face I saw a sturdy pride,
An understanding of its strength and height,
Its silences, its storms, its lonely ways:
He who had lived beside it all his days.
He pulled upon his oar, and naught he said;
But in his eyes were hills inherited.*

* * *

Under the iron wheels that lift us,
And about the sooty scars that tunnels
make,
The mountain scatters flowers from an
ample garden . . .
Fox-glove and hare-bell pirouetting on the
dizzy ledges . . .
And we of the Summer valley
Stumble shivering along its constant
snows,
On feet that never climbed.

Our voices are thin in the thin air,
Our little hearts thud strangely;
We are near the nearness of its swift deaths
On these implacable heights,
Death, in the swerving rock and blue bit-
ter ice,
Death, in the sly shrouds that hang from
its gray banks,
Death indifferent.

And we shall trickle down to life again
Unimportantly,
We of the Summer valley.

* * *

And suddenly I fear them.
There is a howling in the air
That is the voice of mountains;
They leap the sky,

They tear at the clouds,
Foam drips from their steep jaws.

They sit hunched up along the passes,
Snarling in the gorges,
And one, his lean head strained toward
the moon,
Howls, howls . . .

The air is dark with their voices,
All the winds of the air
Are blown from their stretched throats.

* * *

The morning wears a Gothic air
And Sabbath bells are carved on its blue
arches.

I am rimmed round with hills
Upon their knees.

So rose the first prayer to the first sky,
A wide doxology of early earth,
The while God rested.

* * *

Summer is leaving these high places;
With all their weight
The mountains cannot fasten to the meadow
One warm blade,
Hold to the bough its truest leaf,
Dismay or clamp upon the sky
Any small wing that chooses flight.

Not all the phalanx of these hills
Piled each on each,
Can do this thing,
Although they barricade the stars.
Summer is leaving these high places.

*Traveler, if you would go,
Go now;
Follow the breathless gray-lipped stream,
The windy wing, the wordy bough,
Follow the faded falling road,
Forget the whole green episode;
Go now.*

*Go now if you would go;
That is a different deeper snow
Along the white cliffs of the sky,
And down the bills
Their harvest spills
Its slanting squares of wheat and rye;
But overhead something is stricken
In the air,
That will not quicken.*

*If you would not see hill-sides die,
Stripped bare and brown,
With stormy wreaths on the indomitable brow
That wears this hour like a crown,
Go now!*

* * *

Hills that are not hills,
But a swift violent gesture
Of earth away from earth . . .
Upward, always upward . . .
What are seasons to you?
What are arrivals or departures?

But I,
How shall I go?
It is so long since I have seen the curved
bar
Of the horizon
Making a prison of the world!

How shall I walk the plains again;
Go down and down
Into the valley of the shadow of life?
Only because of mountains in my heart
For me to climb,
Heights, my own,
Depths, higher still,
And I the pioneer!

* * *

Who is the pioneer?
He is the follower here,
Perhaps the last
Of all who passed.

He does not fear nor scorn
To tread
The ventured path, the worn,
Of those ahead;

Nor shall he fail
To blaze his own brave trail
Along the beaten track,
Make of the old a newer way
Of finer clay
For others at his back.

He is the pioneer who climbs,
Who dares to climb,
His own high heart,
Although he fall
A thousand times;
Who dares to crawl
On bloody hands and knees
Along its stony ecstasies
Up to the utmost snows;

Nor knows
He stands on these . . .

Or knowing, does not care,
Save to climb on from there!

Who is the pioneer?
He is the follower here,
Dogged and undeterred,
Perhaps the last
Of all who passed;
He passes too, the heavy bird,
Limping along . . .

Ah, but his song,
His song!

SALES RESISTANCE STIFFENS

BY J. R. SPRAGUE

To see the Big Business Man one first had to go up fifteen stories in an elevator in company with a young lady operator who sang and chewed gum to lighten the ennui of the voyage. Stepping out of the elevator, one entered the door of No. 1506 and was abruptly stopped by another young woman who sat at a telephone desk and also chewed gum. The Big Business Man was in conference, but one might see his secretary. The secretary, yet another young woman, did not chew gum, but chewed her words instead, being from the Old South. The Big Business Man might be seen if one could wait awhile. He had been late in returning from lunch and was now in session with the company's head welfare worker on the subject of a basket-ball court for the factory employes' children. At four o'clock he would board a train for Detroit to attend the semi-annual convention of the Electrical Executives' Association.

In the course of half an hour one was admitted to the private office of the Big Business Man. The article in the current issue of *Mastery Magazine* had happily described him as a typical American business executive of the Twentieth Century: keen, forceful, placing Service above Self, and rising to his position at the head of one of the country's great corporations at the early age of thirty-four through loyalty to his organization and a wonderful sales record as district manager of the Northern Idaho district. One could easily believe these things on seeing him at his desk. He was stalwart, deep-voiced, and had a determined chin and great horn-rimmed spectacles. But the somewhat austere effect of

these things was lightened in his office by an all pervading atmosphere of optimism and hearty good fellowship. It was only two hours before, as entertainment chairman of his luncheon club, that he had helped initiate a bunch of new members, all humorously dressed in baby caps and bibs and carrying bottles. The Big Business Man had played the part of their nurse.

"Modern business," he said, at the end of our interview, "is no longer the soulless thing of twenty years ago. Success is now built on Service. The efficient executive is the one who gets right with God, with his employes, with his fellow men, and—"

He did not finish his sentence, for his secretary from the Old South interrupted him by laying a letter on his desk which she said was very important. As he read it, his brow contracted and the resolute look came into his face that must have been there often when he was making his sales record out in Idaho.

"Kendall has fallen down again on his quota for the West Texas territory," he said sternly, "and gives the same old excuse—that the dealers can't move our stuff because of the drought. Take some wires, Miss Johnston. Tell Kendall he is relieved. Instruct Blum of St. Louis to go to Amarillo at once and take charge of West Texas. Have the Flying Squadron proceed from New Orleans and report to Blum!"

He looked every inch the high-gearred, go-getting executive as he thumped his desk and barked his final words:

"Drought or no drought, West Texas has got to buy its quota! Sales resistance has stiffened, has it? Well then, *we'll smash it!*"

II

Periodically, some magazine writer discovers afresh that the average age of the chief American business men is far less than that shown in any other country on earth, and that they have been growing younger steadily during the past two decades. The last estimate I have seen placed the average today at thirty-five years; by now, for all I know, it may be down to nineteen and three-quarters. The magazine writers always draw the conclusion that this youthfulness is proof that America is the land of opportunity, and that high thinking and clean living win promotion here as in no other land.

A somewhat different explanation is hereby offered in all modesty. Younger and younger men are becoming the heads of our great enterprises simply because our national business policy is constantly tending toward mere go-getter salesmanship. A man is a better sales-manager under forty than afterward. He has more pep to flay and stimulate the salesmen under him. To organize drives. To break down sales resistance. American big business is now almost wholly a selling game, and so it is a game for young men.

But I doubt if business that depends so much on salesmanship for its profits is on the soundest of foundations. Breaking down sales resistance may bring in this year's dividends, but in the long run, I believe, it is apt to cause trouble for the seller and the buyer alike. The old-time saloon business is a familiar example of what may happen when selling runs away with judgment. Leaving out all cant, Prohibition came to the United States because Big Business in the shape of the brewing and distilling interests engaged in what is termed over-selling. When sales resistance stiffened, ways were found to smash it. When two breweries operated in a territory where there was room for only one, saloons multiplied to the saturation point, and beyond. Lack of capital was no obstacle to the ambitious young man who aspired to be a

saloon-keeper. The brewery got his lease for him, lent him fixtures and advanced him money for his license; all it required of him in return was that he should buy a satisfactory quantity of its beer every week. If he could market the required amount, he might in time hope to pay his debt to the brewery and become a free agent. If not, his saloon was taken away from him and turned over to some more puissant salesman. The ultimate result was that the forces of the uplift joined with jealous manufacturers who saw the saloon getting money that they believed rightfully theirs, and the beer business was, at least legally, wiped out.

Our present national policy of overselling dates back about twenty years and was set up by quite natural causes. In the period directly following the Civil War there was developed a hardy, fighting type of big business man who struggled for money in sheer joy at showing his powers. He would have regarded it as a sign of weakness to establish a Y. M. C. A. to teach his employes obedience and to lecture on the duty of giving a full day's work for a full day's pay. If his employes did not make money for him he simply fired them. He was too wise to oversell his market because he knew that, in the long run, the cost of selling would run up too high and he would lose money. When sales resistance stiffened he laid awake nights thinking of schemes for cutting down expenses.

But in the early days of the present century this Civil War type of big business man began to drop out, and there were few like him to take his place. Easier times had bred a less virile generation. The new executive looked about for something to aid his weakness. Suddenly he made a discovery. It was that profits came easier by selling than by economizing; that no matter how high the expenses were, the dividends would be satisfactory if last year's sales record could be beaten. It was at this time that intensive sales drives were invented; that the "Week" came into being; that we were first ordered to eat more

bread, and to buy more and better shoe-strings. The new executive also discovered that the uplift could profitably be put on his pay-roll as a means of breaking the spirit of his workpeople. The social workers and the Billy Sunday revivalists came into their own.

The United States is a very rich country, but there are signs that the saturation point may be approaching. Already the most extreme efforts are necessary to force merchandise on an apathetic public. A few months ago a Texas manufacturer decided to find out how his employés were getting on in their family affairs and took the modern method of employing a corps of welfare workers to investigate. Being welfare workers of considerable tact, they managed to unearth a good deal of information without receiving violence at the hands of the families into whose domiciles they insinuated themselves. The star exhibit was a young mechanic whose family consisted of a wife and two small children. This young mechanic was receiving wages of six dollars a day. It was very fair remuneration, considering conditions in the community, but he was constantly in hot water. The investigation developed the following facts: The young man had engaged himself to pay thirty dollars a month in instalments on a second-hand automobile. To one of the local furniture dealers he was obligated for a like amount each month in payment of a set of parlor furniture of plush and fumed oak. Beside these obligations he had taken it on himself to buy from other instalment houses a piano, a gold watch, a baby carriage, a diamond ring for his wife, and various other articles. Had he met all of his instalments, which manifestly he could not, his monthly payments would have amounted to more than his wages. When haled to his employer's private office and questioned, the young man defended himself by the surprising statement that he could not help himself.

"Everywhere I go," he said, "someone gets after me to buy something. If I tell

them I haven't got any money they say that makes no difference. I have to buy things to keep them from worrying me!"

In the language of modern American business the young mechanic's sales resistance yielded to efficient sales methods.

III

Twenty years ago the average householder with no resources other than his salary or wages was limited in the things he could buy on instalments mainly to what was sold by the furniture dealer of his home town. Today there is scarcely any luxury that he may not buy in that way, if he has an infinitesimal part of the purchase price to lay down. Even Henry Ford, our leading authority on thrift and the simple God-fearing life, is out with a million printed announcements begging the school teachers, office boys and department store clerks of the land to make their savings count and buy Fords at five dollars a week. Not long ago I heard a conversation between a manufacturer in New York and a young business man who was thinking of locating a retail shop in a nearby city.

"It's a good live town all right," said the manufacturer, "but you'd need a lot of capital. Competition is so keen that anybody with thirty cents can buy thirty dollars' worth on credit in almost any shop in the place!"

That this statement was not an exaggeration I myself had proof a week or so later, when I had occasion to visit the city in question. It was a place of about fifty thousand inhabitants, with a number of manufacturing plants and in the center of a good farming community. The main street was ablaze with bright-looking shops, among which I counted more than forty establishments that advertised instalment payments. Everywhere were the familiar printed slogans, "We trust the Public," "Wear our clothes while you pay for them," "Pick out what you want; we'll arrange the terms to suit," "No money down." It would be a strong-minded per-

son indeed who could walk down that main street and not be tempted to take home some article on such ridiculously easy terms. Perhaps the most striking exhibit was that of a sumptuously fitted jewelry establishment near the principal corner, where trolley cars unloaded their passengers from the suburbs and nearby towns. One of the spacious windows of this jewelry store was entirely filled with wedding rings in all the latest styles, the display made gay with imitation orange blossoms and card-board figures of attractive girl brides. Marriage was made easy by this prominently shown sign: "Wedding rings, \$2 down, \$1 a week!"

That community fairly represented what is going on in all sections of the United States, as anyone may find out who takes the trouble to look in the shop window of his home town. In foreign countries this form of overselling has made little progress. A few years ago one of the big Paris shops started an instalment department, and advertised, among other things, that the young men of the metropolis might purchase their clothes from it on terms of a little down and a little a week. The humorists of Paris fell on the announcement at once. All the newspapers spiced their columns with waggish allusions to the innovation. Someone composed a droll song describing the embarrassments of a young man about town who lived in fear that his instalment garments might be taken away from him while he slept. Vaudeville comedians would single out a well-dressed young man in the audience and remark, "Ah, but yes, we have with us a patron of the Belle Jardinière, without doubt!" In a few months the instalment business was laughed out of Paris.

In England, practically the only commodity one may purchase on instalments is household furniture, and even this is done in a semi-surreptitious manner. The three or four London shops that advertise the plan invariably include in their publicity the assurance that patrons need have no fear of what their neighbors may say,

because all purchases are delivered in vans that do not bear the name of the selling firm.

Now, since human nature is much the same the world over, there must be some reason why a practice should become general in one country and not in others; why America cheerfully accepts a thing that Europe rejects as undignified and uneconomic. We are known to be an impatient race, but we are not naturally a self-indulgent one. Why, then, should thousands of shop-keepers throughout the country simultaneously begin to press their wares on the public by instalment methods when it is so much safer and less trouble to sell for cash?

There can be but one answer. The home market is becoming saturated, and we cannot sell abroad because our prices are too high. Prices are too high because Big Business is weighted down by the expenses of Weeks, of conventions, of trade associations, of luncheon clubs, of uplift programs to keep the workpeople docile—of all the agencies that small men call to their aid as a means of boosting sales and keeping themselves in good-paying jobs. Salesmanship has been raised to the status of an art, almost to that of war. Go-getters and flying squadrons hound the shopkeepers into buying more. The shopkeepers in their turn hound the people of their communities. If a man cannot pay cash, then he must be made to buy at a dollar down and a dollar a week. At any cost the go-getters, the trade association secretaries and the welfare workers must be supported in the style to which they have been accustomed. The ultimate price paid for these things, I fear, will be the breaking down of the whole morale of the nation.

In the bad old days, when the big business man was a hard character who belonged to no uplifting luncheon club, and his employes impaired their efficiency by spending their evenings in the saloon, we were able to sell our goods abroad at reasonable prices, and we thus avoided the necessity of crowding too many sales upon our own people. The old-timer had a good

reputation among the business men of other countries, for he realized in his selfish way that he had to fulfill his obligations in order to hold his customers. But of late years we have certainly not had the success in foreign markets that we used to have.

It was directly after the World War that an American manufacturing firm established offices in London for selling its patented specialty to the British trade. Prospects seemed good because nothing of the kind was made in England and the Continental manufacturers had not yet got their factories on a peace basis. The president of the American firm informed his London representative that the company had decided to spend a quarter of a million dollars advertising the article in the newspapers and magazines of the British Isles. On this information the Londoner took orders from a multitude of shopkeepers; for in spite of his sometimes archaic ways the British shopkeeper has a healthy respect for the power of the printed page. The purchases were delivered and paid for according to contract. Then the shopkeepers sat back to wait for the throngs of customers whom the promised advertising would deliver into their hands.

The advertising, however, did not appear and for the following reasons: Just before the contracts were to be signed with the British publications the post-war business slump came to the United States. Domestic orders fell off to such an extent that it seemed probable the company's annual dividend would have to be passed. There was a practical certainty of this if a quarter of a million dollars was sent to London. It was, as the phrase has it, a hard proposition. One can imagine the old time buccaneer type of big business man meeting it on a hard-boiled profane basis and paying out the money for the sake of his future trade, even though he personally had to give up his chewing tobacco and stay sober for an entire year. But the president of the company at the time I write of was a high-pressure, up-and-

coming salesman, hired for his well-known qualities as a go-getter and his ability to produce every year's dividend. His job was at stake, and so was his reputation among his associates in a score of trade associations and luncheon clubs. An excuse must be found that would throw a noble light on what he intended to do. The excuse was found. The company was engaged at the time in an elaborate program of welfare work for its factory employes and this might have to be held up if the promise was kept to the British shopkeepers. It was reported that the president held a session of prayer with the Y. M. C. A. secretary and two of his welfare workers before coming to a decision. Then he announced that it would be highly immoral to send so great an amount of money abroad, for it would block the program of service to which the company was committed. In plain words, the English shopkeepers were let go hang.

IV

When the first business fiction appeared in American literature it marked the beginning of an epoch just as definitely as the fall of Rome marked the beginning of the Middle Ages. It was about the year 1905 that the go-getter began to be a hero in short stories. Before that time, of course, there were plenty of stalwart young business men in our fiction, but always their business success was secondary to their success in affairs of the heart; if they won the girl the story was finished, no matter what their financial prospects might be. But since that time the love interest has been secondary and the whole plot revolves around the go-getter's cleverness in taking the big order over the heads of all competitors or in earning the position of general manager through his Napoleonic resourcefulness and never-say-die spirit.

This may appear to be innocent enough fun and certainly it is profitable to the writers; but it is disquieting to consider what may happen when the saturation point has been actually reached in the

United States and the youth of the country is obliged to go abroad to compete on even terms with the world. A few months ago I was in Paris and chanced to have dealings with a business firm in that city which has branches in all European capitals and whose operations are largely with Americans abroad. On a previous visit I had made acquaintance with several young American employ  s, engaged for their knowledge of the language and their familiarity with the habits of their fellow-countrymen. This time I missed them and asked the general manager of the firm the reason.

"We're not employing American boys any more," he answered. "It's a general order from headquarters and applies to all our European branches."

I made bold to ask him why.

"Mainly because they expect to be promoted every few days," he said. "And when they aren't promoted they lose interest in what they're doing. The order is to fill their places with young Englishmen, who don't have those habits."

Was it a European who made these surprising statements? It was not. The general manager was an American. The firm is American owned. The order to displace American boys by Englishmen came direct from headquarters in New York City!

There is one class of big business men who could put a brake on the go-getting that now menaces the country. Something might be done if the bankers would get together in an agreement to withhold credit from any firm whose chief executive

ever speaks of breaking down sales resistance. The bankers could go further. They could make an iron-clad rule that any corporation president should at once be declared *persona non grata* in banking circles if caught making an uplift speech or giving an interview to any newspaper that contains a reference to Opportunity, Advancement, Service, the value of clean living in business, or how to make money and become like Me.

Such a program, I believe, could be put over, although one should not conceal the fact that there might be some resistance among the bankers themselves. During last year's Thrift Week I chanced to be in an up-and-coming Middle Western city and listened to an address by a local banker, given under the joint auspices—significant fact!—of the Chamber of Commerce and the Y. M. C. A. The latter organization was well represented because the banker was a very rich man. He made a wonderful address on the subject of thrift. It was to him the noblest word in the language. One who possessed thrift could hope for the love of a good woman, a happy home and a peaceful old age. Thrift meant advancement, self-respect, favor in the eyes of one's employer, riches. A spirit of nobility pervaded the auditorium as each young man present tried to look thrifty and so catch the fancy of the financier.

It was not until next day that I learned the gentleman was financing through his bank a chain of instalment stores that sell pinchbeck jewelry and plated watches to colored people.

GOLDEN WEDDING

BY RUTH SUCKOW

“**Y**ou ought to change your clothes, pa.”

“What you in such a hurry to get my clothes changed for?”

“Well, you want to be ready when George comes in, don’t you?”

“Aw, he won’t get in today. How can he get the car through all this snow?”

“He will, too. Didn’t they invite us out there?”

“Yeah, but they didn’t know it was goin’ tuh snow like this.”

“You go now and put your other clothes on.”

He grumbled, but finally obeyed—which was just like him.

Yes, but why did he always have to act this way? He had been doing it ever since they were married. He went through just so much grumbling first before he would do anything that he knew he must. It was the same thing over again every time they went anywhere; and all her prodding hadn’t done any good that she could see.

“Won’t get in today.” That was just like him, too. If he knew that she was counting on anything, he had to hold out and belittle it, raise objections. He never wanted to admit that anything was going to turn out right. He always had good arguments to oppose to her faith, which he declared didn’t take any account of the facts. But she still held to this blind faith of hers, and he to his objections. Sometimes things worked out her way; sometimes his. She pulling ahead, he pulling back. But the pulling had amounted to this much in fifty years—that he usually gave in in the end; and that she was a little worried in spite of her hopeful as-

sertions that things were going to justify her belief.

So that now she did have to admit to herself that it was snowing hard. She was sure that George would come . . . but her eyes screwed up anxiously as she looked out over the plants at air thick with misty flakes. It looked as if it wasn’t going to stop all day. The covered plants and peony bushes just outside were big clumps of whiteness. Fine dark twigs stuck out from the snow humped over the bending raspberry bushes. When she peered down the street, she could barely see the willow trees at the farther end, bluish and dim. Few passers-by came down this little side street where the old Willeys lived. The glimmery softness of the white road showed only two crooked tracks from a morning milk-wagon that were already nearly filled, and as white as all the rest of the world.

Just the same, she believed that George was going to get in somehow.

Mr. Willey came back into the room.

She looked up sharply, and cried in despair, “Oh, pa, why did you have to go put on that old necktie?”

“What old necktie?”

“Oh, you know what I mean! That old thing that I should think you’d be ashamed to wear around the place any more, let alone where we’re going today. Go and put on your nice one—the one Jenny sent you for Christmas.”

“Whatta I wanta put thet on fur! To ride out in this snow?”

“Snow!” she scoffed. “How’s the snow going to hurt it? Can’t you cover it up? Now you go and put that on. Try and

look' decent for once, today. You don't know who may be there to see us."

"Yes, you keep talkin' about that. Who do you think's goin' to be there?"

"Well, pa, you know the dinner's for us."

"Oh, I guess they aint such a whole grist of folks comin' out in all this snow jest to eat dinner with *us*."

"You go and put that other tie on."

He went. But her small frail hands, bluish and veined, shook a little at the crotcheting with which she was trying to fill in the time. Her eyes moistened, and her mouth tightened into a childish grimace of weeping. Why did pa have to be so mean—and just today? They knew each other with such terrible intimacy that each had an uncanny perception of just what tiny things could hurt the other. Pretending this dinner wasn't going to amount to anything; depreciating her proud glory as a bride of fifty years; bringing up the sense of all the intimate, dingy happenings to tarnish the splendor of this occasion. Putting on that old tie today was a blow at her importance as his wife, at their marriage. He was always insisting upon their age and insignificance . . . and the silent, ghost-white street, the meagerness of their little yard with the few bushes, the bleak lines of the storm entry, those half-filled wheel tracks—all bore him out. Two old people, out of things, living in a little house off the main road. Denying the significance of their one achievement of continuity.

It made her bitter, too. What did it amount to that they had been married fifty years? Pa was so mean. Sentimental thoughts with which she had begun the day—unconsciously framing themselves in her mind in the grandiloquent terms of the town paper—were stringently checked by the terrible familiarity of his attitude. Just then, she didn't see why she *had* been such a fool as to have lived with him fifty years why anyone should celebrate it.

Oh, well—but then, that was pa. After all, she knew how much the grumbling

amounted to. Why did she let herself be so riled by it every time? Her best dress of dark gray silk, shimmering so nicely in the light from the window, raised the occasion, would not let her feel harsh. She knew that all those objections were partly a defense against the ill fortune of which they had had enough—he was not going to admit that things might turn out well, so that he wouldn't be disappointed again. He had had to make an assertion with that old tie to conceal a sneaking hope that this dinner might be a big affair, with people met to celebrate. Their long years together stretched out before her inner vision . . . He'd been a pretty good husband after all, had worked hard, hadn't spent his money for drink or run after other women. She supposed you couldn't have everything.

She cried excitedly, "Pa! Here comes George! Now you hurry up and get yourself ready."

But she was the one after all, who had to scurry to the dresser for a last hair-pin to stick into her neat little knob of hair, to refasten her brooch in her lace collar, search for another handkerchief. He was ready, tie and all, and she was still in the bedroom when George, their son-in-law, came stamping in, scuffing the thick soft snow off his big overshoes.

"Aint you ready, folks?"

"Ma! Hurry up! Well, what in thunder's she doing?—thought she was ready an hour ago."

II

"I didn't know as you'd get here, George."

"Yep—oh, there's lots of ways of gettin' in."

"The old bobs still come in pretty handy, I'll tell ye," Mr. Willey said.

"Wrapped up good, grandma?"

"Oh, yes, I know how to bundle." Her voice came muffled through the fascinator that she had wound around her head over a knitted hood. She stepped along blindly behind George, down the covered walk, squinting against the misty

flakes, trying to keep hold of the coarse brown hair of George's fur coat . . . feet making soft cavernous dents in the thick snow. . . . "Why, there's Reverend and Mrs. Baxter in the bob, aint it?"

"Yeah, they're going along with us. Can yuh get in, grandma?"

George lifted her over the side of the bob, and with a little scramble she managed to get in. The Methodist minister and his wife were tucked snugly into a corner. Mr. Baxter shouted jovial greetings. Mrs. Baxter smiled and nodded, only glints of eyes showing between squinted eyelids, two little hard red cheeks and a ruddy blob of nose let out of the big scarf tied over her head.

"Get in. Lots of room."

Four ministerial feet in heavy, shining rubbers were hitched awkwardly over the thick robe covering the floor of the bob, through little holes of which stuck bent yellow straws. The old people squatted down stiffly, and Mr. Baxter drew the fur robe over them.

"Well, how's the wedding party?"

"Oh . . . I guess they're all right," Mrs. Willey said with shy pleasure.

"Looks more like a silver wedding than a golden wedding today."

"Yes, aint the snow bad!"

"All fixed back there?" George called.

"All fixed! Let 'er go!"

"Gid-dap!"

The two big horses gave a plunge forward, the bob rocked, tilted up on the edge of the road. . . . They passed the snowy willows and got out on the main road, where there were already silvery-smooth bob tracks above the gravel, no ruts to make the women give little shrieks and put out hands blindly. The horses settled into an even trot.

"Isn't this nice, though?" Mrs. Baxter exulted.

All felt the exhilaration. The strangeness of the snow made the day a festival.

They stopped trying to shout things at one another, getting the wet small flakes in their mouths. They snuggled down on the

straw under the fur robe. The bob went softly through the new, pure whiteness. Snow kept falling, falling, gentle as mist—tiny flakes, and big tufted splotches. The road ahead and the road behind were lost—there was only a place of dim white silence, and they moving in it.

"Are we there?"

"Why, I guess we are!"

"I didn't hardly know where we're getting."

The bob trundled over the wooden planks across the ditch and into the drive between willow trees that were blue-brown through the snow . . . misty, dreamlike, strange. The place had a festive air, too, because of the magic difference the snow made—the big barn roof white against the shrouded sky; the old wagon standing out there softly covered, rounded, all its stark angles gone.

"Well, I guess I didn't spill anybody out," George said.

They plodded to the house. George had let them out near the back door. They went up the steps, with a great stamping and scuffing—Clara in the doorway urging them in, they protesting that they must "sweep themselves off."

"Aw, it's just the kitchen—won't hurt this floor—come on in."

They went in, brushing and shaking. At once they were enveloped in warmth from the big range, with scents of chicken browning, biscuits, coffee, that their nostrils breathed in with a sharp deliciousness . . . snow melting on their wraps, shaking off in a fine chill spray, making pools on the linoleum. They had a glimpse of Darlene, the youngest girl, at the stove, her face flushed a deep hot rose under the brown hair. Many dishes about. . . .

"Oh, don't stay in here!" Clara was urging. "No, your things won't hurt anything. Aint the first time there's been snow in this house today."

Mrs. Baxter and Mrs. Willey found themselves pushed into the chilly downstairs bedroom, where they unwrapped

scarfs and fascinators; and where Mrs. Baxter—with apology and an alert glance at the door—yanked up her skirt and revealed black woollen tights which she tugged off her portly legs.

“Didn’t know but what the snow might get in,” she panted. “So I thought I’d come prepared. I guess I won’t shock you ladies getting these off—hope none of the men’ll look in here—might see a sight—”

“They aint around,” Clara said comfortably. “That’s just all right—just the thing to wear.”

Clara stood until the wraps were off. She was heated, so that her grayish-brown hair looked dry and sheeny above her flushed face. She wore a large bungalow apron. And yet she looked festive, too. Extra clean, her mother thought, with her fat arms bare to the elbow, her perspiring neck.

“Well, if you’ve got everything you want—”

“Oh, yes! Don’t pay any attention to us, Clara. I’ll come out and help you just as soon as I get my things off.”

“No, now ma. You go in the parlor and visit with Mrs. Baxter. I don’t want either of you in the kitchen. Minnie’ll help me.”

“Oh, is Minnie and John here?”

“Yes, they’re here. Minnie’s here and the rest are coming.”

“Well, I guess we’ll have to obey,” Mrs. Willey said with a pleased, flattered laugh.

They went into the parlor and seated themselves nicely. Mrs. Willey bent down to pick off a tiny straw clinging to her gray silk dress. Then she folded her hands and rocked.

She had half expected all along to find people here. And she saw no one but Clara and Darlene, and her daughter-in-law Minnie, who peeped in a moment. But the minister’s family being here made it all right to have worn the gray silk—justified her in having ordered the necktie. Mrs. Baxter had on a dark blue taffeta that rustled as she rocked.

All the same, the old lady could sense an air of preparation. The odors in the kitchen, that quick, half-realized glimpse of dishes. . . . Even the bedroom had been specially clean; a glossy white scarf on the dresser, and the tatting-edged pillow shams. Clara had her best things out. The dining-room door was closed. Yes, and in the parlor too the chairs were set so neatly. The perfect order of the mission table suggested something beyond the every-day. As they rocked, Mrs. Willey was alert for every sound. There was a shrill excited tone in the noise and laughter in the kitchen, abruptly stilled, and then breaking out again; a tramping, a going back and forth that suggested more people in the house than were apparent; children’s voices in some upstairs room.

The realization of the occasion brought back heightened memories. As she looked about the parlor, with its new Victrola and davenport and miscellaneous chairs, Mrs. Willey was on the point of saying to Mrs. Baxter, “This don’t look much the way the place did when Mister and I first came here!” But she could not communicate that poignant memory of the old rooms, that was somewhere deep in her mind . . . small, bare, the few walnut furnishings, the feeling of raw openness all around. . . . She rocked. Her eyes had a distant look.

She was excited by the scents from the kitchen, the subdued bustle there.

Shouts came from outside. Mrs. Willey turned quickly to the window—the shouts an answer to her expectation.

A great bob load was coming up to the house, rocking as it turned into the drive—people shouting, waving. Mrs. Willey’s hands felt trembling, her heart beat sharply, as she rose. The two old people stood blinking, she gratified, he sheepish, as a confused lot of people came tramping in, and crying:

“Where’s the bridal couple? Look at the blushing groom! Well, well, well—many happy returns of the day!”

III

The dining-room door opened—

"Go in, ma."

"Yes, the bridal couple must lead the way."

The old people protested, as a matter of duty, but inwardly pleased to be pushed in ahead of the others, to sit at the head of the long table. Old Mr. Willey looked sheepish—all this splendor for an old couple like them. But Mrs. Willey was exalted. She saw the room in a heightened dazzle of bright confusion—glitter of tumblers, plates and silver, shine of white and yellow. Laughing, calling, appreciative murmurs . . . and then all of them standing there, suddenly and uncomfortably grave, Mrs. Willey still tremulous with excitement, while the minister gave the blessing, appropriately solemn and loud-toned . . . only one high, unconscious piping from the children's table in the corner.

The company seated themselves. The laughter, the murmurs broke out again.

"My, isn't this lovely!"

"Well, grandma, what do you think of it?"

"Well, I . . . I don't hardly know *what* to say," the old lady quavered.

The others laughed delightedly.

But as she sat at the head of the table, waited upon, getting served first, gradually things began to emerge out of that first shining confusion. She had known that this would happen, marvelous as it was. She recognized her daughter-in-law Minnie's best table cloth, pieced out at the farther end (where George sat) with one of Clara's—that table cloth with a crotched border, that had been laid away in a chiffonier drawer to be peeped at by admiring women, that had been used only at the weddings of Minnie's daughters. The granddaughters must have brought their best wedding silver in carefully packed baskets. Clara and George had never accumulated any silver. But even more thrilling than this was the

festive look of the room, with its decorations—the yellow crêpe paper drawn from the center piece and tied in bows at the four corners, the yellow tissue paper flowers (Gertrude was the one who had made those) at every place . . . and all the decorations converging significantly toward the center of the table where a huge cake frosted in yellow, frilled about with paper and flowers, stood under a hanging, ruffly, yellow wedding bell.

She looked about the long, crowded table. They were all there—all the people whose lives were bound up with hers and pa's. Clara and George, Minnie and John, grandsons and grandsons-in-law, "connections" from Prospect and the country around; even Nels Olson, a prosperous merchant in town now, but years ago the Willeys' hired man. The children at the square table were gleeful, and in their best.

And it was for them—for her and pa. She felt that exalted swelling in her breast, and tears stayed just behind the surface glisten of her eyes. Let pa say again that they were old and left behind, that no one thought of them, their day was over! No, this occasion was as glorious as she had been imagining it, in spite of his pessimistic objections. After all these work-filled years—fifty years—that had seemed at times to be petering out into a small meager loneliness, to sit here, honored, receiving again the delicious food and wine of personal recognition. All her people met to do her honor, to show that her life work had counted. . . . There was just one little twinge of disappointment. Robert had not come from Seattle. She had thought against all reason that when she opened this door, she would miraculously find Robert. She was glad she had mentioned it to no one. Pa's scoffing would have been justified.

It showed the grandeur of the occasion that Clara was "sitting down to table" beside George; although she gave hasty uneasy glances toward the kitchen. She had changed her apron, at the last minute,

for her best dark green taffeta, above which her fat neck and face were flushed hotly. The granddaughters were waiting on the table, squeezing in between the chairs and the wall with their great platters of fowl, and bowls of gravy, and shining coffee pot. The meal was like an old-time harvest dinner in abundance—beside the chicken, two big platters of goose that Minnie had cooked at home and brought over warm, and covered, to be heated in Clara's oven; potatoes, baked beans, escalloped corn and peas, three kinds of bread and biscuits, relishes and jellies and pickles. But there were, beside, the special dishes that marked the importance of wedding and reunion dinners in Prospect and the country around—perfection salad, made the day before by the married granddaughters, great biscuit pans full of it; mayonnaise; and the women guests at the table had already discerned that the huge, yellow-frosted cake was Golden Companion, for which Lottie Disbrow had the community recipe.

The first absorption in food was giving way to a chatter. The children at the small table were yielding pieces of chicken that they had snatched, consenting to wait for "something *awful* good" promised by mothers in a deep whisper. Faces shone and glistened with warmth and food . . . and past the window panes drifted the last aimless flakes of the big snowfall.

There were satisfied, admiring comments on the food. . . . "Aint these biscuits just fine! You make these, Clara?" "Yes. I was afraid they wasn't going to come out good." "Oh, they're lovely!" . . . "More chicken? Well sir, I've had a good deal already. Do you let folks have their third piece?" A worried, "Oh now, Henry, you want to be careful. You've had enough." "Aw, go on and take it, Reverend. You need that drum stick."

John said expansively, "Don't pay any attention to the women folks! This is the time when a fellow can eat all he pleases. Can't have a golden wedding dinner every day."

"Yes, but then you'll expect your wives to run around for you maybe half the night because you eat too much again," Minnie put in smartly.

All the wives murmured, "I guess so!" And laughed significantly.

But the men said, "Time enough to worry about that afterwards. Anyway, I can't see but you're eatin' plenty yourself."

Talk, clatter of dishes, shrill voices of children, babies waking and wailing in the bedroom. Mrs. Baxter said, "It seems a shame to eat, and spoil this lovely table." But it was spoiled now—littered—the hand-painted jelly dishes messy, the salad bowls nearly empty, some of the crêpe paper torn and pushed askew. The dinner was ending. The girls brought heaping dishes of home-made ice cream with chocolate sauce.

"Oh, my! Look at this! I don't know where the room for it's coming from, but I'll have to find some."

Mr. Willey muttered, "What's this stuff on here?"

Mrs. Willey nudged him. "Pa! That's choc'late."

"Huh! Well, I dunno—"

"You rather have yours without, grandpa?"

"No, no!" Mrs. Willey protested, shocked. "He'll eat it this way. It looks lovely." She gave him a look.

The women perceived—felt in the air—what was about to come. But some of the men took up their spoons, began to eat, were reprimanded by their wives, and looked about, belligerent and then subdued. Mrs. Willey knew what it meant. Her small, faded mouth quivered. Clara was getting ready, half apologetic, to make the people listen. Gertrude stood behind her grandmother's chair, smiling.

"Sh! Sh!"

Clara got up with difficulty, squeezed between the table and her chair. Her voice had the toneless quavering of one unaccustomed and half ashamed to speak before others.

"Friends . . . and—a . . . As long as

this is our mother's and father's golden wedding day, maybe now we better ask mother to cut the wedding cake."

Mr. Baxter relieved the silent moment that followed by a loud, cheerful, "That's right—let the bride do it." There were repetitions of "bride"; and they all laughed and murmured. Gertrude handed her grandmother the large knife; and the old lady, her hands trembling slightly, cut through the Golden Companion. The first wedge came out, moist, rich and yellow. They applauded. There were shouts of laughter when Mr. Baxter found the old maid's thimble in his piece. Lottie Disbrow had marked the location of the ring, and Gertrude gave that piece to her grandmother.

"I'm gona be rich—look mama, I'm gona be rich!" one of the children cried, holding up the coin.

The wedding cake was passed about the table. The groom's cake—a dark, spicy fruit cake—was brought in already cut. Plates of angel food were passed about—"Better eat this, girls," the women told the unmarried girls, "and save your wedding cake to sleep on!" Now all the table relaxed into a warm, easy, chattering exhilaration. Even old Mr. Willey had dropped his defenses, carried along by the spirit of the hour.

How did everyone feel it now? But those still talking relapsed into startled silence. Throat-clearings. The men looked down, rigid, embarrassed. The children turned with round, bright, fascinated eyes. Mrs. Willey's heart pounded. Clara's eyes began to water.

The Rev. Mr. Baxter rose, tapped on his glass with his knife.

"Sh—sh!" to the children.

Silence.

Mr. Baxter began to speak, while the old couple sat expectant, tremulous and abashed. Although he spoke in the slow, portentous voice that he used for the texts of his sermons, only significant phrases stood out, echoed and diminished in the minds of the listeners . . . "met

together today . . . do honor to these two people . . . long journey together . . . achievement. . . . God's blessing on this couple. . . ." Words irradiated by the winter sunshine that came through the windows now, sparkling off the snow, and striking iridescence from the silver and glass, the glossy table cloth, the warm shining heads of the listening children. The old couple at the head of the table took on a deep significance into which a lifetime of meaning was compressed, brought to a sudden realization. . . . "And now I have been asked by all these good people to present this token of the occasion. And may it always bring to your minds, Mr. and Mrs. Willey, the memory of the affection of your children and neighbors, and their appreciation of your having reached this day."

He took the package that Gertrude handed him. Old Mr. Willey had to receive it—unwrap it—show to everyone the silver loving-cup. There were applause, hand-clappings, nose-blowings. A telegram from Robert was read. The sun shone warmly on the silver cup with its gilt lining, flashed off the two handles. The old lady could only murmur that she "thanked her dear children and neighbors." But the old man was flushed, carried beyond himself. He saw everything heightened . . . and his vision, like his wife's, stretched back and back to scenes so long ago that he scarcely knew how to communicate his sense of them. But he had to say something if she didn't.

He remembered when he first came out to Ioway, he said. The bob ride had brought back old times. Things that the children had thought old stuff, the tales that old men tell sitting on benches in front of the hotel—they listened to now with a sense of drama and event, of time passing. When he talked about the wedding day fifty years ago, the children heard him with delighted appreciation.

"In them days, we didn't go to all this fuss we do now for weddings. When folks wanted to git married, they just hitched

up and drove into town, and that ended it. Well, sir, I was thinking what kind of a day that was. Not snowy—one of them real muddy days—and I tell ye, there *was* mud in those times! You fellers talk about roads, but you don't know what roads can be. Well sir, we'd fixed on that day—and I was willing to put it off—but *she'd* got her mind set on it and of course it had to be. "Asa!" [Applause from the men, protests from the women.] We took my brother Luke's team, and him and me and her and Luke's girl—girl he had then, name of Tressy Bowers, she went out to Dakoty later—we started, with the horses all slicked up and their manes combed out, to drive into Prospect. Well, good enough goin' for a ways—and then jest out here beyond where Ted Bloomquist's place is now, we run into one of them mud holes about three foot deep. Mud splashes up—girls screeches—and them two horses gits stuck so they can't pull out. Well, then the womenfolks has a time! They don't want us to git out in the mud because it'll spoil our wedding clothes, and they aint nothing else for us to do but set there until somebody comes along. Well, a fellow did, and he helped us, and we got out.

"But then me and Luke's about as muddy as the team, and the women thought it was awful to go into town to the preacher's that way. So before we reached town—right down there by the crick, in what's Hibbert's pasture now—they made us fellers git out; and the girls they took sticks and whatever they could find handy, and tore a big chunk out o' their undershirts—women wore plenty o' clothes them days—and they made us fellers stand up and hev the mud scraped off our pants—and then when we's cleaned up a little, we went along to the preacher's and got married."

"And it's lasted quite a while!"

"Yes sir. He done a good job of it."

Mrs. Willey was flustered, protesting—"You know it wasn't near as bad as that! What do you want to go and tell such

things for?"—blushing when the undershirts were mentioned. In the warm, relieved, easy glow that followed, the loving cup was passed about the table and admired. The names of all the givers were engraved upon it; and beneath the names of Asa Willey and Angie Pilgrim Willey, the two dates:

1874-1924.

Finally it was time to leave the table. The granddaughters would not let the older women into the kitchen. Carrie Gustafson had been called to help out with the dish-washing. The others went into the parlor, all the women urging one another to take the best rockers; looking out of the windows and commenting that the day had "turned out nice" after all. They were moving still in that warm, easy exhilaration that came from food and coffee and that high moment at the table. "Tired, grandma?" "Oh, no, I aint tired." The sun glistened on the snow. Mrs. Willey sat in an ease in which it seemed that she could never know what fatigue was—strangely free, her spirit exulting, doing what it pleased with her body. The great dinner was over, but the day was not ended yet. There were things to come. And then there would be the afterglow lingering for a long, long time.

"Guess we'll have a little music, folks," George said.

They listened, sentimentally gratified, when a mellifluous baritone with an overdone accent sang "Silver Threads Among the Gold." But the murmuring and chatter, the pleas and shouts of children, sounded above the music—George's few "good" records, conscientiously played: "Il Trovatore," "A Perfect Day," "The Last Rose of Summer." George began to yield to the children's pleas for "This one, grandpa," "Play this one, Uncle George"—"Morning in the Barnyard" and the "Uncle Josh" monologue. The room was filled with a high noise of chatter, laughter, resolute music, sounds from the kitchen . . . and outside, the sun sparkling off

the great, untouched spread of snow across the yard and the fields.

Shouts from the road, and then a running to the windows. Charlie, one of George's boys, came tramping into the house, ruddy-faced, in his sheepskin coat . . . from somewhere a jingle of sleigh-bells. The girls followed him from the kitchen, dish towels in their hands.

"Well, grandma and grandpa, do you want a sleigh-ride? Team's out here ready."

The others urged, laughing, excited, pushing toward the dining-room windows from which—through a blinding sparkle—they could see the sleigh. The young men were out there, patting the horses. They had got the Tomlinsons' old two-seated sleigh, that had been packed away in a musty, cluttered barn corner for years. It was refurbished, decked with sleigh-bells the boys had found somewhere. John's big horses stamping, shaking and turning their heads to see where the jingling came from, letting out clouds of silvery vapor.

"It ain't cold—just grand! Better go, grandma."

"Take your wedding journey!"

The bedroom was full of women laughing, encouraging, helping to bundle her into heavy wraps—shouting to George to get his fur coat for grandpa. There was discussion as to who should have the place beside Charlie. "You go, Clara." "Oh no—some of the rest of you." "Mr. and Mrs. Baxter—" "Oh no, no! Let some of these little people." "Me, mama! I want a sleigh-ride!" "No, you children can have lots of fun here." "I think Clara'd ought to go. She's the only one aint had a ride today." Clara would not go without Minnie. The two plump women were packed into the front seat, with Charlie squeezed between them. The old Willeys had the place of honor in the back of the sleigh.

All the company flung on wraps, shawls, whatever they could pick up, and hurried out to the back steps to watch the sleigh-

ing party leave. The women hugged their arms in their shawls, squinted against the sharp flash of sun from the drive and the glistening shed roofs.

"Look-a there! Ain't that great?"

They pointed to the placard that the boys had fastened with a white streamer to the back of the sleigh—

JUST MARRIED.

"Get back—get those kids back. These horses are rarin' to go."

The clustered company waved, shouted, as the sleigh started with a jerk and frosty jangle of bells; watched it out of sight around the turn; then went back to the house, away from the white emptiness in which the new sleigh tracks had left steely marks.

Bobs had been along this road since it had stopped snowing, making the going easier. The jingling bells, the sky a dazzle of blue after the snowfall. . . . The world they were passing through was as shining, remote, as those ethereal, silvery hills and thickets drawn on frosty window panes. The sunlight glittered on the horses' smooth-curving backs. The sleigh runners left narrow, hard, flashing tracks. The low rounded hills were crusted deep with sparkling white. Corn stalks, humped with snow, shone stiff and pale gold. They had to close their eyes against that blinding radiance.

They drove into Prospect—not down that little street where the old people lived, but "right through the main part of town." People halted at the sound of bells, laughed at the placard, waved and called out greetings. The sleighing party, warmed still by the happy intoxication of the wedding dinner, responded hilariously.

"What's this—an elopement?" Judge Brubaker shouted.

"We've got to stop for you to have your pictures taken," Clara turned to say.

"Oh, no!" Mrs. Willey protested.

But she liked it—even grandpa liked it.

They climbed the sloping wooden stairs to the gallery, covered with thick soft snow. The photograph would be in the Des Moines paper. "Prospect Couple Celebrate Golden Wedding." It would have their names—tell about the loving-cup, and Robert's telegram. The long room of the gallery, filled with snowy light, had the same dazzle as the street today.

The old man was lifted above his gloom and forebodings. He raised his wife's hand clasped in his, and shouted back at people. A crowd of little boys swarmed out into the road, making for the sleigh with ludicrous determination. "Hop on, boys!" he called jovially. They clung until a jerk at the corner threw them off the runners; and they still trailed the sleigh for a block or two.

IV

"Well, was the ride nice, grandma?"

"Oh, it was fine!"

"Get cold?"

"Not a bit cold. . . . I guess I am a little chilly now, though."

And as she trudged up through the heavy snow to the farm house again, she realized that the afternoon was late, the best of the sunshine over. When she went into the house, too, there was a different feeling. The big bob-load of people had left during the sleigh-ride. Now there were only the family themselves—the granddaughters sitting wearily in the parlor after their long siege in the kitchen. "Oh, children, be still a while. You make such a racket." Carrie Gustafson was plodding about in the kitchen doing the last of the cleaning up.

Standing in the bedroom, taking off her many wraps, Mrs. Willey realized that the chill of the winter day had sunk into her. Her eyes were reddened, her small faded lips were blue. Her thin frail hands felt stiff and chilled.

"I guess you did get kind o' cold, grandma."

"Oh, not so very. It was awful nice."

They sat about in the parlor, where the grandchildren were playing with undiminished liveliness, even wilder than at noon. The older people were tired. The men talked, and the women, in two camps. Then some of the women went out to the kitchen to "set out a few things for supper."

"Now, don't go to a lot of trouble. We don't really need a thing after all we've et."

"Oh, the men'll want something. We'll just put on what's left."

But when they went to the table, the cold goose and chicken, the warmed-over potatoes, the different bits of salad, tasted good after all. There was a revived cheer, an intimacy in gathering around the remnants of the great meal after the outsiders had left. The glossy table-cloth had spots of jelly. The yellow bell still hung there; but the flowers and crêpe paper and wedding cake were gone. Plates of angel food and fruit cake, a little crumbled, were put on. The coffee tasted better than anything else.

Under the old woman's smile lay tremulous fatigue. She could scarcely sit at the table. As soon as the meal was over, George hitched up the bob to take the old people and some of the grandchildren home.

"Well, sir, it's been quite a day."

Now they had seen too much to notice the whiteness of the fields that they passed, the willows dim and motionless. The straw was warm under the robe on the floor of the bob. The plop-plop-plop of the big horses' hoofs was magically soothing . . . and the slight jolt and sway of the bob, going over rough places in the road, turning corners. . . .

They were all surprised when the bob stopped.

"Are we here?"

"Sure. Where'd you think we was?"

"Why, I didn't hardly know."

"Wait a minute, grandma, I'll lift you out."

George lifted her over the side of the

bob. When he put her down, her legs felt stiff and queer, and she could scarcely make her feet move. She looked with a kind of wonder at the house standing bleak, silent, no shine from the windows, no smoke from the chimney. She entered it with the feeling of a traveler from splendid scenes who still carries a trace of their radiance with him to shed upon the familiar home. The little entry was cold.

"Wait a minute," George said. "I'll get your fire going for you."

"Oh, you needn't to bother, George."

"Sure. Only take a minute."

The sound of his heavy boots, the crackle of wood and rattle of coal, made a cheerful bustle. "There! I guess she'll warm up now." Then he was gone. Shouts of good-bye from the bob—it trundled off down the snowy street, around a corner.

It seemed as if the day could not be over. But they were in the house together. There was nothing for them to do, after all, but go to bed.

V

Their bedroom was chilly.

It took the old woman longer to put away all her cherished best things—her silk dress and lace collar and brooch. He was in bed long before she was, and impatient. She wanted to linger. The silk dress kept the feeling of the occasion. There was still a sense of exaltation—a jumbled memory of the dinner, the shining table, the jangle of bells and the sparkling snow; the greetings along the street.

But the old pieces of furniture, set with a meager exactness in the chilly room, exerted the long-known influence of the every-day. After all—it was this that they must come back to. The day had been fine, but the day was over and would not come again. Now, when they were alone, they had so little to say. Their room was too close, to familiar. Their knowledge of each other was too intimate for their speech to go outside its daily boundaries—they were afraid of that. They fell so quickly into the old ways with each other.

She struggled against admitting this.

"The cake was nice, wa'ant it?"

"Hm?"

"The cake. It was nice."

"Um. Yeah. Ain't you nearly ready?"

"It was nice of the children to plan it for us that way, a surprise like that."

. . . But it was no use. He would never talk about things. He was pulling her down to the old level again. She folded away the lace collar, put the brooch in the small jeweler's box with her watch chain and an old ring. She would have liked to go over the whole day, picking out and holding up the intimate and significant details—but he wanted the light out, wanted to get to sleep. She was softened toward him, thinking of that moment on the snowy street when he had lifted their two hands. She was not ready to let the day go. Why couldn't pa ever talk things over with her? He'd talk more to anybody than to her.

She felt the still, frosty wonder of the night, as she stood a moment at the small window. And because she could not share this—felt so helpless—a little old, thin bitterness seeped through her proud exaltation, tincturing it with the familiar quality of every-day. . . .

He turned over restlessly. "Well, ma! Aint ye ever comin' to bed?"

"Well, can't you give me time to put away my things?"

"Hmp . . . 'time'!" And other mutterings, half intelligible.

But when she put out the light and climbed into the creaking bed beside him, he was at ease. He soon went to sleep. She lay beside him, awake for a long time. The irritation died away into calm, and she lay holding in the solitude of her own mind deeply felt, wordless things . . . as she had done in countless other nights; holding quiet both the beauty and the bitterness, encompassing them in the tranquillity of her comprehension . . . not so ill content, after all, that he should drop off childlike to sleep, and leave her and those incommunicable thoughts alone.

FINGER-PRINTS

BY JOHN NICHOLAS BEFFEL

MYTHS accumulate substance through reiteration. The renegade Pullman porter who set himself up as the Emperor Jones on a Caribbean island where there was no silver spread the legend that only a silver bullet could kill him, and that legend was like a protecting mantle of steel, for the uncivilized natives accepted it unquestioningly. Civilized people in the United States and around the earth have been long fed on the doctrine that finger-print identification is infallible. They believe, because they have read it innumerable times in the newspapers and have seen it worked out in the movies, that if a person's finger-mark is discovered at the scene of a crime, that person necessarily has a guilty connection with that crime. One man has been hanged in Chicago solely on such evidence; and in New Jersey Governor Edwards permitted another to go to the electric chair in 1921 following a conviction based chiefly on finger-print identification, despite affidavits from reputable persons that the defendant was out of the State at the time of the murder he was accused of committing.

Finger-prints were used as seals on documents in China before the time of Christ, and in various Old World countries through the subsequent centuries. Their practical modern use was begun in India in 1858, when they were utilized by William Herschel, a clerk for the East India Company, to validate commercial papers signed by natives. Late in the eighties Francis Galton, the English scientist, made a study of the subject, and devised a system of classification whereby finger-impressions could be used by the police for identifying crimi-

nals. He published his scheme in 1892. Nine years later finger-print identification was adopted by the British police, and shortly afterward it gained a foothold in the United States, being taken up first in New York City.

[illegible]

For twenty years the detection and conviction of men on finger-print evidence has made good copy for the police and court

reporters. There is always something magical and awe-inspiring about the process, something fateful and inevitable, something pointing to a never-sleeping Nemesis that cannot be eluded. The reporters echo the police doctrine that there are no two finger-prints exactly alike, and that it is useless for a criminal to mutilate his fingers, for the skin-design can never be altered; if injured, it will grow again as before. Meanwhile, correspondence schools of finger-print instruction come into being, advertising widely and holding out the lure of rich rewards to graduates. Not even a high-school education is necessary to matriculate. If one can read and write English one may become an expert by studying in one's spare time for a few months. A course costs but \$70, in easy payments. So a great multitude of "experts" spring up all over the country, in and out of the police departments.

II

But now all these experts face the danger of learning that their jobs don't mean anything. For Albert Wehde, a Chicago jewelry engraver and photographer, has come forward with the news that he can forge finger-prints so perfectly that no expert can detect the counterfeit from the original. He does not mean forgery in the same sense as forgery of handwriting. Counterfeited signatures deceive only the layman, as a rule; under the microscope of the expert the fraud is manifest. Wehde uses a transfer-method which defies the microscope. He could lift a finger-impression made by John Jones on a drinking glass in Boston and plant it on an automobile door involved in the commission of a homicide in Dedham, 20 miles south, and on the strength of that evidence, under the prevailing rulings of American courts, Jones could be convicted and sent to the electric chair, even though he had never been in Dedham. Or Jones's finger-print might be taken from a police record-card in Boston, where it was placed when he was arrested

for automobile speeding. Such a frame-up might be engineered either by the actual perpetrator of the murder or by somebody connected with the police who wanted to get Mr. Jones.

Let us trace the procedure from the beginning: First, there is a daylight pay-roll robbery in Dedham. The bandits escape in a Buick car. In a wood a few miles away an abandoned Buick is found. Finger-print experts from Boston are summoned: they photograph the numerous finger-impressions which appear, more or less legible, on different parts of the car. The prints made by the cops themselves are eliminated (they are always immune from suspicion!), but photographs of the other imprints on the automobile are disseminated in police circulars and descriptions of them are broadcasted by radio, a system of numerals having been devised for transmitting them. Presently the Boston police, in checking their records, discover that one of the imprints "found" on the murder-car near Dedham tallies exactly with a digital print of John Jones, as shown by the registration made when he violated a traffic law. And Jones has been known to drive a Buick car. So he is arrested. He protests that he is innocent, but he is subjected to the third degree, kept sleepless when he will not confess, and worried until he is on the verge of exhaustion. Finally the trial comes, and he goes into court haggard and wild-looking. He is compelled, by the rules prevailing in cultured Massachusetts, to sit in a steel cage, open at the top, with guards on either side. The whole setting is psychologically against him.

The finding of the automobile in the woods is detailed by witnesses, and a finger-print expert swears that he found a certain finger-print on the door of the car, and exhibits a photograph of it, and also another photograph which he declares is known to be that of Jones's finger-impression. He takes oath that the two photographs are identical, and the jurors, on examining both, discern that this is true.

The expert quotes Galton and Balthazard as proof that there is only one chance in millions of two finger-impressions ever being exactly alike. Then a woman, let us say, is put on the stand. She testifies that she saw the bandit-car escape—saw it briefly while it traveled a few yards at high speed, and while she stood in a second-story window, 70 feet from the automobile's path. In that car, leaning out, was a dark man about 35 years old, of medium height. Jones, the defendant in the cage, answers that description. She identifies him as the man she saw in the automobile. At the preliminary hearing, months before, she wasn't certain that Jones was the bandit who leaned out of the car, but now she is positive.

Jones, taking the stand in his own defense, declares that he was in Boston all day on the date of the crime, didn't work that day because he had to see about getting a passport for a trip abroad, had lunch with several friends, and remembers meeting another man on the street and talking with him about a certain theatrical performance. He swears that he was never in Dedham until he was arrested and taken to the police station there. All the acquaintances he mentions having met on the day of the murder also take the stand, and corroborate his story. But the jury, greatly impressed by the finger-print evidence, disregards these witnesses and accepts the testimony of the expert—as it has a right to under the court's instructions—and finds Jones guilty. He is sentenced to the electric chair, and the higher courts uphold the sentence. So Jones dies.

This is not a far-fetched picture. Something not unlike it has actually happened. Nicola Sacco was convicted at Dedham in 1921 of a pay-roll murder on precisely the kind of eye-witness testimony detailed above, plus the testimony of gun-experts, since exploded. And Charles Brandon was electrocuted in Trenton, N. J., in the same year on the strength of a finger-print alleged to have been found on an automobile door. When affidavits which

Brandon's attorney declares would have established his innocence were carried to Governor Edward I. Edwards, that eminent statesman consented to read only one, ignored the others, and refused to interfere with Brandon's execution.

III

Wehde made his discovery while in the Leavenworth Federal Penitentiary. He was sent there in 1921 for attempting to transport arms to East Indian revolutionists before the United States entered the World War, and was assigned to the finger-print laboratory. There he saw a visiting police officer attempt to "doctor" a photograph of a finger-impression later offered as evidence in a trial for train-robbery in which a large reward figured. This impelled Wehde to experiment, and after much effort he found a way to forge or transfer finger-marks.

Three hundred experiments convinced him and his fellow-workers in the laboratory of the absolute precision of his method. The head of the prison department of identification was informed of Wehde's discovery, and a chart containing forged and genuine finger-prints lay on his desk for two weeks. One day a letter came from William J. Burns, then head of the Department of Justice bureau of investigation at Washington. Burns inquired whether the forgery of finger-prints was regarded as possible at Leavenworth. Harrison George, a political prisoner and secretary to the chief prison expert, came to Wehde with this letter and asked what he should write in answer. "Tell him we can do it to defy detection," said Wehde. . . . "But the agent wants me to write a negative answer," George explained. So Wehde and George formulated a letter in which Burns was assured that the forging of finger-prints was beyond possibility.

After Wehde was liberated by commutation of his sentence in May, 1922, he gave out his findings through an interview in the labor press. It was disturbing to the

finger-print experts. One of them defended the doctrine of infallibility in an article in the *Finger-Print Magazine*, organ of the leading school in that field, declaring that the proper way to examine such claims as Wehde's would be to submit them to a test by the nation's principal experts. "Such a test would be of scientific value," he wrote, "and I am sure the finger-print experts would welcome it." Accordingly, Wehde sought the privilege of the floor at the 1923 convention of the Illinois State Association for Identification. Al Dunlap, president of the association, asked for an advance demonstration, and Wehde gave it in the presence of several of Dunlap's colleagues. But later Dunlap wrote to Wehde accusing him of fraud and denying him the convention floor. At the convention two of the experts who had witnessed the private demonstration were permitted to "blast Wehde's claims to smithereens" when he was not present to defend himself.

Wehde's discovery was an independent one. But there are on record reports of two previous efforts along the same line. In 1913, Theodore Kytka, a handwriting expert in San Francisco, announced that he had devised a way to transfer finger-impressions from one object to another. And in 1920 Milton Carlson, of Los Angeles, made a like claim. Neither described his process, however, and their claims received little publicity. Wehde did not hear of either until 1923. Commenting on Carlson's claim, John Henry Wigmore, the nation's ranking authority on evidence, says: "But as the method itself has been kept secret by the inventor, its practical availability must be doubted." There is no secret about Wehde's method. He explains it thus:

First, we obtain possession of a genuine finger-print, which is easy, as no smooth-surfaced article can be handled without leaving digital marks. These marks are then developed and brought into bold relief by dusting powder on them, powder contrasting in color to the object on which the print adheres. We photograph this imprint, making the negative the exact size of the original. The ridges of the imprint will appear in opaque aspect on the glass plate. An etching is made from this negative, preferably on copper.

This etching is a positive, and serves as a matrix or die, having the ridge-lines etched into it sharply. Then a piece of paper—any fairly heavy correspondence paper will do—is moistened slightly and forced into the ridges by rubbing its back firmly with any hard smooth instrument. When the paper is lifted off it will be found that the portion of it which bears the finger-impression is now an exact replica of the skin-design on the finger involved. Moistening this paper-transfer by touching it to any perspiring part of the human body, or slightly greasing it with any fatty or oily substance, and then pressing it against any surface capable of holding a direct finger-print, we transplant an exact copy of the original finger-impression, including every detail and sweat-pore.

Wehde uses a photo-engraver's knowledge to make the kind of matrix which is essential. But the discoverer points out that any commercial engraving plant would unhesitatingly execute an order for an etching in zinc or copper of any finger-print—which might be wanted, innocently enough, for printing in a book or magazine.

IV

Despite the movies and the moral fiction in the *Saturday Evening Post* and Commissioner Enright's Alger stories about the New York cops in *Flynn's Weekly*, every person of normal intelligence knows that the police of our great cities are subject to lamentable environmental influences and that as a class they are perhaps no better than they ought to be. Knowledge of how to forge finger-prints would present an almost irresistible temptation to many of them. If, despite this, you are naïve enough to think that the police and prosecuting authorities remain zealous and impartial guardians of justice, read the report of John B. Densmore, agent for the Department of Labor, on the Mooney and Billings case in San Francisco. This report is contained in House Document No. 157, and it shows how local officials engineered a cold-blooded frame-up which put two men in prison for life for murders with which they had nothing to do.

Any newspaper man of experience knows that the overmastering desire of the police in all our big cities is to convict, and that

almost always their assumption is that every prisoner is guilty. Consider the large number of false arrests in every American city each year. Thousands of innocent persons are picked up on suspicion, finger-printed, photographed, and then turned loose when no offense can be fastened upon them. In New York City in 1922, for instance, the total number of arrests made and summonses served was 303,451, but 70,782 of the accused persons were discharged or acquitted.

For years it has been the practice of the police all over the United States to register the finger-prints of every person arrested, and to retain the prints even when the accused is exonerated—unless, of course, he can bring enough pressure to bear, through the courts or otherwise, to compel their return. There is no guarantee that the police anywhere will destroy the finger-impressions of persons acquitted or discharged after false arrest.

There has been propaganda in the United States in recent times to bring about the registration of the finger-prints of every man, woman and child in the land. The New York State Chamber of Commerce advocates the scheme, offering a number of reasons, among them, the ready identification of lost and slain persons and suicides, the prevention of voting frauds, the protection of bank deposits, the possibility of keeping a check on persons who carry weapons, and the ease with which the plan would prevent "the evasion [*sic*] of clever and dangerous aliens sent here for the purpose of spreading discontent among the unassimilated elements of our population." The notorious Archibald E. Stevenson, counsel for the Lusk Committee, also supports the idea. "Eighteen thousand finger-print experts will be needed when universal finger-printing is adopted by our government," says the principal seminary for such experts.

Secretary of Labor James J. Davis, a former labor leader, and Representative Albert Johnson, of Washington State, have ardently sought to have Congress pass leg-

islation providing for the annual registration of all the 8,000,000 aliens in the country. Deputy Police Commissioner Joseph Faurot, of New York City, also wants this done. "Think of the help it would have been in suppressing the alien, had such a bureau been in existence prior to and during the war," said Faurot in a recent radio speech. But when Johnson was trying to push his alien finger-printing bill through Congress in 1922, many protests were voiced against it in labor circles, on the ground that such registration savored of espionage. Supporters of the bill answered that "the registrations can never be used for anything else except to aid the Labor Department in knowing the whereabouts of aliens in this country," and declared that "it would require an act of Congress to open up the alien registration files to the Department of Justice or any other government organization which would seek to use them for the prosecution of supposed criminals." But anyone familiar with the activities of the various spying and snouting bureaus, during and after the war, knows better. No act of Congress was required to give the Department of Justice access to mail addressed to American citizens while that mail was in the hands of the Post Office. As for the Department of Justice, it worked hand in hand with the police all over the country, and with the American Protective League, an organization of slackers turned into amateur spies. Thousands of private offices were visited secretly at night and letters and documents there were photographed without warrant. In the Teapot Dome scandal it was shown that Gaston B. Means, a man convicted of serious offenses, had ready access to the confidential files of the Department of Justice.

Such men are all eager advocates of finger-prints and insist loudly that they are infallible. The Wehde discovery shows how infallible they really are—and how tantalizingly they tempt the police to help justice by artful devices when actual evidence is scanty or lacking.

SUBSCRIPTION SETS

BY MILTON WALDMAN

THE sale of standard sets of books by subscription in America has been described as a complete history of crime; it is equally a history of painful and costly disillusion. The greed, the ignorance and the charlatanism that have attended it exhibit human nature at almost its lowest point. That the traffic is disappearing into the limbo of uncomfortable memories should be cause for public congratulation.

The term "subscription" as applied to the so-called limited set is, of course, usually misleading. A book published by subscription is properly one which has been subscribed for in advance of publication; the edition is limited to the number of subscribers, with perhaps a few extra copies. The term has wandered into strange pastures when it is applied to a book, or, as usual, a set of books published in indefinite quantities for which orders are taken subsequent to publication. It is necessary in a discussion of the sale of books by subscription to keep this distinction clearly in mind.

The origin of subscription publication in England is somewhat indefinite, but it appears to have taken on a recognized character by about 1725. It became customary for an author who could not expect a large book-store sale for his book, or who desired to send it forth typographically comely, to solicit the aid of his acquaintances for the purpose of obtaining from, or through, them the means of publication. Hence, before the manuscript became a book the limit of its first edition was practically fixed. Some of the most enduring literature in the language was published in this fashion, while a host of amusing and

pathetic stories recount the efforts of authors to secure the needed patrons.

The custom of publishing books by subscription was early transplanted to the United States and its further development in England was paralleled here—but with differences that grew ever more startling as it became caught in the stream of American enterprise. One of the earliest and by all odds the most elaborate subscription venture in the annals of the American book trade was Marshall's "Life of Washington."¹ Immediately following the death of the first President, the publishers of the time had begun to look around for a fit historian of his achievements. Several minor biographies had appeared, the most important one by Mason Locke Weems, of whom more anon. But an authoritative one was demanded, and popular opinion, in the Federalist Party particularly, soon focussed on John Marshall, whose association with Washington had been particularly close.

Marshall, whose duties as Chief Justice were not at this time very arduous, was impelled by various motives to undertake the task. Partly it was a labor of love, but the famous jurist was also sadly in need of money. His financial expectations were high—he hoped to realize \$100,000 from the work—but they proved pitifully exaggerated, as will be seen. The contract with Wayne, a Philadelphia publisher, entered into September 22, 1802, gave Marshall warning of the disappointments to come. It called for the issue of four or five vol-

¹ I am indebted to former Senator A. J. Beveridge's admirable biography of Marshall for many of the following facts.

umes, of from four hundred to five hundred pages each, to sell for three dollars a volume. The author's share was one dollar a volume, an enormous royalty, judged by present-day standards, and one which very few living authors could command. But Marshall's first expectation had been a five-dollar volume, with a proportionately larger royalty.

It had been intended, originally, to secure subscriptions by the employment of postmasters as agents, the publisher even contemplating the use of Marshall's franking privilege to further the work, but the plan was soon seen to be hopeless. Then Wayne called upon the before-mentioned Weems, the greatest and most versatile book-agent the world has ever known. Weems could probably have qualified for every occupation listed in a contemporary business directory. The variety of his talents was astounding. As an author, as has been noted, he had written a "Life of Washington" of his own, wherein he immortalized, and probably invented the cherry tree story. He was likewise the author of "God's Revenge against Adultery"; "God's Revenge against Gambling"; "God's Revenge against Murder," and other authoritative interpretations of the Divine Will. He was a raconteur of parts, an evangelist, a lecturer, a fiddler, and a parlor entertainer extraordinary. When he traveled, he carried on his person and in his saddlebags health, profit and moral guidance for all.

Weems enlisted with Wayne and added the Marshall "Life of Washington" to his stock. His instructions were to follow up leads in the cities and towns, but in a short while he made a discovery that should rank him high among the prophets. In a letter to Wayne he pointed out that the country was the ordained place to sell subscription sets. Weems' followers have all paid close heed to this inspired advice! Other active, and 1250 "inactive," agents were employed to supplement his efforts, but all seem to have been prodigiously inactive, since only 4000 sales were recorded

during the first year, with receipts of \$12,000 in cash. Marshall was extremely slow in completing his manuscript, due largely to the addition of the hated circuit riding to his duties; hence, it was three years before the first volume was published, by which time the subscribers were already weary of asking the return of their money. In that time Wayne sold exactly two copies to non-subscribers.

That the "Life" was eventually completed is, of course, a matter of history. Whatever its merit as a biography, it was scarcely a success from a monetary point of view. To the irreverent its chief function was its part in the preservation of Mason Locke Weems to posterity. Bound with it is the printed list of subscribers, among the more notable of whom are the author himself, and J. C. Calhoun, a student at Yale College. But, first in interest as in the list, is the name of T. Jefferson, P.U.S.

II

After that pioneer era subscription book-selling in America gradually degenerated to peddling from door to door. The traveling book-agent largely took the place of the bookshop, and sold on the installment plan, acting as his own collector. Many of Mark Twain's books, issued by his own firm, the American Publishing Company of Hartford, were thus distributed. Subscriptions for the small edition of Audubon's "Birds of North America," published in seven volumes and sold for \$70, were also obtained in this fashion.

A novelty now entered: steel plate books issued in parts. The source of it was England, where Dickens, Thackeray and Ainsworth, in parts, were at the height of their vogue. Probably the most elaborate of the steel plate books was Bryant's "Picturesque America," issued in forty numbers, and later bound in two thick volumes, under which many an American parlor table groaned for several generations. Contemporaneous with this genteel classic were those masterpieces of sensational fiction

which formed the literary pabulum of servant girls for several decades. These stories, usually in twenty parts, were generally the work of hack-writers whose only distinction lay in their suspiciously aristocratic names.

The modern era of subscription selling may be said to have begun in the '80's with the publication of massive volumes intended to satisfy the nascent art instinct of America. Among the earliest and most noteworthy was the "Vanderbilt House Collection," issued by Gebbie & Company of Philadelphia, a most pretentious volume and almost as colossal as Rosa Bonheur's "The Horse Fair," one of the chief ornaments of the collection which the book aimed to describe. Published at prices ranging from \$200 to \$1,000, it would be difficult to give away today. Unwilling to permit Philadelphia leadership in the field, a New York house shortly afterward brought out a rival volume, "Artistic Homes of America," which, if my memory serves me correctly, succeeded in achieving even greater size than the Philadelphia monstrosity.

At this point the clan known as the strong-arm men entered the game, to dominate and disfigure it. The wide demand for the pretentious publications just referred to revealed the state of the public taste to a group of clever men, and a mass of gaudy books came forth which were promptly sold on a variety of misrepresentations, the commonest being their limited character. Sales were stimulated by the arguments that the possession of such volumes was essential to a reputation as a patron of the arts; that the special set the peddler had to offer was one of the first ten off the press, and so on. Not infrequently affidavits were inserted in corroboration of these misrepresentations. The purchaser's happiness was then made complete by the discovery that he might receive, if he wished, a set with his own name printed opposite the title page, thus setting to rest any doubts he might have had as to the extremely special character of his prize. Actually the books were

printed long before his name had graced the subscription contract, and the extra page was inserted thereafter.

The demand for these books soon taxed even the resourcefulness of their vendors. Every English and American author of prominence was worked as "a set proposition," but still the public called for more. In this emergency, foreign authors were drawn upon and their works issued in inexhaustible variety. Such French writers as de Maupassant, Flaubert, DeKock, Gautier, Balzac, Mérimée, Zola, Daudet, Dumas, Hugo, deMusset, George Sand, along with several Germans, Tolstoy and some of the other Russians were translated into English and made into pretentious sets to be sold by subscription. Most of these authors had never had the distinction of a uniform set of their works in their native or any other language until the American publishers undertook to supply the demands of the hordes of newly rich who wished to furnish their libraries. To encourage sales the sets were given some of the prettiest names imaginable, usually a French or Italian proper noun that had a pleasant tang of culture.

In the list of authors given above it will be noted that Frenchmen predominated; in fact, Balzac was always the pet of the strong-arm gentry, who issued more editions of his work than ever appeared in France. The reason is obvious—the spicy bits were easy to locate, and the salesman had little trouble in effecting his sale after he had captured the interest of the prospective book-lover by hinting that his author was full of passages equal or superior to the samples shown. The best representation I have ever seen of this method of bookselling is a cartoon by Rollin Kirby, entitled "Bibliomania." It shows a corpulent business man seated at his desk, holding in one hand a volume open at the frontispiece, which depicts a nude figure, while standing opposite him, presenting a contract, is a debonair person, with morning coat and diamond scarf-pin, who is saying:

"It is your privilege, sir, as one of the

most discriminating of our bibliophiles, to have the honor of subscribing to this special extra edition-de-luxe of Ben Jonson's works. Rare Ben Jonson he's called—rare—spicy, you know. Each volume is signed by the author and contains a page of his original manuscript and the original French illustrations colored by hand. The edition is limited to fifty sets. A special price to *you* will be made of \$200 down, and \$50 a month for eleven years. Sign here, please." He signs.

Few of these sets, of course, were in any sense limited; some of them were not even original publications. Plates that had been employed in publishing quite ordinary books abroad were imported for use in their manufacture, and the illustrations with which they were so copiously graced, sometimes in two or more states, were mere copies in similar hand-me-down fashion. The illustrations for an edition of Molière, which on account of their unusual character required (according to the publisher) the sale of the set at \$100 a volume, were made from the identical set of plates which a Paris firm had employed just previously in an edition issued at a fraction of that price.

III

The continuous success of these ventures spurred their entrepreneurs on to excesses that now appear amazing. In one instance a set made to sell in England at two shillings a volume was bought up by a New York firm in quantities, and its bona fide title page ripped out and replaced by a fraudulent one, on whose reverse side was printed the usual "limited" statement. Illustrations on the artistic plane of colored postcards were inserted, and the whole enclosed in a highly ornamental leather binding. The fifty volumes were then offered to collectors of polite literature at \$5,000!

As the contemporary period in American literature was the Age of Silver, this period in collecting may be well dubbed the Age of Leather. Books were bought largely because they were the most expeditious means

of filling bindings, and nearly every American home that desired to parade under the banner of culture showed shelves filled with yards of morocco in crimson, purple and gold. Bindings, once the playthings of kings, succumbed to the influence of democracy and became the symbol of affluent respectability. The quantities of "full morocco with doublures" supplied to eager purchasers and the prices paid for them would have driven the French master bookbinders to despair. Their emotion would have been no greater, however, than that which came to the poor dupe who afterwards discovered that the sumptuous foreign bindings for which he had exchanged his money were the product of an American stamping machine. Nor was the greatest of his woes an æsthetic disillusionment; for the profit which he had expected from his purchase vanished in the same moment of enlightenment—that prospective profit which the vigorous salesman invariably employed as bait when the catch refused to nibble at other inducements.

The report of a Pennsylvania law suit will serve to illustrate the methods by which the subscription agent exploited the avarice of certain of the public who bought books without having any business to. The representative of a Philadelphia publishing house called on a lawyer in that city and laid before him a twenty-two volume set of the works of Theodore Roosevelt, limited, and in ornate binding. The salesman represented that an understanding with Mr. Roosevelt required that the sets must first be offered to lovers of literature with whom he (the author) was acquainted. The customer, although flattered at this mark of attention, denied acquaintanceship with the President, to which the salesman responded that the latter must have known of him, else his name would not be on the list. The lawyer finally declined the purchase because of the high price, \$2,200. The salesman thereupon made his polite adieux.

Next day the lawyer received an inquiry over the telephone regarding his option on

the set, for which the inquirer offered \$500. On being informed that the option had been declined the voice on the telephone took on a note of urbane wrath and explained that the set, because of its limited nature, would shortly be worth \$5,000, and that the inquirer was extremely eager to obtain possession of it. Several days later the salesman returned and made the lawyer an offer of a thousand dollars for his option. But the lawyer, thinking that he detected a nigger in the wood-pile, declined the offer and entered the subscription for himself. Had he accepted the agent's offer, the latter, as in several similar cases, would have extricated himself in one of a number of ingenious ways. As it was, the buyer shortly discovered the real value of his bargain and allowed himself to be sued for his defaulted instalment payments. The verdict went against him, the contract containing, in small type, a clause to the effect that the publisher was responsible for no representations of his agents, not printed in the contract. It was a rather expensive lesson to the legal gentleman.

Another famous suit was that of a Philadelphia publisher against one J. Macy Willetts to collect \$6,000 owing out of \$48,000 given in notes by the latter for some of the former's books. William Rand, Jr., in summing up for the defendant said:

Both in respect to the workmanship on those books and the alleged limit to the editions, the literary junk brought here to Court is absolute fake. The editions were limited only to the number of suckers they could get. They lied as to the rarity of the books and they lied as to the hand tooling. The superintendent of their bindery came here and testified that machine stamped binding is better than hand tooled. Think of the years and years wasted by artists who bored their very souls into the tooling of a book, sometimes taking two years for one book alone!

The judge emphatically endorsed the remarks of counsel, and the jury not only refused the plaintiffs their \$6,000 but awarded the defendant \$36,313 on a counterclaim.

Anyone accustomed to inspecting auction catalogues must be impressed with the number of sets offered in full morocco. The

usual run of such ornate sets now sell for about ten per cent of their issue price—five to ten dollars as compared to the fifty or one hundred dollars a volume which the original sellers extracted for them. I use "extracted" advisedly; misrepresentation may have been the instrument that put the desired signature on the dotted line, but the process of collecting the successive instalments of the purchase money as they came due often resolved itself into one of extraction—and brought a good living to many a collection lawyer.

A young woman in a small town in Pennsylvania, wife of one of the prominent citizens, involved herself in the purchase of some \$48,000 worth of subscription sets on the representation of the seller, a New York firm, that it would get for her, shortly, a purchaser to take them off her hands at \$100,000, a quarter of which she was to pay as commission. She was told, of course, that the \$100,000 represented the real, intrinsic value of the books. She paid \$20,000 in cash, and gave four notes for \$5,000 each, and two for \$4,000. After all but the last \$8,000 had been paid she received a telephone call from Pittsburg, from the traveling representative of the house, who stated that he had with him a Pittsburg steel man, the prospective buyer. Another voice then took up the conversation and asked whether the books were in her possession and ready for delivery. On her affirmative reply, this stranger inquired whether her title was clear and being assured that it was, professed himself satisfied and promised that he would call on her to close the transaction the following week.

Later, on the same day, the New York office telephoned her and asked whether she had heard from the Pittsburg millionaire. When she replied that she had the publisher politely pointed out to her that the Pittsburger was an astute business man and would not accept any property the title to which was not clear. Thus she was induced to honor a draft covering the payments still due on the notes. The draft made its appearance the next day, but here

her good fortune as the wife of a local magnate stepped in. The paper was brought to her husband's attention at his bank and held up. After an investigation by the local district attorney the two gentlemen who planned this *coup*, which yielded them \$40,000 for books costing less than \$5,000, were apprehended, and sentenced to the Federal Prison at Leavenworth. They had unwisely violated the rules of the game and used the mails in their little fraud.

Such tales could be indefinitely multiplied. It is only a dozen years or so since the famous Anglo-American Authors' Association exposure, which divulged that numerous men and women prominent in the country's social life had succumbed. Time and again people who should have known better were deluded by the tale of the millionaire momentarily absent in Europe, who was dashing back to acquire these particular books at a fantastic profit. A rather better sort were induced to endow libraries with volumes not worth shelf-space in a dentist's waiting-room. And there is the recent priceless case of a Westerner who was induced to advance a large sum of money (\$40,000, as I recall it), against the books which a Chinese millionaire kept aboard his yacht. The literary yachtsman, it appeared, was temporarily pressed for cash and was prepared to repay handsomely for the trifling accommodation, leaving his precious books in the lender's hands. The latter, it is unnecessary to add, has not yet been disturbed in his reading of them by the owner.

IV

The evils of the subscription business, as described above, were colossal. For a time it nearly monopolized the book market in this country, the aggregate of sales in book-stores being trifling in comparison. The chief evil was the inordinate cost of production, owing to the manufacturing ignorance of the publisher, and his desire to dress up his books in sumptuous fashion. The selling costs, of course, were also

enormously high, agents' commissions of fifty per cent being common, and on a rising scale where the absurd leather-bound sets were concerned. The books were often purchased by those who had no desire for them and subsequently defaulted on their contracts. The entire business was therefore so extravagantly conducted and so unstable that the purchaser rarely got a fraction of his money's worth and the sellers themselves in the long run seldom made money, although occasional fortunes were wrung from the business. The damage inflicted on legitimate publishers was simply incalculable. It is actually surprising that the honorable houses survived it.

The indications are now that the day of the strong-arm man is passing. The howls of his victims and the unsympathetic attention of the authorities have cramped his operations. Only in the oil fields of the Southwest, where wealth accumulates faster than taste, does he find any sort of harvest, and even there he no longer works unhampered. Luckily, the strong-arm man early revealed to the legitimate publishers a fact of which they had been in ignorance, but of which they soon learned to take advantage: the presence in this country of a popular market for expensive books.

The old-established firm of Houghton Mifflin, of Boston, was probably the first house to go in for the production of such books as a regular part of its publishing program. There had been genuine limited editions before, notably those of Vezey, a Boston bookseller, whose editions of Montaigne, Macaulay and other standard authors are still esteemed by collectors of finely printed and honestly produced books; but Vezey's publications were sporadic, and in every case the work of the Riverside Press, then as now controlled by Houghton Mifflin. This firm was thus the first in the United States to do sound and artistic book-making. By this I mean that its books were of correct proportions as to shape, the type used was suitable and of fine character, and the paper was the best obtainable, generally a hand-made linen stock. Last but not

least, the books it issued were the works of genuinely important authors, whose copyrights were controlled by the firm. The famous group of New England writers, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, Thoreau, Lowell, Aldrich and Holmes, as well as many distinguished English writers, were brought out in this country under the Houghton imprint.

The illustrations in these books showed a noticeable advance in a field in which America had lagged behind. They were the work, in most cases, of artists of merit, and were printed with great care. Steel protected plates for reproducing etchings had by now been perfected, and were intelligently employed. The sets were issued in boards, with all edges untrimmed. The purchaser then had a volume acceptable in its original condition, but easily susceptible to the book-binder's ministrations. I have seen many of these Houghton sets bound by the master binders of that period, Alfred Matthews, R. W. Smith, the Bradstreet Bindery, the Club Bindery; they can never be confused with the shoddy product turned out in spurious "limited" editions. They were generally done in half morocco, the backs either tooled in handsome design or severely plain. The gaudy full morocco binding, with its needless doublure of leather, always makes a volume so clumsy and stiff that it is impossible to read it with any degree of comfort; more often than not it splits unless handled with great care.

In France almost all books appear in cheap paper wrappers, which cost the publisher and purchaser next to nothing. The owner then has the option of taking his purchase, if he wishes to adorn it, to his own binder and there having it garbed to suit his taste and means. The strong-arm man would have a difficult time convincing a Frenchman that ornate leather coverings not of his own selection were proper substance for his library. We have long had our paper-covered books in America, too; but cheap books have so long connoted cheap literature here that it is doubtful whether any volume not clad at least in

cloth could attain to the respectability of family reading. Nevertheless, sets purchased in full morocco of stock design are immeasurably more expensive than those same sets bought in boards and rebound in leather of equal quality in a style of the owner's choice. If a man buys sets nowadays in expensive ready-made bindings he is either needlessly extravagant, pathetically ignorant or lacking in taste of his own.

Two other houses should be mentioned as having worthily emulated the Houghtons: Little, Brown & Company, with their editions of Parkman and their copyrighted collections of Balzac and several other great authors; and the Scribners, whose Stevenson and Kipling are sound and durable pieces of book-making, and reasonable in cost withal—products of which any house might be proud. These three firms, and others who have recently caught their spirit, have consistently held to their high purpose. If any fault may be found with them, it is the fact that they have occasionally dignified authors of the younger school, not yet to be ranked as standard, by bringing them out in high-priced sets.

No amount of education, I suppose, will ever keep certain people from falling into the error of the purchasers of the fraudulent limited editions. Greed, desire for social prestige, a misguided yearning for culture—these will always be with us. But one piece of counsel on the subject of rare books in general may perhaps be of service to would-be collectors. The elaborate, the ornate, the limited book is almost never of importance to the collector. The great rarities of bookdom, with few exceptions, are small, shabby, usually badly printed and bound volumes or pamphlets, like the Kilmarnock Burns or the Poe "Tamerlane," which in their day were not considered worth the keeping. The expensive books of every age were deemed too valuable to throw away, and have thus come down to us in large quantities. To this rule there are very few exceptions.

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

JOHN GALSWORTHY, for whose dramatic intentions always and dramatic achievements frequently I entertain a very high respect, has manufactured in "Old English" a singularly hashy play. What he has written is simply a rôle for a ham actor of the old school and called it a character. This rôle, a patchwork of Grumpy, Baron Chevrial and Isidore Lechat, is rich in all the pet mummer shenanigans that have delighted the actor heart since Mansfield evoked the awe of the yokels by collapsing in death among the banquet-table dishes and since Irving drew down the thunders of boob applause by tottering around the furniture and falling dead to the accompaniment of off-stage fifes and drums. It is character only in terms of arbitrarily imposed characteristics, the most of which are culled less from human nature than from the traditions of cabotinage. We have, in this rôle of the gray old Britisher, the stereotyped fits of irascibility lapsing abruptly into warm-heartedness, the slow and laborious getting into and out of arm-chairs, the flinty sternness alternating suddenly, as if by rote, with gentle kindness, the gradual coming on of paralysis, accompanied by the customary bull-like actor breathing, the final repertoire of physical quiverings—the entire baggage of a hundred and one rôles of a piece. These rubber-stamps are, further, duly accompanied by the familiar lines, speeches and bits of business. Thus, we have again the recollection of happy, bygone days—"there were actors in those days; we haven't any actors any more!"; the admonition to the young folk to avail themselves of the pleasures of life while there is yet time; the smacking of the lips over good port wine; the sigh for the love

that was lost; the eventual brave exit without regret or qualm. The central figure of Mr. Galsworthy's play, in short, is less a picture of an old Englishman of affairs than of an old English actor.

This old English actor the dramatist has set into a sketchy paraphrase of Mirbeau, Githa Sowerby and company. The paraphrase lacks imagination and, for the major part, interest, since the humor that Galsworthy has posed himself to capture from the setting never quite comes off. There is an excellent pantomimic episode that forms the second portion of the last act—the scene is of the old man's one grand solo orgy of wining and dining before he shuffles off—but, beyond this, little that is holding. George Arliss meets every demand of the leading rôle, but since all that the author put into it was the embodiment of an actor, that, obviously enough, is all that Arliss can extract from it. The staging of the play by E. Lyall Swete is generally of the Basil Dean order. These English producers, as I have somewhat tiresomely been observing for the last four or five years, are a melancholy lot. Bringing them over here to stage plays is akin to sending Mr. Clark Silvernail over to Germany to show Reinhardt a thing or two.

II

In all of Bernard Shaw's work there are no finer passages than those which go to make up the last half of the last act of that comedy among modern comedies known as "Candida." I know of no better instance of intelligent sentimental writing. Taking materials that, these thirty years ago, were already deeply imbedded in the hokum of the popular theatre, Shaw converted them

into first-grade dramatic literature by the simple device of viewing them through the eyes of the mind rather than through the eyes of the heart, as they had previously been in the custom of being viewed. The playwright of commerce is invariably given to an attempt to touch the heart through the heart. Shaw knew better. He knew that the shortest road to the human heart is through the head. Where the playwrights of his earlier day jockeyed with an audience's sentimental emotions with what may be called heart-to-heart drama, he made it his own trick to do the jockeying with heart-to-mind drama. It is the easiest thing in the world to instil in an audience's heart the mood of agreeable melancholy; but it is a difficult thing, indeed, to instil the same mood in an audience's head.

This third act of "Candida" is a keen searching into the core of banality and the ferreting out therefrom what essences of beauty and tenderness are hidden there. Out of age-old materials, long weary from the heaviness of grease-paint and tinsel, Shaw distilled the buried and eternal truths. From such puppets of the theatre as the thick John Shand of a husband, the romantic poet and the wife who is the triangle's other angle; from such situations as that wherein the two men confront each other at the gate of amorous battle and that wherein the two and the woman they both love take the centre of the stage; and from such ancient tear-breweries as the monologue recounting the rosemary of other and younger days—from stencils such as these, Shaw extracted all of the stencil that was in them and revealed the warm comprehension and the years-old but ever vital philosophy that had so long been coated with stage rouge. The Actors' Theatre production of the play was, in general, very good indeed, although Mr. Richard Bird acted Marchbanks rather more in the spirit of a young gentleman on his way to a Keeley Cure than in the spirit of the intrinsically sharp-minded if superficially erratic poet that the dramatist drew. Kath-

arine Cornell's Candida was a thoroughly fine performance. I am not given to wasting precious time over the genus cabot, but this particular actress is so far above the common run that she is, in her way, quite remarkable. There is no young woman in our theatre at present who matches her. And so far as a lot of the older ones go, I'll give you three-fourths of them in exchange for her, and throw in Louis Mann for good measure.

The second production of the Actors' Theatre was "The Habitual Husband," by Dana Burnet. What the author started out to write was a comedy; what he succeeded in writing was a consistently unfunny farce. It requires a considerable talent to make silliness amusing, and Mr. Burnet's silliness here remained simply silliness. The acting only served to heighten the evening's megrims. Grant Mitchell's performance of the prosaic husband who decides to take a fling at romance with another woman was as spiritless as a seidel of Poland water; Margalo Gillmore is hardly apt at farcical comedy; and Diantha Pattison's seductive charmer was approximately as aphrodisiacal as Clark and McCullough.

III

Avery Hopwood is sagacious enough in the moral ways of the New York commercial theatre to know that, as a general rule, a playwright may safely let his characters go as far as they wish in the matter of speaking smut so long as he restrains them from entering into smutty situations. This technic he once again follows in his adaptation of the Hungarian Vajda's farce-comedy, "The Harem." The characters talk like so many Brantômes and Fanny Hills, but they are prudent enough to act like so many Comstocks and Little Red Riding Hoods. The net impression of the play is thus of a group of Elks in a smoking-car stalled at Kraus' Creek, Pa., discussing the high time they had with the "Black Crook" chorus girls thirty-five years ago. Such a conversazione may nevertheless be

found amusing enough if one listens to it with a sufficiently ironic ear, and in the same way one may extract a number of low, jazz-razzle laughs from the theatrical exhibit in question.

These dignified pages, as le Papa Bon Dieu knows, are perhaps no place for a professor of the drama shamelessly to admit that such bawdy stuff as constitutes Vajda's fifth-rate paraphrase of Molnar's "The Guardsman" is invested with a considerable number of eminent horselaughs. It is a critical custom in many quarters not to admit that what makes one laugh makes one laugh save the source of laughter be duly endorsed by the Epworth League, the American Legion, the Church White List, the Ku Klux Klan and the New York *Tribune's* literary supplement. And such endorsement is withheld, doubtless properly enough, from the ribald and indecorous species of humor which constitutes much of such a doohinky as "The Harem." Being, however, constitutionally democratic in the matter of laughter, I usually and disconcertingly have to spoil the reputation for critical nicety that I have laboriously built up over so long a period by confessing that this kind of saloon back-room humor not infrequently diverts me in a deplorably gross and welcome manner. I am, alas, the kind of ignoble fellow who laughs at Rabelais, a certain pamphlet of Mark Twain's, the unexpurgated Dean Swift, Walt Whitman's last words, General Grant's bedtime stories, and "Reigen." I am, therefore, doomed to meet Abraham Lincoln in hell.

Aside from its periodic honkatonk jocosities, however, "The Harem" is not worth criticism. It is, as I have remarked, a fifth-rate rewriting of the Molnar fable of the man who tests his wife's fidelity by masquerading as her lover. It is, further, another of the weaker Hungarian attempts to catch the light boulevard note and tone of the younger Guitry. Miss Lenore Ulric brings her plenitude of skill and sex to the leading rôle. The rest of the company as-

sembled by Mr. Belasco is, with the exception of Robert Fisher, thoroughly up to the standard of a Charlottenburg vaudeville troupe.

Following "The Harem," Mr. Belasco, that great and sincere artist of the theatre, put on a large platter of dollar-grabbing smut called "Ladies of the Evening," the work of one Gropper. The thing is sewer-age, cheap, vulgar and contemptible. It lacks even the occasional low humor of the Vajda exhibit to give it the slightest reason for being. It must come as a shock to those deluded souls who for so many years have been hornswoggled by Mr. Belasco into regarding him as one with the finest interests of the drama at heart to realize at length that there is a very considerable difference between a shrewd showman and an honest artist. It would be unfair to describe Mr. Belasco as a Minsky brother with his collar turned hind end foremost. The Minsky brothers, whatever their failings, have never been posturers.

IV

It is one of the peculiarities of the Congreve drama that, when it is shown on a theatre stage, it must be acted, an idiosyncrasy that would seem to have escaped the directors of the little Cherry Lane Playhouse. These ladies and gentlemen not long ago indicated their complete confidence in the chief of the Restoration dramatists by putting on his "Way of the World" as if it were a Tuesday morning reading at the Plaza Hotel. While this confidence was eminently commendable, what resulted from it was less a dramatic production of "The Way of the World" than an exhibition of the manuscript of "The Way of the World." That manuscript, obviously enough, is a highly meritorious one, but its high merits must inevitably be buried in the library save actors of high merit be employed as funnels for them.

There are certain plays, both good and bad, that do not need to be well acted to achieve their effect. Ibsen's "Lady From

the Sea" is almost as effective badly acted as well acted. So is "Old Heidelberg." So are Schnitzler's "Professor Bernhardt" and Shaw's "Misalliance" and "Getting Married," to say nothing of such automatically effective theatre pieces as "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Rip Van Winkle" and "Charley's Aunt." The effect inherent in these plays, and many others that readily occur to one, is as ready-made and unneeding of much assistance as an alarm clock. They simply need a little winding up and setting. Thenceforth, they go on ticking to their climax. The Restoration plays, however, call for a deal of theatrical help to make them bud and blossom on the stage. Wit, to be effective in the theatre, demands the finished actor, the actor of strictly obedient gesture and feature, of poise and voice humor. Almost any mountebank pulled out of the nearest alley can, given the properly effective clown material, make an audience laugh, but it is the unusual actor, even when given the properly effective wit material, who can make an audience smile. The Restoration dramatists, for all their often broad humors, call for what we may dub wit-actors. Without such actors, their plays miss fire in the theatre.

"The Way of the World" was played on the Cherry Lane stage by a troupe of more or less carefully trained elocutionists who missed the spirit of Congreve's work entirely. They did not act the play; they talked it. Its humors were butchered to make a precise-speech holiday. Its wit was turned into a schoolroom exercise in vowels, consonants and diphthongs. It was as if the exhibition had been directed by a doctor who ordered the actors constantly to open their mouths and say "Ah."

V

"The Youngest" is the second play of Professor George Pierce Baker's most recent white-headed boy, Philip Barry. I observe that it has been generally described by my colleagues as a cultivated and civil-

ized comedy. If a cultivated and civilized comedy is one in which the hero, whose philosophy and conduct are held up by the author as eminently praiseworthy, is in philosophy a moron and in conduct an idiot and a bounder, my colleagues are right.

Mr. Barry's hero is a young writer who, apparently on the score that he has written a few short stories which have been unanimously rejected by editors and publishers as worthless, is set forth by Mr. Barry as an artist. For this great artist, whose outward manifestations of his deeply æsthetic nature take the form of pulling at a pipe, carrying a dog around in his arms to show his kindness of heart, and making periodic wise-cracks about business men, the playwright tries to work up sympathy by placing him in an unsympathetic household. Unfortunately, however, the members of this unsympathetic household impress most of us as being entirely correct in their lack of sympathy. They are properly unsympathetic not only to Mr. Barry's imbecile hero but also to Mr. Barry. And when they, for the most part capable and intelligent business men, metaphorically rush the artist hero around the house by the seat of the pants, they do simply not only what any self-respecting business man would do in the same circumstances, but also what any short story writer would do.

Mr. Barry is a naïve young man. And he writes as naïvely as he thinks. His point of view is that of the sub-sophomore, a point of view that regards any incompetent man with a vague itch for artistic expression the superior of a competent man without the itch. It would be an easy thing to convert "The Youngest" into the cultivated and civilized comedy my colleagues claim it to be. To turn it into such a comedy, all that one would have to do would be to make the present villains the heroes and the hero the ingenuous target of their bean-shooters, and then have Somerset Maugham rewrite the whole thing from start to finish. Henry Hull is the

Barry hero. It matters not what his rôle in whatever play, Mr. Hull always faithfully gives exactly the same interpretation and performance. He has all the variety of a trained seal. Genevieve Tobin is the Barry heroine whose faith in the idiot-hero provides the love disinterest. Miss Tobin is a pretty young woman whose histrionic talent is as considerable as my own genius for toe dancing.

VI

The central ideal of the Gallic MM. Picard's and Mirande's "Man in Evening Clothes" is akin to that of the Hungarian Dregely's "Tailor-Made Man," as it was locally called. It is, moreover, an entertaining idea: the influence upon the cosmos of what, in the American vernacular, is known as a full evening swallow-tail full dress suit. But neither the Frenchmen nor the Hungarian have made anything of the notion. After announcing their theme, both sets of playwrights promptly forget it and proceed to the composition of a play that might every bit as well deal with a bathrobe or a union suit.

The Picard-Mirande piece is another excellent example of what happens to the Paris boulevard farce-comedy when it gets out of bed. As I pointed out in the instance of Armont's and Bousquet's "Comédienne" a few months ago, when the Boulevard des Italiens and the Rue Chaussée d'Antin cease to throw their caps over the mills, as the French put it, and become sentimental *poules mouillées*, the result is theatrical disaster. While the Picard-Mirande exhibit is not entirely given to sentiment, it is sufficiently given to it to be excessively dull. Aside from one or two immediately recognizable farceurs, there are no men writing light theatre pieces in Paris at the present time who are able to achieve sentimental comedy in an ingratiating manner. They may achieve a minute or two of pleasant sentiment, but as the clock ticks on they simply grow squashy. The authors of the play under discussion are examples

in point. In their risqué moments they are mildly amusing, but in their melting moods they are prodigiously boresome. When the average present-day boulevard playwright makes love above the girdle, he conceives of it only in terms of oyster-eyes, trembling under-lips and an off-stage rendering of the "Amour Masqué" waltz. He cannot see the charming humor of pure love; such love ever impresses him as a cross between "La Cathédrale Engloutie" on a harp and "Feuersnot" on a mandolin. Love to him can wear a cap and bells only when the door is locked.

"The Man in Evening Clothes" begins in the spirit of a Grand Guignol sex farce, proceeds in its middle portion to the old burlesque show act of the hungry man in the restaurant without any money, and winds up with a flicker of wistful moisture. Throughout the evening the farce-comedy no sooner shows its head than the authors hit it a wallop with the perfume bags. The result is utter dullness.

There are few more able directors in the American theatre than Mr. Henry Miller, but on this occasion the estimable Henri came a melancholy cropper. He directed the play, and played the central rôle no less, much in the spirit and tempo of Washington's farewell to his troops. The manuscript called for a scherzo treatment, and what it got was a hymn.

VII

I have mentioned the fact that "Old Heidelberg" is the kind of play that might be acted in a livery stable with Julius Marx in the rôle of Prince Karl and Robert Mantell in the rôle of Kathi and that it would still retain a great deal of its mood hypnosis and eternal charm. The tender fable told these years ago by Meyer-Förster, a fable universal in the hearts of men, can successfully survive almost any assault that is made upon it in the theatre. Nothing can kill it; its pulse beats on and on. It triumphed over Richard Mansfield as it triumphed over Frank Gillmore. It

has triumphed over half a dozen two-ton German Karls and three-ton German Kathis. Once, indeed, I saw it acted in the steerage of a trans-Atlantic ocean liner. Even then it wasn't missing in its intrinsic beauty.

The Shuberts have lately brought back the play to us in musical form and have renamed it "The Student Prince." With an accompanying score by Sigmund Romberg and certain other unnamed foreign composers, it provides again an excellent evening in the theatre. The male singing chorus is the best that has come this way in a long time; and some of the melodies are as captivating as the story itself. Ilse Marvenga makes an agreeable Kathi, although Howard Marsh plays the Prince like an actor in a court-room scene in a Hollywood movie. The chief flaw in the presentation lies in the direction of the love scenes. The love story of "Old Heidelberg" is one of hesitant grace; there is to it the suggestion of a hundred forgotten twilights. It is like a lovely tune played upon a silent piano. In the present instance, this fragile and delicate love story is given a fortissimo treatment. The Prince and Kathi do not simply embrace when they embrace; they make a mutual flying tackle. The Prince goes at Kathi on all occasions like a hobo after a free lunch, while Kathi meets his advances all too often like an Elinor Glyn book advertisement. But, as I have observed, the charming homesickness of the story will not down. It is there still in all its wonder.

VIII

The Tennyson Jesse farce-comedy, "Quarantine," as revised by Edgar Selwyn, is a mild but amusing little theatre piece, dexterously staged and delightfully played by Helen Hayes, that almost unbelievably

overlooks a ready-to-hand climacteric situation which would make it twice as amusing. The climax to the farcical action comes when, following farce-comedy rule 1,874, clause 19, section F, a young unmarried couple find themselves embarrassingly alone in the same ulterior bedroom; when the young man, dutifully following rule 1,875, clause 20, section G, begins to take off his shirt and commands the flirtatious but now alarmed young woman to get into bed; and when then, following rule 1,876, clause 21, section H, he duly comes all over moral, goes out and spends the rest of the night on the porch. Previous to spending the night out on the porch, however, the authors cause the young man to threaten to return to the bedroom after the young woman has composed her toilette; and the curtain comes down with the again flirtatious young woman coyly yet ardently posed in bed for his embraces only to be dejected by the entrance, instead, of her venerable maid whom the young man has virtuously sent in to keep her company for the remainder of the night. It is easy to imagine what humor a Sacha Guitry would have extracted from these materials by causing the gray-haired old maid to crawl into bed with the young woman in the darkened room and by presently causing the coquettish and self-assured young woman, whose arm became gradually suspicious of the object of its embrace, to turn over in alarm and observe the grotesque spectacle lying alongside. But my business in life is not rewriting farce-comedies, so there you are.

Miss Hayes, as I have observed, is a most capable little comedienne; she gets the last drop of value out of every word, line and situation. Sidney Blackmer, who plays opposite her, is, however, as far removed from comedy as Lady Macbeth. Geddes' settings are attractive.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

Joseph Pulitzer

JOSEPH PULITZER: HIS LIFE AND LETTERS, by
Don C. Seitz. New York: *Simon & Schuster*.

MR. SEITZ served on the *World* under Mr. Pulitzer for sixteen years and is still a high officer of the paper, with the rank of *Generaloberst* at least. His view of his old chief is thus extremely friendly and even partial, but it would be unjust to speak of his book as mere special pleading. On the contrary, it is full of evidence that he had made up his mind, when he sat down to write it, to tell the truth—that he was resolved to depict, not a pewter hero, shining with transcendental light, but the veritable man. That resolve is carried out with very few reservations. We not only see Pulitzer when he was brilliant, which was surely not every day; we also see him when he was foolish, which was probably much oftener. We are made privy to his singular and multitudinous vanities, to his curious hypocrisies and inconsistencies, to his swift descents from the boldness of a lion to the caution of a cat, to his peculiar talent for tyranny and injustice. The man suffered a good deal from adulation during his life-time, and there has been a tendency to gild him absurdly since his death. Mr. Seitz knocks off much of the gilt, and so restores the authentic Pulitzer, his head in the clouds but his feet always rooted firmly in the clay of earth. He becomes comprehensible; more, he becomes charming. One puts down the book with the feeling that, whatever his weaknesses and mountebankerries, he remained at bottom a genuinely interesting man—that his proverbial luck was mainly made by himself—that there was a brain in his head that differed greatly from the common brains of humankind, and that he had trained it to work with

efficiency. He had more ideas in a day than most men have in a year. And he left a deeper mark upon his time than most men with ten times his opportunities.

Seitz disposes of large sections of the Pulitzer legend at the very start, and in a few pages. There is, for example, the fable that Pulitzer came to America as a waiter and practiced that profession for years. Park Row, a few years back, was full of journalistic derelicts who alleged that he had once waited on them; some of them added that their tips had enabled him to buy the *World*. The fact is that his service with towel and apron lasted but a part of one day, and that his total tips probably did not run to twenty cents. Nor was he the abject steerage fowl that gossip has made him. His father was a prosperous grain dealer in Hungary, and had made enough money, when young Joseph was a boy of six, to retire to Budapest. His mother, a lady of excellent family, had two brothers who were officers in the Austrian army. It was the death of his father and his mother's remarriage that set the youngster to wandering. First he tried for an Austrian commission, but was rejected because of his weak eyes and frail frame. Then he tried to join the French Foreign Legion in Paris, and failed for the same reason. Then he went to London, and failed yet again. Then to Hamburg, where he sought a berth as a sailor. Rejected a fourth time, he found a friend in a 100% American who shipped him to the United States to join the Union Army, for the Civil War was then raging. He served six months or so in the First New York Cavalry, never seeing any very exciting service, and then came Appomattox, and he was out of a job. His company had been made up chiefly of Germans; he wanted to go

somewhere where he could learn English. A practical joker sent him to St. Louis. There, after a few struggles, he quickly made his way. In a few years he was editor of a German newspaper. A few years more, and he was a member of the Missouri Legislature. A few more, and the rudiments of the *Post-Dispatch* were in his hands, and his march to fortune was begun. By the time he was thirty he was a man of means and leisure. When he married, in 1878, fourteen years after his arrival in America, he took his bride to Europe. He had meanwhile got himself admitted to the District of Columbia bar, and vacillated for a time between practicing law and going in for politics. He was already a favorite spellbinder, especially among the German voters, and once actually challenged the mighty Carl Schurz to a debate.

How he happened to buy the *World*—a sort of accident—is an old story; Mr. Seitz adds many details, but they are unimportant. The real drama of his life began after he had run up his flag in Park Row. What he accomplished during the next ten years was a technical feat of immense magnitude and almost inconceivable difficulty—the most complex and arduous ever attempted, perhaps, in the entire history of journalism. On the one hand he set himself the task of creating a newspaper that should be vastly more popular than any paper had ever been before, and on the other hand he essayed to reform and reorganize the whole theory of political journalism—to set up a journal that should be in politics up to the hips, day in and day out, and yet should steer absolutely clear of all party entanglements. The second enterprise was more difficult, I believe, than the first, for it went counter to every idea that then prevailed in the craft. The journalistic imagination of the time was too feeble, indeed, to grasp Pulitzer's notion. It could imagine a trivial, trashy and irresponsible paper, such as Bennett's *Herald*, or a faithful party hack, such as Whitelaw Reid's *Tribune*, or a purely personal organ, such as Dana's *Sun*, but it

could not imagine a paper that should be in politics, actively and even passionately, and yet retain complete independence. Pulitzer was a Democrat—in fact, he had swallowed the Jefferson gospel almost in toto—but his chief onslaughts, once he got his legs, were upon Democratic idols. His forays against Tammany, of course, were unimportant; even the *Times* had shown the way there. But when he tackled Cleveland, and then Bryan, he attracted national attention, for such things, in those days, were simply not done. But they paid. Pulitzer fetched the mob with colored comics, black head-lines, all the depressing machinery of sensationalism, but he also fetched the civilized minority with his editorial page. Upon that page he lavished all his ingenuity, all his boldness, all his peculiar talent for detecting popular causes. The rest of the paper interested him very little; Seitz shows him referring to it only to damn it as vulgar, idiotic and disgraceful; his own contributions were always to the editorial page. The tumultuous flow of ideas that he turned into it made it, in the end, of country-wide influence, and when the *Sun* began to decline it took an undisputed first place. That place it holds to this day.

But only, I believe, by reason of the fact that no second Pulitzer has yet appeared in New York—or, indeed, anywhere in the country—to challenge it and make the next inevitable step. Pulitzer himself, had he lived, would have made it. That step, obviously enough, lies in the direction of complete emancipation from the current political system—a complete throwing overboard of all the central democratic delusions. The *World*, in the last campaign, supported Davis, the Wall Street lawyer; its chief disciple, the Baltimore *Sun*, followed it. Both papers quickly got into difficulties, for both had to maintain the doctrine that Davis was better than Coolidge—in fact, immensely better. His own speeches proved that this was nonsense, and so his two champions, toward the end of the campaign, puffed and floundered

painfully, and went down finally to an embarrassing defeat. In some future national campaign either the one or the other of them—or perhaps some third paper, as yet unsuspected of intelligence—will advance into genuine realism, and so tell the whole truth about *all* of the candidates. Out of that innovation will come the first light that has dawned in our politics since the Jackson *Putsch* of 1828. For it will begin the great work of ridding the American people of the superstition that the way to get better government is to heave one charlatan out and another in—of the abysmal nonsense that there is actually any difference between politicians, that some are devils and the others angels. As I say, I cherish the belief that Pulitzer, had he lived, would have revolted against that nonsense soon or late—that he would have made supporting such a transparent mountebank as Davis punishable by death in the *World* office—death following dreadful tortures. His heirs and assigns imitated the Pulitzer of 1896. They overlooked the fact that the Pulitzer of 1896 was already far ahead of the Pulitzer of 1884, and that he was still making very good speed. Ah, that such men could be reprieved by God, and last a century!

Mr. Seitz's picture of the private and often highly erratic Pulitzer, with his vast staff of secretaries, his laborious and aimless travels, his pathological sensitiveness to noise, his cruel manhandling of his men, his curious streaks of cowardice and his great cunning at getting money—this picture is full of humors. But the extravagances of the comedian never obscure the fact that the workings of a truly brilliant mind were hidden in them—that Pulitzer, at his worst, was still a fellow of gigantic force and originality, and of very real dignity. In all newspaper proprietors, as in all working newspaper men, something of the zany is to be found: it goes with the profession. A man competent to manage so vast and complex an organization as that of a modern newspaper would not devote himself, if he lacked that touch of the

gipsy, to such an enterprise: he would go into banking, commerce or something else of complete respectability. Just as every theatrical manager is primarily a gambler, so every journalist is primarily a sort of vagabond. He enjoys adventure and turmoil. He'd rather be where the stink-bombs are going off and innocent thousands are losing their arms and legs than sit all day in a steel bank, protected even from drive managers and rats. He has the romantic and experimental mind. When, as sometimes happens, age brings him wisdom, he retires from journalism. Even Munsey and Curtis, though they appear to be fish, have this puckish quality concealed in them. They are, among fish, somewhat rash and reckless—salmon with vine-leaves in their hair. Pulitzer was a gorgeous porpoise with red, blue and purple spots, streaking through phosphorescent seas, forever lashing his tail.

Homo Sapiens

WHAT IS MAN? by J. Arthur Thomson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE CHARACTER OF RACES, by Ellsworth Huntington. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

STUDIES IN HUMAN BIOLOGY, by Raymond Pearl. Baltimore: The Williams & Wilkins Company.

RACIAL REALITIES, by Lothrop Stoddard. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THESE four books, all fundamentally on the same subject, run a strange gamut. Mr. Stoddard's is a series of variations for saxophone on his favorite Nordic Blond *motif*, with a few realistic scratches in the bass clef. Mr. Thomson's is an effort to set forth the elemental facts of biology, as they apply to man, without doing too much violence to Christian pruderies. Mr. Huntington's is a learned but sometimes highly speculative treatise on the workings of natural selection in man. Finally comes Dr. Pearl's. It is sober, scientific, even somewhat heavily statistical. Nevertheless, it remains the most interesting book of the four, as it is also unquestionably the best. Here, once again, sound knowledge, simply set forth, turns out to be far more

engrossing than scientific romancing, however ingratiating. I do not say that Dr. Pearl's volume will sell better than Mr. Stoddard's; on the contrary, I predict formally that it will not, for Stoddard will drive a brisk trade among the Ku Kluxers and Colonial Dames, as Thomson will engage the suburban Unitarians and the more advanced Episcopalians. What I do say is that Pearl's book, to any man whose acquaintance with biology goes beyond the speculations printed in the Hearst newspapers, will make a far more persuasive appeal—that it will interest him more, and he will get more out of it.

In form it is a series of reprints of scientific papers, many of them published originally in journals of small circulation, and now hard to come by. There is one on the relation of the size of the head to mental capacity; there is another—an extremely interesting one—on the comparative death-rates in man and some of the lower organisms; there is another—even more interesting—upon the constitutional (or hereditary) factor in tuberculosis; there are five on the problem of population, in which the author presents some of the evidence behind the theory he set forth in *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* last November. He is an investigator of quite unusual equipment, for his wide and profound biological knowledge is supported by a natural facility for statistical studies, and in addition he shows a great deal of shrewd common sense, something not too often met with in scientific men. Finally, he has a lucid and attractive style. The result is that his book, though it is addressed to biometrists, lifts itself clearly above the level of the usual scientific rumble-bumble, and may be read with pleasure and profit by any educated reader.

Mr. Huntington's large volume also has a great deal of charm. Its central thesis is that the characters that we observe in races are all due to natural selection—that a race inevitably tends to show a complaisant face to the world it must live in. This thesis is surely not new, but seldom has it

been supported by a greater array of observations, or with more eloquence and plausibility. It is not to be confused, of course, with environmentalism. Mr. Huntington does not argue that the environment greatly modifies the individual—in fact, in his last chapter he specifically denies it—but simply that the environment determines what individuals shall survive, and that in the long run it thus modifies the racial inheritance. His studies of the Chinese and the American Indians are of especial interest, for he has first-hand knowledge of both peoples, and has devoted many years to an investigation of their racial history. At times, as I have said, he is highly speculative; it is difficult to follow a few of his steps in reasoning. But of all the books upon the same general subject that have come out during the past ten years there have been few better worth a careful reading.

Babbitt als Philosoph

THE ECONOMIC WASTE OF SIN, by Lahman Forrest Bower. New York: *The Abingdon Press*.

HERE is a first attempt at a detailed study of the total annual cost of sin in the United States—what it costs the American people, in hard cash, to be happy in this world and red-hot in the next. Why was the inquiry not made long ago? It is hard to imagine a reason. All over the land there are Christian economists, baptized men, eager for good works, and every year they turn out great stacks of professional treatises—tracts on taxes, on the tariff, on food prices, on trades unionism, on the open shop, on the Bolshevik heresies—tracts full of hard work and daring speculation, statistical graphs and moral indignation. In such great centres of Christian enlightenment as the Southern Methodist University, the Ohio Wesleyan, the Baptist Christian and the Coca-Cola of Atlanta there are whole schools of them. And yet, for year after year, they have neglected the one great investigation that lay directly under their noses, beckoning them almost

voluptuously. It remained for a simple business man to make it, to wit, Mr. Lahman Forrest Bower, of Carlisle, Pa. This Mr. Bower is an A.M. of Wesleyan and once taught school, but beyond that he pretends to no learning. All his days and nights, until his retirement in 1918, were spent in manufacturing. He was successively comptroller, secretary and vice-president of the eminent Allis-Chalmers Company, and a member of its board of directors. He was in charge of great plants at Scranton, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Chicago and Milwaukee. He was thrifty as well as diligent; he acquired a competence. And all the while, busy though he was, he took note of the cost of sin. Everywhere he saw men wasting their money on drink, frittering it away on theatrical shows, and lavishing it upon loose women. He began to make memoranda, to amass statistics, to get into communication with experts. When he retired he devoted himself seriously to the inquiry, and the result is now before us in a neat duodecimo of 272 pages.

I give Mr. Bower's final conclusion at once: it costs the people of the United States \$13,568,588,743 a year to be sinful. I give it—and file a caveat. What ails it is the fact that it covers only half the ground; thousands of varieties of sin are not so much as mentioned. For example, cigarette-smoking. If anything has been well established by moral scientists, certainly it is the fact that cigarette-smoking is an immense and crying evil—that it is responsible for at least half of all the current debauchery among the young, that it destroys the mind and palsies the frame, that it has a part in the etiology of practically every form of crime. Yet Mr. Bower does not mention it. Nor does he mention tobacco-chewing. Nor joy-riding. Nor petting. Nor the use of cosmetics. Nor the bobbing of hair. Nor gambling in any of its protean forms. Nor dancing. I am no statistician as he is, but in the cases of many of these things the figures are not hard to find. The women of America, according to a report lately in circulation,

spend \$73,000,000 a year on rouges, powders, lip-sticks, hair dyes, etc. I here allude only to the white women; the colored women spend \$15,500,000 more on preparations for straightening their hair. Nearly 200,000 Americans cross the Canadian border every year to tank up, and more than 30,000 go to Havana and Nassau. The former, perhaps, spend \$50 apiece; the latter, nearer \$500. Total: certainly not less than \$115,000,000. Even before the war Americans in search of thrills spent \$100,000,000 in Europe every Summer; now they probably spend \$500,000,000; last Summer, indeed, their expenditures were so high that the movement of gold to the United States was halted, and several shipments had to be made eastward. I add these expenses—all wasteful, all for sin—and Mr. Bower's \$13,568,588,743 swells to more than \$14,000,000,000.

What the country's tobacco bill is every year I don't know, but it must be gigantic. So long ago as 1919 we raised a billion and a half pounds of the leaf, worth half a billion dollars, and imported nearly 100,000,000 pounds of cigars and cigarettes. During the same year the cigars, cigarettes and smoking tobacco we produced at home were valued, at wholesale, at \$1,012,933,213. But this is only the beginning of the story. The consumption of all this tobacco probably wasted \$25,000,000 worth of matches, not otherwise necessary. The ashes, falling upon rugs, carpets, table-cloths and clothes, caused perhaps \$50,000,000 damage. (I myself, during 1921, lost a suit of clothes worth \$32, and had to pay for seven table-cloths in restaurants, at \$4 apiece.) Tobacco smoke fills all our houses with dust; getting rid of it costs millions for servant girls, vacuum cleaners, furniture polish, etc. It causes bronchitis, gastritis and asthma, thus enormously increasing the annual bill for medical services, drugs, hospital accommodations, tickets to and from sanatoria, time lost from productive industry, and funeral expenses. Nor is this all. There is sound ground for holding that

cigarette-smoking among the young has dreadful mental effects. Some time ago, for example, I was told by a Christian professor at Yale that if all the students at that university were non-smokers it would be so much easier to teach them that at least 150 of the 452 professors, associate professors and instructors now on the roll might be laid off. By actual experiment it has been found that it takes an average of 18 minutes to teach a cigarette-smoking student one page of James' "Psychology," whereas a non-smoker masters it in 13½ minutes. Moreover, the non-smoker spends less with the New Haven bootleggers, eats simpler and cheaper food, and never gets into trouble with the town fancy women. Altogether, it is estimated that the abolition of the cigarette would save Yale at least \$1,500,000 a year—and Yale is but one of the 37,432 universities in America.

I mention these facts, not to cavil at Mr. Bower, but to praise him for his moderation. He says nothing whatever, for example, about the movies. They cost the American people \$500,000,000 a year, and teach them only patriotism and adultery. Nor does he mention the theatres—schools of every vice known to the Babylonians. Again, he is silent about joy-riding, with its roll of 72,000 killed and 432,500 mutilated every year, not to mention its countless girls betrayed, its colossal waste of gas and rubber, its multiplication of mortgages, its costly doubling of the police force everywhere. Worse, he is absurdly low in the estimates that he actually sets down. For example, he puts the total annual drink bill of the country at \$825,000,000. What could be more ridiculous? New York alone consumes 2,000,000 cases of Scotch a year at an average cost of \$42, not to mention 10,000,000 gallons of synthetic gin. Last Autumn its receipts of grapes from California, as officially reported, ran beyond 13,000 carloads. Made into wine, these grapes sold for at least \$50,000,000 in the speak-easies and stews of the town. Altogether, it probably spends at least \$150,000,000 a year on alcohol. If

so, then Chicago spends \$75,000,000 and Detroit \$50,000,000. Mr. Bower, I fear, is deceived by the optimistic reports of the Prohibition Bureau at Washington—reports about as accurate, roughly speaking, as those of Broadway press-agents. Let him visit Washington himself and see how Prohibition is working in the very citadel of Law Enforcement. "In the old days," to quote a recent authority, "the virtuous complained because the policemen, school-teachers and saloon-keepers of Washington were about equal in numbers. Now the town has one bootlegger for every hundred inhabitants." There are 435 members of the House of Representatives and they receive \$3,362,500 a year in salaries. Many of them, after they have paid their bootlegger bills, have to borrow money to get home.

Nor is Mr. Bower to be taken seriously as a statistician when he puts the total cost of harlotry in the United States at \$530,000,000 a year. This, in point of fact, is scarcely more than the cost of new construction of hotels and apartment houses for ladies of joy in New York alone. But I do not press the point. All I desire to do is argue that his total of \$13,568,588,743 is grossly under the facts. Sin costs the people of the United States, not thirteen billions a year, but at least forty billions. Every day in the year, Sundays included, they blow in more than \$100,000,000 on their vices and follies—say a dollar apiece, counting out valetudinarians, persons in jail and the rev. clergy. That is what it costs them to be wicked. If they turned from their evil ways and saved all that money they'd have so much in ten years that every bank in the land would bulge and burst. They could pay their pastors \$50,000 a year apiece, and yet roll in gold. They could send \$1,000,000,000 a year to the missionaries in Siam, and still be richer per capita than the bootleggers of Asbury Park, N. J. They'd be healthy, at peace, and as sure of heaven as so many archbishops. But on this earth they'd have no place to go.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

HERBERT ASBURY's *article sufficiently explains who he is. He is at present a member of the staff of the New York Herald-Tribune.*

JOHN NICHOLAS BEFFEL *has been a writer and editor for seventeen years, the last five of which have been devoted chiefly to a study of the courts in their relation to labor cases. He is a native of Illinois.*

BARRETT H. CLARK *has written a number of books on the drama, including "European Theories of the Drama," "Contemporary French Dramatists," and "A Study of the Modern Drama." He has recently returned from abroad after a two years' stay. He has translated a number of modern French plays, including works of Donnay, Lavedan, Porto-Riche, Hervieu and Currel.*

H. M. HOFFORD *is a Pennsylvanian and a graduate of Brown University. He is on the staff of the Providence Journal.*

LEWIS MUMFORD *was literary editor of The Dial in 1919, and during the life of The Freeman he contributed to it many essays, both signed and unsigned, on literature and philosophy. He is the author of "The Story of Utopias" and "Sticks and Stones."*

LOUISE POUND, PH.D. (Heidelberg), *is professor of English literature at the University of Nebraska.*

ROBERT A. SCHLESS, M.D., *has been, for five years, physician in charge of the medical staff of the Philadelphia Department of Public Welfare, to whose care, at the House of Correction, drug addicts are committed. He has served frequently as an expert in drug cases in the Philadelphia courts.*

J. R. SPRAGUE *was born in New York State and was in business many years. In San Antonio, Texas, he was a member of the Chamber of Commerce, the Rotary Club and other such organizations. Four years ago he quit business and began to write about it.*

RUTH SUCKOW *was born in Iowa and still lives there. Her short stories have attracted wide attention of late, at home and abroad. She is shortly to publish a novel.*

CHARLES C. THACH *is associate in history and political science at the Johns Hopkins University.*

MILTON WALDMAN *was born in Cleveland and is a graduate of Yale. He has lived abroad for several years and is now assistant editor of the London Mercury.*

OWEN P. WHITE *has been a newspaper man, a lawyer and a rancher. He has published a history of El Paso, Texas, and has contributed to earlier issues of The American Mercury.*

Orphan Island



By ROSE MACAULAY

Author of Potterism, Dangerous Ages, Told by an Idiot, etc.

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Publication January 31.

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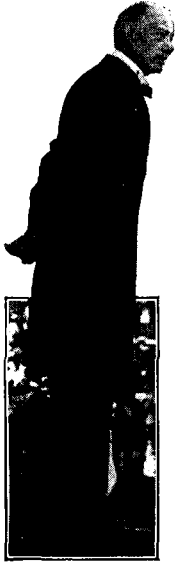
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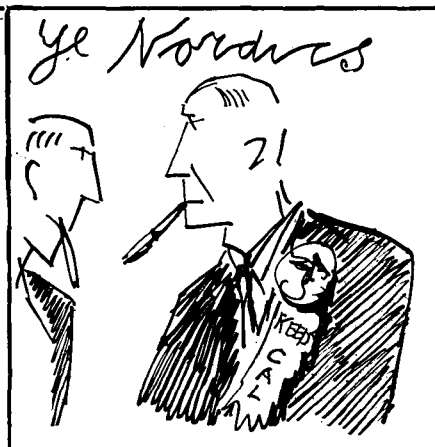
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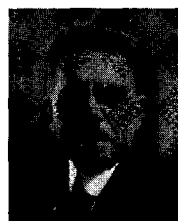
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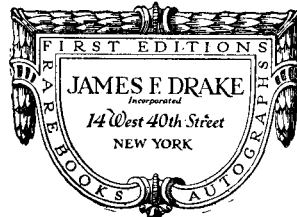
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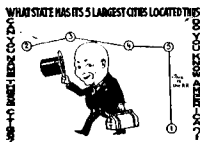
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